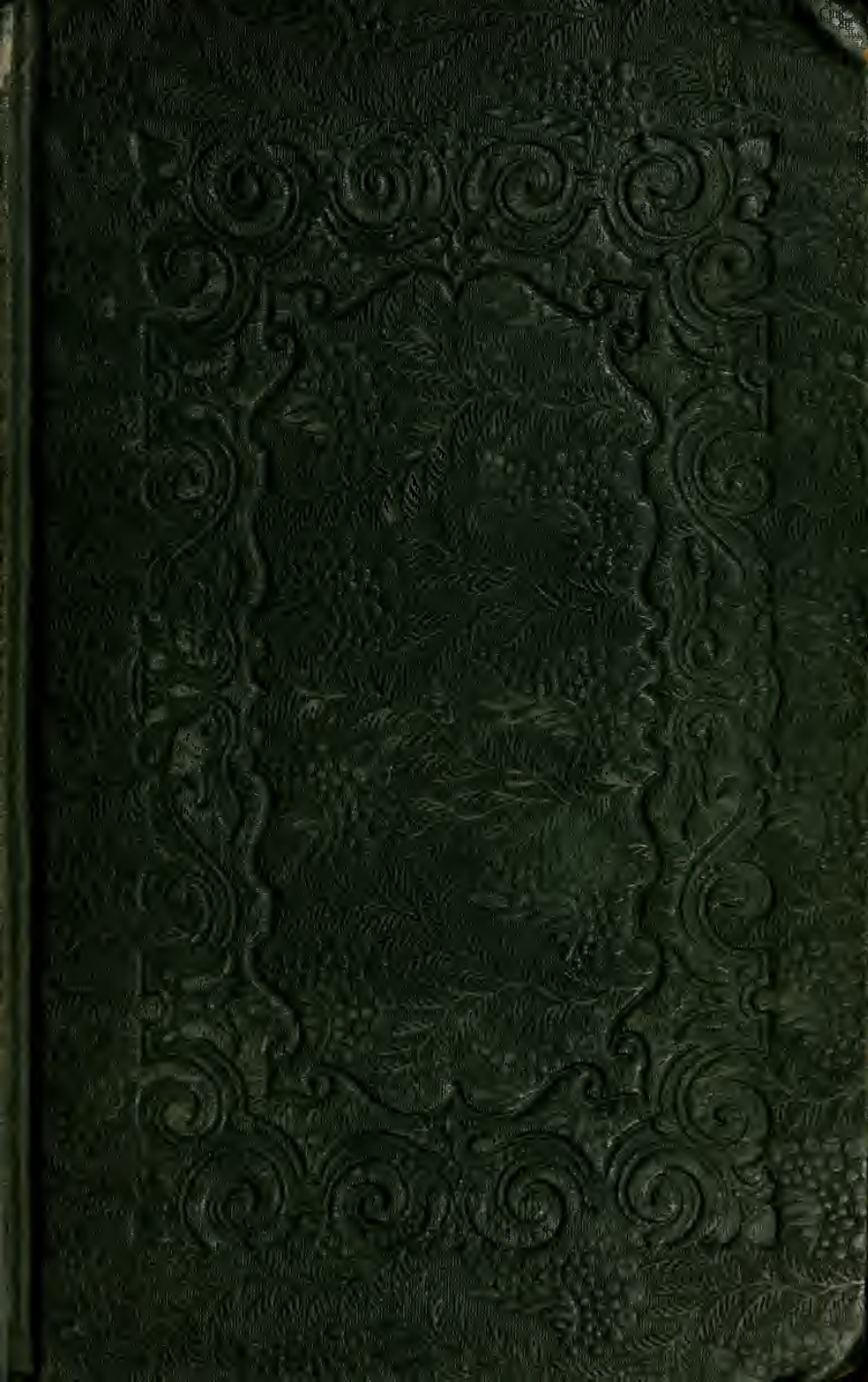




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While I waited for the *Passage* that I observed upon the opposite side a beautiful Village
 standing on an eminence near the river, finely adorned with trees and stately buildings —
 Memoir of William Howard F. 198.

CHRISTIAN MEMOIRS:

THE LIFE OF
JONATHAN HUTCHINGS

BY
JONATHAN HUTCHINGS

PRINTED BY
JONATHAN HUTCHINGS

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P R E F A C E .

Christian Biography can never cease to be interesting, so long as a single child of God remains on earth, to be edified, stimulated and encouraged, in 'the race set before him.' It is, however, a department of writing, which requires much judgment, and discrimination, as well as a large measure of Christian experience. It is not every good man that leaves behind him the materials for an edifying memoir, either in his public life, among his private papers, or in the recollections of his intimate acquaintances ; and even where the materials are rich and ample, a biographical notice may lose its proper effect, by being unskilfully drawn up. It is quite conceivable, moreover, that books of this class, as well as of any other, *might* be multiplied beyond convenient and profitable limits.

But this is far from being the case at present. 'Holy living,' would unquestionably be promoted, by many more well written notices of those, 'who through faith and patience inherit the promises ;' and sure we are, that the demand will increase with the spread of 'pure and undefiled religion.' That is not a vain curiosity, which inquires with so much interest, for the *Lives* of those holy men and women, who have 'finished their course with joy,' and 'being dead yet speak.' While the children of God are thus instructed, quickened and humbled, how many of the brightest ornaments in the church could testify, that when they 'were living without God in the world, and had no hope' their first convictions were waked up, by looking into the memoirs of such devoted servants of Christ, as Bunyan, and Edwards, and Brainerd, and Baxter.

Even were the circumstances and experience of the saints much nearer alike than they are, it would still be useful to read their sev-

eral biographies, for the sake of those minor lights and shades of character, which no similarity of condition, temper, early training, or religious advantages, can ever perfectly blend together. But who does not know, that in point of fact, the differences are as marked and instructive in the 'household of faith,' as anywhere else? All the varieties of talent, of disposition, of rank, of education, of family and extraneous influence, and of earlier and later religious advantages, are found in the church, and all of them help to modify Christian character and experience. Were it possible to write out the lives of all who have gone to heaven, how striking would be seen to have been the diversities of operations by the same spirit,—how various their attainments in knowledge and holiness—how diverse their joys and hopes and doubts and fears—their temptations, their conflicts with 'indwelling sin,'—their defects, their victories, their zeal, their faith, their supports in sickness, and their consolations in the hour of death.

To such an extent, most obviously, biographical notices of the children of God can never be carried. But a sufficient number of them ought to be written and made accessible to every class of readers, to develope all the leading traits of Christian example and experience, in every age and country; and in every condition of human life. Let us be devoutly thankful to God, that so much has already been done, in this department of Christian edification. Aside from Scripture biography, which must always stand unrivalled, and which is in every body's hands, there are many precious memorials of departed excellence to be found, on the book-seller's shelves, in village and Sabbath School libraries, and in private families. Some of the most instructive of these, however, are too prolix for common use, or are bound up with the voluminous writings of the persons whose distinguished names they bear, so as to be put out of the reach of thousands, who might be eminently profited by reading them.

To obviate these inconveniences, various methods have been adopted, such as printing them in cheap separate volumes; condensing and publishing them in the form of tracts, religious annuals and the like. In the present undertaking, a somewhat different course has been adopted. As it was the wish of the compiler, to bring together as many interesting views of Christian character and experience as possible, within moderate limits, he has selected a considerable number of striking examples, from the lives and memoirs

which have fallen under his notice. Some of these he has very much abridged, and all of them he has shortened more or less ; interspersing such observations of his own, as he thought might be useful, and taking pains to give a special prominence to the most striking developments of experimental piety. But while this condensing process is intended to favor that large class of readers, who have but little time or money to spare, it is hoped, that many other persons will be induced by what they find here, to purchase the larger biographies, from which these sketches are mostly taken.

The original plan of this compilation has been considerably modified. It was at first intended to hold up to view, the nature of genuine *conviction* and *conversion*, as exhibited in the recorded experience of eminent saints, chiefly of past ages, without devoting much space to their subsequent *lives*. But a little reflection convinced the compiler, that such a partial notice of the operations and ‘fruits of the Spirit,’ would not satisfy the majority of readers, for whose benefit the task was undertaken. No sooner is the intelligent Christian made acquainted with the exercises of a sinner’s mind before regeneration, and with his ‘joy and peace in believing,’ when first brought ‘out of darkness into marvellous light,’ than he wishes to know more of him. How did he live ? Did he adorn his Christian profession ? Did he serve God and his generation faithfully ? Did he hold out to the end ? Did he die in peace ?

Such are the inquiries which spontaneously spring up in almost every mind, and how can they be answered by merely saying, that during so many weeks, months, or years, he was in great distress of mind, and was at last ‘brought up out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and had a new song put into his mouth ?’ However thorough and genuine the work of God upon the heart of any sinner may seem to be at first, how can we know that he is *really* born again ? He may be self-deceived, or he may for a time assume ‘the form of godliness’ from sinister motives. The evidence of his conversion is to be sought for in a religious life. ‘Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit.’

This view of the subject suggested another plan, which was to bring together in one small volume, the experiences of fifteen or twenty distinguished Christians, during the process of conviction and regeneration, and then in a second volume, to resume and carry forward their memoirs, for the purpose of showing how they lived and how they died. But this plan, it was obvious, would destroy

the unity of the compilation, and divest it of half its value. What the Christian public want, in the biography of a good man, is a succinct, comprehensive and continuous account of his entire life and character. In this way the connection between regeneration and sanctification is distinctly brought into view ; and it is extremely interesting to observe, how a holy life springs from the new birth, as well as to notice the various modifications of piety, resulting from the circumstances under which different individuals are awakened and converted.

In order to cover the whole ground, therefore, and preserve the symmetry of the ‘ new man ’ entire, the compiler has selected two classes of memoirs. The first class contains some of the most remarkable examples we could find, to bring into view the agency and mighty power of God in regeneration — and in the second class, the reader will find other examples, equally striking, of the power of religion, as it shines in the devoted lives of true believers. These classes indeed, must, from the very nature of the case, often run into each other; and it is extremely interesting to observe, how they are blended together, so as to be all one in Christ — how there is ‘ one body and one spirit ; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all.’ Still, in the prominent features to which I have alluded, the two classes are sufficiently distinct for our present purpose : and they will be so arranged in this compilation. The *first* volume will be chiefly taken up with narratives of the early lives, the *awakening, conviction, and conversion* of such men as Bunyan, and Halyburton, and Frosse, and Grimshaw, and Gardner ; and the *second* with the *Christian experience and holy living* of such men as Owen, and Edwards, and Howard, and Brainerd, and French, and Mather.

A glance at the contents will show, that in making these selections, the compiler has taken a wider range. He has brought together some of the most distinguished servants of God, from remote ages and nations, and from different professions and pursuits, that the intelligent reader might, by comparing them together, see, that true religion is essentially one and the same thing at all times and in all places. None of the great and good men whose memoirs will be found in these volumes were *perfect*, it is true ; — they knew it better than we do. They inherited, it may be, their full share of human infirmities. Certainly they often ‘ groaned being burdened :’

and O how bitterly were they wont to cry out, from time to time, with Paul, 'Who shall deliver us from the body of this death !' From some of their opinions on minor points, we may feel constrained to dissent ; and imperfections there undoubtedly were, in their characters, which it would be wrong for any one to copy.

But after all, there will be found a similarity in their views and feelings, and governing principles of action, which is exceedingly instructive. It is manifest, that they 'all ate the same spiritual meat, and drank the same spiritual drink.' Amid all the diversities of temperament, education, and the thousand other influences which modify human character, in everything essential, they harmonized. They cordially embraced all the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, and clave to them with their dying breath. They entertained similar views of the holiness, strictness and purity of God's law, and of the 'exceeding sinfulness' of sin. They felt and acknowledged, that 'by nature they were children of wrath,' wholly depraved, and justly liable to everlasting punishment. They saw and felt, under the striving of the Spirit that they were in a helpless as well as a miserable condition, such being the opposition of their hearts to God, that nothing short of his power could ever subdue them. They were all alike, so far as their feelings are developed in these memoirs, led to despair of 'justification by the deeds of the law,' and to cast themselves upon Him who 'is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' In looking back upon their former deplorable and guilty state, after they began to hope their hearts were changed, they all with one consent ascribed the change, not to moral suasion ; not to their own resolutions or efforts ; but to the sovereign and new-creating energy of the Holy Ghost. They were ever ready to magnify 'the exceeding greatness of the power of God' in their regeneration. They spoke of it familiarly, as 'according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places.' It was matter of astonishment to them, that God did not suddenly cut them off in their sins, or leave them in judicial blindness and hardness of heart, to 'treasure up wrath against the day of wrath.' Grace, grace — free grace ! surprising grace ! — this was the theme on which they all delighted to dwell.

Nor while they magnified the riches of divine grace in their effectual calling, and depended solely on Christ for pardon and salva-

tion, did they consider themselves absolved from obedience to 'one jot or tittle of the law.' On the contrary, they felt that their obligations to keep the law were immensely increased, by what Christ had done to deliver them from its curse, and redeem them to God by his own blood. Their grief was, not that the law was so strict and holy, but that they fell so far short of that perfect obedience which it requires. We cannot indeed be certain, that they were all born again — that they have all gone to heaven ; for it is the prerogative of God alone to 'search the heart and try the reins;' but when we examine the evidence that they had passed from death unto life, in the light of God's word, and when we look at their holy and devoted lives, and accompany them down into the valley of the shadow of death, how can we doubt that they are now in the regions of the blessed ? The pious reader will rejoice, as he turns over page after page, and proceeds from one sketch to another, to find so much of the Bible in the deep and searching experience, and in the bright example of the men, whose memorial is contained in this little volume : and as he traces out that striking resemblance to which I have already alluded, in all the essential features of Christian character he will recognize with gratitude and admiration 'One and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.' May that good Spirit enlighten the mind and sanctify the heart of every reader, and graciously accept of this feeble attempt to glorify Him who is over all God blessed forever, Amen.

Amherst College, Dec. 8, 1835.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

The following extracts from President Edwards' *Narration of Surprising Conversions*, in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Colman, are inserted here, as the most suitable introduction to the present volume which the compiler has been able to furnish.* After giving his friend a particular account of the commencement and progress of that remarkable revival of religion in Northampton which took place under his ministry in 1734-5, Edwards thus lays open the exercises of awakened and convicted sinners.

In the manner of persons being wrought upon, there is a vast variety, perhaps as manifold as the subjects of the operation ; but yet in many things there is a great analogy in all.

Persons are first awakened with a sense of their miserable condition by nature, the danger they are in of perishing eternally, and that it is of great importance to them that they speedily escape, and get into a better state. Those that before were secure and senseless, are made sensible how much they were in the way to ruin in their former courses. Some are more suddenly seized with convictions ; it may be by the news of others' conversion, or something they hear in public or private conference, their consciences are suddenly smitten, as if their hearts were pierced through with a dart : others have awakenings that come upon them more gradually, they begin at first to be something more thoughtful and considerate, so as to come to a conclusion in their minds, that it is their best and wisest way to delay no longer, but to improve the present opportunity ; and have accordingly set themselves seriously to meditate on those things that have the most awakening tendency,

* See Edward's Works, vol. iii. Worcester Edition.

on purpose to obtain convictions ; and so their awakenings have increased, till a sense of their misery, by God's Spirit setting in therewith, has had fast hold of them. Others that, before this wonderful time, had been something religious and concerned for their salvation, have been awakened in a new manner, and made sensible that their slack and dull way of seeking was never like to attain their purpose, and so have been raised up to a greater violence for the kingdom of heaven.

These awakenings, when they have first seized upon persons, have had two effects : one was that they have brought them immediately to quit their sinful practices, and the looser sort have been brought to forsake and dread their former vices and extravagances. When once the Spirit of God began to be so wonderfully poured out in a general way through the town, people had soon done with their old quarrels, backbitings, and intermeddlings with other men's matters ; the tavern was soon left empty, and persons kept very much at home ; none went abroad unless on necessary business, or on some religious account, and every day seemed in many respects like a Sabbath-day. And the other effect was, that it put them on earnest application to the means of salvation, reading, prayer, meditation, the ordinances of God's house, and private conference ; their cry was, "What shall we do to be saved?" The place of resort was now altered, it was no longer the tavern, but the minister's house ; that was thronged far more than ever the tavern had been wont to be.

There is a very great variety, as to the degree of fear and trouble that persons are exercised with, before they obtain any comfortable evidence of pardon and acceptance with God : some are from the beginning carried on with abundantly more encouragement and hope, than others : some have had ten times less trouble of mind than others, in whom yet the issue seems to be the same. Some have had such a sense of the displeasure of God, and the great danger they were in of damnation, that they could not sleep at night ; and many have said that when they have laid down, the thought of sleeping in such a condition have been frightful to them, and they have scarcely been free from terror while asleep, and they have awaked with fear, heaviness, and distress still abiding on their spirits. It has been very common, that the deep and fixed concern that has been on person's minds, has had a painful influence on their bodies, and given disturbance to animal nature.

The awful apprehensions persons have had of their misery, have for the most part been increasing, the nearer they have approached to deliverance, though they often pass through many changes, and alterations in the frame and circumstances of their minds: sometimes they think themselves wholly senseless, and fear that the Spirit of God has left them, and that they are given up to judicial hardness; yet they appear very deeply exercised about that fear, and are in great earnest to obtain convictions again.

Together with these fears, and that exercise of mind which is rational, and which they have just ground for, they have often suffered many needless distresses of thought, in which Satan probably has a great hand, to entangle them, and block up their way; and sometimes the distemper of melancholy has been evidently mixed; of which, when it happens, the tempter seems to make great advantage, and puts an unhappy bar in the way of any good effect: one knows not how to deal with such persons; they turn everything that is said to them the wrong way, and most to their own disadvantage: and there is nothing that the devil seems to make so great a handle of, as a melancholy humor, unless it be the real corruption of the heart.

But it has been very remarkable, that there has been far less of this mixture in this time of extraordinary blessings, than there was wont to be in persons under awakenings at other times; for it is evident that many that before had been exceedingly involved in such difficulties, seemed now strangely to be set at liberty. Some persons that had before for a long time, been exceedingly entangled with peculiar temptations, of one sort or other, and unprofitable and hurtful distresses, were soon helped over stumbling blocks, that had formerly hindered any progress towards saving good; and convictions have wrought more kindly, and they have been successfully carried on in the way to life. And thus Satan seemed to be restrained, till towards the latter end of this wonderful time, when God's Spirit was about to withdraw.

Many times persons under great awakenings were concerned, because they thought they were not awakened, but miserable, hard-hearted, senseless, sottish creatures still, and sleeping upon the brink of hell. The sense of the need they have to be awakened, and of their comparative hardness, grows upon them with their awakenings; so that they seem to themselves to be very senseless, when indeed most sensible. There have been some instances of persons that

have had as great a sense of their danger and misery, as their natures could well subsist under, so that a little more would probably have destroyed them ; and yet they have expressed themselves much amazed at their own insensibility and sottishness in such an extraordinary time as it then was.

Persons are sometimes brought to the borders of despair, and it looks as black as midnight to them a little before the day dawns in their souls ; some few instances there have been of persons, who have had such a sense of God's wrath for sin, that they have been overborne, and made to cry out under an astonishing sense of their guilt, wondering that God suffers such guilty wretches to live upon earth, and that he doth not immediately send them to hell ; and sometimes their guilt does so glare them in the face, that they are in exceeding terror for fear that God will instantly do it ; but more commonly the distresses under legal awakenings have not been to such a degree. In some these terrors do not seem to be so sharp, when near comfort, as before ; their convictions have not seemed to work so much that way, but they seem to be led further down into their own hearts, to a further sense of their own universal depravity, and deadness in sin.

The corruption of the heart has discovered itself in various exercises in the time of legal convictions ; sometimes it appears in a great struggle, like something roused by an enemy, and Satan the old inhabitant seems to exert himself, like a serpent disturbed and enraged. Many in such circumstances, have felt a great spirit of envy, towards the godly, especially towards those that are thought to have been lately converted, and most of all towards acquaintances and companions, when they were thought to be converted. Indeed some have felt many heart-risings against God, and murmurings at his ways of dealing with mankind, and his dealings with themselves in particular. It has been much insisted on, both in public and private, that persons should have the utmost dread of such envious thoughts, which, if allowed, tend exceedingly to quench the Spirit of God, if not to provoke him finally to forsake them. And when such a spirit has much prevailed, and persons have not so earnestly strove against it, as they ought to have done, it has seemed to be exceedingly to the hindrance of the good of their souls : but in some other instances, where persons have been much terrified at the sight of such wickedness in their hearts, God has brought good to them out of evil ; and made it a means of convincing them of

their own desperate sinfulness, and bringing them off from all self-confidence.

The drift of the Spirit of God in his legal strivings with persons, has seemed most evidently to be, to make way for, and to bring to, a conviction of their absolute dependence on his sovereign power and grace, and universal necessity of a mediator, by leading them more and more to a sense of their exceeding wickedness, and guiltiness in his sight ; the pollution, and insufficiency of their own righteousness, that they can in no wise help themselves, and that God would be wholly just and righteous in rejecting them, and all that they do, and in casting them off forever : though there be a vast variety, as to the manner, and distinctness of persons' convictions of these things.

As they are gradually more and more convinced of the corruption and wickedness of their hearts, they seem to themselves to grow worse and worse, harder and blinder, and more desperately wicked, instead of growing better. They are ready to be discouraged by it, and oftentimes never think themselves so far off from good, as when they are nearest. Under the sense which the Spirit of God gives them of their sinfulness, they often think that they differ from all others ; their hearts are ready to sink with the thought, that they are the worst of all, and that none ever obtained mercy that were so wicked as they.

When awakenings first begin, their consciences are commonly most exercised about their outward vicious course, or other acts of sin ; but afterwards, are much more burdened with a sense of heart sins, the dreadful corruption of their nature, their enmity against God, the pride of their hearts, their unbelief, their rejection of Christ, the stubbornness and obstinacy of their wills ; and the like. In many, God makes much use of their own experience, in the course of their awakenings, and endeavors after saving good, to convince them of their own vile emptiness and universal depravity.

Very often under first awakenings, when they are brought to reflect on the sin of their past lives, and have something of a terrifying sense of God's anger, they set themselves to walk more strictly, and confess their sins, and perform many religious duties, with a secret hope of appeasing God's anger, and making up for the sins they have committed. And oftentimes, at first setting out, their affections are moved, and they are full of tears, in their confessions and prayers, which they are ready to make very much of, as though

they were some atonement, and had power to more corresponding affections in God too : and hence they are for awhile big with expectation of what God will do for them ; and conceive that they grow better apace, and shall soon be thoroughly converted. But these affections are but short-lived, they quickly find that they fail, and then they think themselves to be grown worse again ; they do not find such a prospect of being soon converted as they thought ; instead of being nearer, they seem to be farther off ; their hearts they think are grown harder, and by this means their fears of perishing greatly increase. But though they are disappointed, they renew their attempts again and again ; and still as their attempts are multiplied, so are their disappointments : all fail, they see no token of having inclined God's heart to them, they do not see that he hears their prayers at all, as they expected he would ; and sometimes there have been great temptations arising hence to leave off seeking, and to yield up the case. But as they are still more terrified with fears of perishing, and their former hopes of prevailing on God to be merciful to them in a great measure fail, sometimes their religious affections have turned into heart-risings against God, because that he would not pity them, and seems to have little regard to their distress and piteous cries, and to all the pains they take ; they think of the mercy that God has shown to others, how soon and how easily others have obtained comfort, and those too that were worse than they, and have not labored so much as they have done, and sometimes they have had dreadful blasphemous thoughts, in these circumstances.

But when they reflect on these wicked workings of heart against God, if their convictions are continued, and the Spirit of God is not provoked utterly to forsake them, they have more distressing apprehensions of the anger of God towards those, whose hearts work after such a sinful manner about him ; and it may be, have great fears that they have committed the unpardonable sin, or that God will surely never show mercy to them that are such vipers : and are often tempted to leave off in despair.

But then perhaps, by something they read or hear of the infinite mercy of God, and all-sufficiency of Christ for the chief of sinners ; they have some encouragement and hope renewed ; but think that as yet they are not fit to come to Christ, they are so wicked that Christ will never accept them : and then it may be that they set themselves upon a new course of fruitless endeavors in their own

strength to make themselves better, and still meet with new disappointments. They are earnest to inquire what they shall do. They do not know but there is something else to be done, in order to their obtaining converting grace, that they have never done yet. It may be they hope that they are something better than they were, but then the pleasing dream all vanishes again. If they are told that they trust too much to their own strength and righteousness, they cannot unlearn this practice all at once, and find not yet the appearance of any good, but all looks as dark as midnight to them. Thus they wander about from mountain to hill, seeking rest and finding none. When they are beat out of one refuge they fly to another, till they are, as it were, debilitated, broken, and subdued with legal humblings : in which God gives them a conviction of their own utter helplessness and insufficiency, and discovers the true remedy in a clearer knowledge of Christ and his gospel.

When they begin to seek salvation, they are commonly profoundly ignorant of themselves ; they are not sensible how blind they are, and how little they can do towards bringing themselves to see spiritual things aright, and towards putting forth gracious exercises in their own souls ; they are not sensible how remote they are from love to God, and other holy dispositions, and how dead they are in sin. When they see unexpected pollution in their own hearts they go about to wash away their own defilements, and make themselves clean ; and they weary themselves in vain, till God shows them it is in vain, and that their help is not where they have sought it, but elsewhere.

But some persons continue wandering in such a kind of labyrinth, ten times as long as others, before their own experience will convince them of their insufficiency ; and so it appears not to be their own experience only, but the convincing influence of God's Spirit with their experience that attains the effect. And God has of late abundantly shown that he does not need to wait to have men convinced by long and often repeated, fruitless trials ; for in multitudes of instances he has made a shorter work of it. He has so awakened and convinced persons' consciences, and made them so sensible of their exceeding great vileness, and given them such a sense of his wrath against sin, as has quickly overcome all their vain self-confidence, and borne them down into the dust before a holy and righteous God.

There have been some who have not had great terrors, but have

had a very quick work. Some of those that have not had so deep a conviction of these things before their conversion, have, it may be, much more of it afterwards. God has appeared far from limiting himself to any certain method in his proceedings with sinners under legal convictions. In some instances it seems easy for our reasoning powers to discern the methods of divine wisdom, in his dealings with the soul under awakenings : in others his footsteps cannot be traced, and his ways are past finding out : and some that are less distinctly wrought upon, in what is preparatory to grace, appear no less eminent in gracious experiences afterwards.

There is in nothing a greater difference, in different persons, than with respect to the time of their being under trouble ; some but a few days, and others for months or years. There were many in this town that had been before this effusion of God's Spirit upon us, for years, and some for many years concerned about their salvation ; though probably they were not thoroughly awakened, yet they were concerned to such a degree as to be very uneasy, so as to live an uncomfortable, disquieted life, and so as to continue in a way of taking considerable pains about their salvation, but had never obtained any comfortable evidence of a good estate, who now in this extraordinary time have received light ; but many of them were some of the last : they first saw multitudes of others rejoicing, and with songs of deliverance in their mouths, who seemed wholly careless and at ease, and in pursuit of vanity, while they had been bowed down with solicitude about their souls ; yea, some had lived licentiously, and so continued till a little before they were converted, and grew up to a holy rejoicing in the infinite blessings God has bestowed upon them.

And whatever minister has a like occasion to deal with souls, in a flock under such circumstances, as this was in the last year, I cannot but think he will soon find himself under a necessity, greatly to insist upon it with them, that God is under no manner of obligation to show any mercy to any natural man, whose heart is not turned to God : and that a man can challenge nothing, either in absolute justice, or by free promise, from anything he does before he has believed on Jesus Christ, or has true repentance begun in him. It appears to me, that if I had taught those that came to me under trouble, any other doctrine, I should have taken a most direct course utterly to have undone them : I should have directly crossed what was plainly the drift of the Spirit of God in his influences upon them ;

for if they had believed what I said, it would either have promoted self-flattery and carelessness, and so put an end to their awakenings ; or cherished and established their contention and strife with God, concerning his dealings with them and others, and blocked up their way to that humiliation before the sovereign Disposer of life and death, whereby God is wont to prepare them for his consolations. And yet those that have been under awakenings, have oftentimes plainly stood in need of being encouraged, by being told of the infinite and all-sufficient mercy of God in Christ ; and that it is God's manner to succeed diligence, and to bless his own means, that so awakenings and encouragements, fear and hope, may be duly mixed, and proportioned to preserve their minds in a just medium between the two extremes of self-flattery and despondence, both which tend to slackness and negligence, and in the end to security.

I think I have found that no discourses have been more remarkably blessed, than those in which the doctrine of God's absolute sovereignty with regard to the salvation of sinners, and his just liberty, with regard to answering the prayers, or succeeding the pains of mere natural men, continuing such, have been insisted on. I never found so much immediate saving fruit, in any measure, of any discourses I have offered to my congregation, as some from those words, ROMANS, 3 : 19. "That every mouth may be stopped ;" endeavoring to show from thence that it would be just with God forever to reject and cast off mere natural man.

In those in whom awakenings seem to have a saving issue, commonly the first thing that appears after their legal troubles, is a conviction of the justice of God in their condemnation, in a sense of their own exceeding sinfulness, and the vileness of all their performances. In giving an account of this they expressed themselves very variously ; some, that they saw that God was a sovereign, and might receive others and reject them ; some, that they were convinced, that God might justly bestow mercy on every person in the town, and on every person in the world, and damn themselves to all eternity ; some, that they see that God may justly have no regard to all the pains they have taken, and all the prayers they have made ; some, that they see that if they should seek, and take the utmost pains all their lives, God might justly cast them into hell at last, because all their labors, prayers and tears, cannot make an atonement for the least sin, nor merit any blessing at the hands of

God ; some have declared themselves to be in the hands of God, that he can and may dispose of them just as he pleases ; some that God may glorify himself in their damnation, and they wonder that God has suffered them to live so long, and has not cast them into hell long ago.

Some are brought to this conviction, by a great sense of their sinfulness, in general, that they are such vile wicked creatures in heart and life : others have the sins of their lives in an extraordinary manner set before them, multitudes of them coming just then fresh to their memory, and being set before them with their aggravations ; some have their minds especially fixed, on some particular wicked practice they have indulged ; some are especially convinced by a sight of the corruption and wickedness of their hearts ; some from a view they have of the horridness of some particular exercises of corruption, which they have had in the time of their awakening, whereby the enmity of the heart against God has been manifested ; some are convinced especially by a sense of the sin of unbelief, the opposition of their hearts to the way of salvation by Christ, and their obstinacy in rejecting him and his grace.”

Did our limits permit, it would be highly interesting and profitable to continue our extracts to a much greater length, and especially to insert some of those paragraphs, in which the exercises of young converts are delineated by the same masterly hand. But it being the great object of this volume, to show by examples *what genuine conviction and conversion are*, rather than to trace out the *progress of sanctification*, we pass on to the memoirs.

CHRISTIAN MEMOIRS.

CHAPTER I.

CONVERSION OF JOHN BUNYAN.

The celebrated John Bunyan was born about two hundred years ago, in a small village called Elston, near Bedford, which is about fifty miles north of London. In one of his works, he has given a considerably minute account of his early life, so that we are enabled to give our readers the narrative of his conversion nearly in his own words. The account is addressed to his children,

His history before his Conversion.

“In this my relation of the merciful working of God upon my soul,” says he, “it will not be amiss, if, in the first place, I do, in a few words, give you a hint of my pedigree, and manner of bringing up; that thereby the goodness and bounty of God towards me may be the more advanced and magnified before the sons of men. For my descent, then, it was, as is well known to many, of a low, inconsiderable generation; my father’s house being of that rank that is meanest, and most despised of all the families in the land. Wherefore, I have not here, as others, to boast of noble blood, or of any high born

state, according to the flesh ; though all things considered, I magnify the heavenly Majesty, for that by this door he brought me into this world, to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the Gospel.

But yet, notwithstanding the meanness and inconsiderableness of my parents, it pleased God to put it into their hearts to put me to school, to learn both to read and to write; the which I also attained, according to the rate of the poor men's children, though to my shame I confess, I did soon lose that little I learnt, even almost utterly, and that long before the Lord did work his gracious work of conversion upon my soul.

As for my own natural life, for the time that I was without God in the world, it was, indeed, according to the course of this world, and the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience.' It was my delight to be 'taken captive by the devil at his will,' being filled with all unrighteousness; the which also did so strongly work, and put forth itself, both in my heart and life, and that from a child, that I had but few equals for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God. Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me; the which, as I have with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood he did scare and affright me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with fearful visions. For often, after I have spent this and the other day in sin, I have in my bed been greatly afflicted, while asleep, with the apprehensions of wicked spirits, who still as I then thought, labored to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid.

Also I was during these years, greatly afflicted and troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of

hell-fire ; still fearing, that it would be my lot to be found at last among those who are bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness, unto the judgment of the great day.

These things I say, when I was but a child, but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down, and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins.

A while after those terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot ; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them, as if they had never been : wherefore with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins of my lust, and delighted in all transgressions against the law of God ; so that I was the very ringleader of all the youth that kept me company, in all manner of vice and ungodliness. Yea, such prevalency had the lusts and fruits of the flesh on this poor soul of mine, that had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had not only perished by the stroke of eternal justice, but had also laid myself open even to the stroke of those laws which bring some to disgrace and open shame before the face of the world.

In those days the thought of religion was very grievous to me ; I could neither endure it myself, nor that any other should ; so that when I have seen some read in those books that concerned Christian piety, it would be as it were a prison to me. Then I said unto God, ‘ Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways.’ I was now void of all good consideration, heaven and hell were both out of sight and mind ; and as for saving and damning, they were least in my thoughts. O Lord,

thou knowest my life, and my ways were not hid from thee!

But God did not utterly leave me, but followed me still, not with convictions, but judgments; yet such as were mixed with mercy. For once I fell into a creek of the sea, and hardly escaped drowning. Another time I fell out of a boat into Bedford River, but mercy yet preserved me alive: besides, another time, being in the field with one of my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway, so I, having a stick in my hand, struck her over the back; and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her tongue out with my fingers, by which act, had not God been merciful unto me, I might, by my desperateness, have brought myself to my end.

This also, I have taken notice of, with thanksgiving. When I was a soldier, I, with others, was drawn out to go to a certain place, to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room, to which when I consented, he took my place; and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket-bullet, and died.

Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness, wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation.

Presently after this I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was, to light upon a wife whose father was counted godly. This woman and I though we came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both, yet this she had for her part, 'The Plain man's Pathway to Heaven;' and the 'Practice of

Piety ;' which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I would sometimes read with her, wherein I also found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me : but all this while I met with no conviction. She also would be often telling me what a godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house, and among his neighbors, and what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and deeds.

Wherefore these books, with the relation, though they did not reach my heart to awaken it about my sad and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some desires to reform my vicious life, and fall in very eagerly with the religion of the times ; to wit, to go to church twice a day, and that too with the foremost. And there, I would be very devout, and both say and sing as others did ; yet I retained my wicked life. But withal, I was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things belonging to the church ; the high place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, &c. ; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy, and without doubt, greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principally in the holy temple, to do his work therein.

But all this while I was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin ; I was kept from considering that sin would damn me, what religion soever I followed, unless I was found in Christ ; nay, I never thought of him, nor whether there was such a one or no. Thus man, while blind, doth wander, but wearieth himself with vanity, for he knoweth not the way to the city of God.

But one day, amongst all the sermons our parson made,

his subject was to treat of the Sabbath-day, and of the evil of breaking that, either with labor, sports or otherwise. Now I was, notwithstanding my religion, one that took much delight in all manner of vice, and especially that was the day that I did solace myself therewith; wherefore I fell in my conscience under this sermon, thinking and believing that he made that sermon of purpose to show me my evil doing. And at that time I felt what guilt was, though never before that I can remember; but then I was, for the present, greatly laden therewith, and so went home when the sermon was ended, with a great burden upon my spirit.

This, for that instant, did benumb the sinews of my best delights, and did imbitter my former pleasures to me; but it lasted not, for before I had well dined, the trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to my old course. But oh! how glad was I that this trouble was gone from me, and that the fire was put out, that I might sin again without control! Wherefore when I had satisfied nature with my food, I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports and gaming, I returned with great delight.

But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it a second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven? or have thy sins and go to hell?" At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did

severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices.

I had no sooner thus conceived in my mind, but suddenly, this conclusion was fastened on my spirit, that I had been a great and grievous sinner, and that it was now too late for me to look after heaven; for Christ would not forgive me, nor pardon my transgressions. Then I fell to musing on this also; and while I was thinking of it, and fearing lest it should be so, I felt my heart sink in despair, concluding it was too late, and therefore I resolved in my mind to go on in sin; for, thought I, if the case be thus, my state is surely miserable; miserable if I leave my sins, and but miserable if I follow them; I can but be damned, and if I must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins, as damned for few.

Thus I stood in the midst of my play, before all that then were present; but yet I told them nothing. But I say, having made this conclusion, I returned desperately to my sport again, and I well remember that presently this kind of despair did so possess my soul, that I was persuaded I could never attain to other comfort than what I could get in sin, for heaven was gone already, so that on that I must not think; wherefore, I found within me great desire to take my fill of sin, still studying what sin was yet to be committed, that I might taste the sweetness of it; and I made as much haste as I could to fill my belly with its delicacies, lest I should die before I had my desires; for that I feared greatly. In these things I protest before God, I lie not, neither do I frame this sort of speech; these were really, strongly, and with all my heart, my desires. The good Lord, whose mercy is unsearchable, forgive my transgressions.

And I am more confident, that this temptation of the

devil is more usual among poor creatures than many are aware of, even to overrun the spirits with a seared frame of heart, and benumbing of conscience, which frame he stilly and slyly supplieth with such despair, that, though not much guilt attendeth such, yet they have continually a secret conclusion within them, that there is no hope for them ; for they have loved sins, therefore after them they will go. 'But thou saidst, There is no hope : no ; for I have loved strangers, and after them will I go. — And they said, There is no hope ; but we will walk every one after our own devices, and we will every one do the imagination of his evil heart.'

Now, therefore, I went on in sin with great greediness of mind, still grudging that I could not be satisfied with it as I would. This did continue with me about a month or more, but one day as I was standing by a neighbor's shop-window, and there cursing and swearing, and playing the mad-man, after my wonted manner, there sat within the woman of the house and heard me ; who though she was a very loose, ungodly wretch, yet protested I swore and cursed at that most fearful rate, that she was made to tremble to hear me ; and told me further, that I was the ungodliest fellow for swearing she ever heard in all her life ; and that I by thus doing, was able to spoil all the youth in the whole town, if they came but in my company.

At this reproof, I was silenced and put to secret shame, and that too, as I thought, before the God of heaven ; wherefore while I stood there, and hanging down my head, I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again, that my father might teach me to speak without this wicked way of swearing ; for, thought I, I

am so accustomed to it, that it is in vain for me to think of a reformation; for I thought that could never be.

But how it came to pass I know not; I did from that time forward so leave my swearing, that it was a great wonder to myself to observe it; and whereas before I knew not how to speak, unless I put an oath before and another behind, to make my words have authority, now I could, without it, speak better and with more pleasantness than ever I could before. All this while I knew not Jesus Christ, neither did leave my sports and plays.

But quickly after this, I fell into company with one poor man who made profession of religion, who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures, and of the matter of religion, wherefore falling into some love and liking to what he said, I betook me to the Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading, and especially the historical part thereof; for as for Paul's epistles, and such like Scriptures, I could not away with them; being as yet ignorant either of the corruptions of my nature, or of the want and worth of Jesus Christ to save us.

Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven; which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I would have comfort; yet now and then would break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I would repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there got help again; for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England.

Thus I continued about a year; all which time our neighbors did take me to be a very godly man, a new and religious man, and did marvel much to see such great

and famous alteration in my life and manners; and indeed so it was, though I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; for as I have well since seen, had I then died, my state had been most fearful.

But, I say, my neighbors marvelled at this my great conversion from prodigious profaneness, to something like a moral life, and truly, so they might. Now therefore they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. But oh! when I understood those were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well. For though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and indeed, I did all I did either to be seen, or to be well spoken of by men: and thus I continued for about a twelve-month or more.

All this while, when I thought I kept this or that commandment, or did by word or deed, anything that I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience, and would think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me: yea, to relate it in my own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I. But poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein, had not God, in mercy, showed me more of my state by nature."

By this narrative we are most forcibly taught, that there is no real pleasure in the ways of sin. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." "The way of transgressors is hard." Sin promises pleasures, but yields

only pain; honor, but it leads to disgrace; happiness, but it tends to misery. This Bunyan found. He made himself crooked ways, and while he walked in them, he was getting farther and farther from God, from purity, from felicity, from heaven. So also, convictions of sin may be felt by those who love it, and wish not to part with it; and though there may be a reformation of conduct, yet there may be no change of heart.

All who properly consider the character of Bunyan, must be convinced of the necessity of a change in his heart and life, in order to his being made fit for heaven, and a suitable companion for the spirits of the just made perfect. The disparity is so great between purity and depravity, that we ask, "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" And knowing that God is immutable in his nature, in his law, and also in his threatenings to enforce its penalties, we naturally infer that a change must take place in the sinner. That as he is dead in trespasses and sins, and walking according to the course of this world, being led captive by the devil at his will, if ever his mind be changed, and he pursues heavenly and divine objects, it must be through the power of the Holy Spirit, by whom he is created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that he should walk in them. This gracious change Bunyan did at length experience. The manner in which it was accomplished, and the effects produced by it, he himself relates.

His Conversion.

“Upon a day, the good providence of God called me to Bedford, to work at my calling; and in one of the streets of that town, I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at the door, in the sun, talking about the things of God; and being now willing to hear their discourse, I drew near to hear what they said, for I was now a brisk talker of myself, in the matters of religion; but I may say, I heard but understood not; for they were far above out of my reach. Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God in their hearts, as also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature; they talked how God had visited their souls with his love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted and supported against the temptations of the devil: moreover, they reasoned of the suggestions and temptations of Satan in particular; and told to each other by what means they had been afflicted, and how they were borne up under his assaults. They also discoursed of their own wretchedness of heart, and of their unbelief; and did condemn, slight and abhor their own righteousness, as filthy and insufficient to do them any good.

And methought they spake as if joy did make them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new world; as if they were people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned among their neighbors.

At this I felt my own heart began to shake, and mis-

trust my condition to be naught; for I saw that in all my thoughts about religion and salvation, the new birth had never entered into my mind; neither knew I the comfort of the word of promise, nor the deceitfulness and treachery of my own wicked heart. As for secret thoughts, I took no notice of them; neither did I understand what Satan's temptations were, nor how they were to be withstood and resisted, &c.

Thus, therefore, when I had heard and considered what they said, I left them and went about my employment again, but their talk and discourse went with me; also my heart would tarry with them, for I was greatly affected with their words, both because by them I was convinced that I wanted the true tokens of a truly godly man, and also, because by them I was convinced of the blessed and happy condition of him that was such a one.

Therefore, I would often make it my business to be going again and again into the company of these poor people, for I could not stay away; and the more I went among them, the more did I question my condition; and as I still do remember, presently I found two things within me, at which I did sometimes marvel, especially considering what a blind, ignorant, sordid and ungodly wretch but just before I was. The one was a very great softness and tenderness of heart, which caused me to fall under the conviction of what by Scripture they asserted, and the other was a great bending in my mind, to a continual meditating on it, and on all other good things, which at any time I heard, or read of.

By these things my mind was now so turned to, and fixed upon eternity, and on the things about the kingdom of heaven — that so far as I know, though as yet, God knows, I knew but little, neither pleasure, nor profits, nor

persuasions, nor threats, could loose it, or make it let go its hold, and though I may speak it with shame, yet it is in very deed a certain truth, it would then have been as difficult for me to have taken my mind from heaven to earth, as I have often found it since, to get again from earth to heaven.

One thing I may not omit: There was a young man in our town, to whom my heart before was knit more than to any other, but he being a most wicked creature for cursing and swearing, and lewdness, I now shook him off, and forsook his company; but about a quarter of a year after I had left him, I met him in a certain lane, and asked him how he did; he, after his old swearing and mad way, answered he was well. 'But Harry,' said I, 'Why do you curse and swear thus? What will become of you, if you die in this condition?' He answered me in a great anger."

Bunyan about this time met with books written by some enthusiastic men of his day, who lived to disgrace their profession. He says, "Some of these I read, but was not able to make any judgment about them; wherefore, as I read in them, and thought upon them, seeing myself unable to judge, I would betake myself to hearty prayer in this manner: 'O Lord, I am a fool, and not able to know the truth from error; Lord, leave me not to my own blindness, either to approve of or condemn this doctrine, if it be of God, let me not despise it; if it be of the devil, let me not embrace it. Lord, I lay my soul in this matter only at thy foot, let me not be deceived, I humbly beseech thee.'

These people would also talk to me of their ways, and condemn me as legal and dark, pretending that they on-

ly had attained to perfection, that they could do what they would, and not sin. Oh! these temptations were suitable to my flesh, I being but a young man, and my nature in its prime; but God, who had, as I hoped, designed me for better things, kept me in the fear of his name, and did not suffer me to accept of such accursed principles. And blessed be God, who put it into my heart to cry to him to be kept and directed, still distrusting my own wisdom, for I have seen even the effects of that prayer, in his preserving me, not only from these errors, but from those also that have sprung up since. The Bible was precious to me in those days.

And now, methought, I began to look into the Bible with new eyes, and read as I never did before, and especially the epistles of the Apostle Paul were sweet and pleasant to me; and indeed then I was never out of the Bible, either by reading or meditation; still crying out to God, that I might know the truth, and way to heaven and glory.

About this time, the state and happiness of these poor people at Bedford was thus, in a kind of vision, presented to me. I saw as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds: methought also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain; now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass, concluding, that if I could, I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun. About this wall I bethought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage, by which I might enter there-

in; but none could I find for sometime; at the last, I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little door-way in the wall, through which I attempted to pass. Now the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many efforts to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well nigh quite beat out, by striving to get in; at last, with great striving, methought I did at first get in my head, and after that, by a sidelong striving, my shoulders, and then my whole body; then I was exceeding glad, went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun.

But as yet I could not attain to any comfortable persuasion that I had faith in Christ; but instead of having satisfaction here, I began to find my soul to be assaulted with fresh doubts about my future happiness; especially with such as these, whether I was elected, and whether the day of grace might not now be past and gone?

By these two temptations I was very much afflicted and disquieted; sometimes by one, and sometimes by the other of them. And first to speak about my questioning my election; I found at this time, that though I was in a flame to find the way to heaven and glory, and though nothing could beat me off from this, yet this question did so offend and discourage me, that I was, especially, sometimes, as if the very strength of my body also had been taken away by the force and power thereof. This Scripture did also seem to me to trample upon all my desires: 'It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth; but of God that showeth mercy.' Rom. 9: 16.

With this Scripture I could not tell what to do, for I thought that unless the great God, of his infinite grace and bounty, had voluntarily chosen me to be a vessel of

mercy, though I should desire, and long, and labor until my heart did break, no good could come of it. 'Therefore this would stick with me, 'How can you tell that you are elected? And what if you should not? How then?

'O Lord,' thought I, 'what if I should not indeed!' 'It may be you are not,' said the tempter. 'It may be so indeed,' thought I. 'Why, then,' said Satan, 'you had as good leave off, and strive no farther; for if indeed you should not be elected and chosen of God, there is no hope of your being saved; 'For it is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth; but of God that showeth mercy.'

By these things I was driven to my wit's end, not knowing what to say, or how to answer these temptations; indeed, I little thought that Satan had thus assaulted me, but that rather it was my own prudence thus to start the question; for that the elect only obtained eternal life, that I without scruple heartily closed withal; I thought I was sure; but that I myself was one of them: there lay the question.

Thus, for several days, I was greatly assaulted and perplexed, and was often, when I have been walking, ready to sink where I went, with faintness in mind; but one day, after I had been so many weeks oppressed and cast down therewith, as I was now quite giving up the ghost of all my hopes of ever attaining life, that sentence fell with weight upon my spirit, 'Look at the generations of old and see; did ever any trust in God and were confounded?'

At this I was greatly enlightened, and encouraged in my soul; for thus, at that very instant, it was expounded to me: 'Begin at the beginning of Genesis, and read

to the end of the Revelation, and see if you can find that there were ever any that trusted in the Lord and were confounded.' So coming home I presently went to my Bible, to see if I could find that saying, not doubting but to find it presently ; for it was so fresh, and with such strength and comfort on my spirit, that it was as if it talked with me. Well I looked, but I found it not ; only it abode upon me.

Thus I continued above a year, and could not find the place ; but at last, casting my eye upon the Apocryphal books, I found it in Ecclesiasticus, ' Look at the generations of old and see, did ever any trust in the Lord and was confounded ? or did any abide in his fear and was forsaken ? or whom did he ever despise that called upon him ? ' This at the first did somewhat daunt me ; but because by this time I had got more experience of the love and kindness of God, it troubled me less, especially when I considered that though it was not in those texts that we call holy and canonical, yet forasmuch as this sentence was the sum and substance of many of the promises, it was my duty to take the comfort of it ; and I bless God for that word, for it was of good to me : that word doth still oft-times shine before my face.

After this, that other doubt did come with strength upon me, ' But how if the day of grace should be past and gone ? How if you have overstood the day of mercy ? ' Now I remember that one day as I was walking in the country, I was much in the thoughts of this, ' But how if the day of grace is past ? ' And to aggravate my trouble, the tempter presented to my mind those good people of Bedford, and suggested this unto me, that these being converted already, they were all that

God would save in those parts; and that I came too late, for these had got the blessing before I came.

Now I was in great distress, thinking in very deed that this might well be so, wherefore I went up and down, bemoaning my sad condition, counting myself far worse than a thousand fools, for standing off thus long, and spending so many years in sin as I had done; still crying out, O that I had turned sooner! O that I had turned seven years ago! It made me also angry with myself to think that I should have no more wit, but to trifle away my time, till my soul and heaven were lost.

But when I had been long vexed with this fear, and was scarce able to take one step more, just about the same place where I received my other encouragement, these words broke in upon my mind, 'Compel them to come in that my house may be filled;' 'And yet there is room.' LUKE 14: 22, 23. These words, but especially 'And yet there is room,' were sweet words to me; for truly I thought that by them I saw there was place enough in heaven for me; and moreover, that when the Lord Jesus did speak these words, he then did think of me; and that he knowing that the time would come, that I should be afflicted with fear, that there was no place left for me in his bosom, did before speak this word, and leave it upon record, that I might find help thereby against this vile temptation. This I then verily believed.

In the light and encouragement of this word I went for some time; and the comfort was the more, when I thought that the Lord Jesus should think on me so long ago, and that he should speak those words on purpose for my sake; for I did think verily, that he did on purpose speak them to encourage me withal.

But I was not without my temptations to go back again; temptations, I say, both from Satan, mine own heart, and carnal acquaintance; but I thank God these were outweighed by that sound sense of death, and of the day of judgment, which abode as it were, continually in my view; I would often also think of Nebuchadnezzar; of whom it is said, 'He had given him all the kingdoms of the earth, and for the majesty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages, trembled and feared before him; whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive, and whom he would he set up, and whom he would he put down. 'Yet,' thought I, 'if this great man had all his portion in this world, one hour in hell would make him forget all:' which consideration was a great help to me.

I found by the word, that those that must be glorified with Christ in another world, must be called by him here; called to the partaking of a share in his word and righteousness, and to the comforts and first fruits of his Spirit; and to a peculiar interest in all those heavenly things, which do indeed prepare the soul for that rest and house of glory, which is in heaven above.

Here again I was at a very stand, not knowing what to do, fearing I was not called; 'for,' thought I, 'if I be not called, what then can do me good? None but those who are effectually called inherit the kingdom of heaven.' But oh how I now loved those words which spake of a Christian's calling! as when the Lord said to one, 'Follow me,' and to another, 'Come after me:' and 'oh,' thought I, that he would say this to me too; how gladly would I run after him!

I cannot now express with what longings and breathings in my soul I cried to Christ to call me. Thus I

continued for a time all on a flame to be converted to Jesus Christ; and did also see at that day, such glory in a converted state, that I could not be contented without a share therein. Gold! — Could it have been gotten for gold, what would I have given for it! Had I the whole world, it had all gone ten thousand times over for this, that my soul might have been in a converted state.

How lovely now was every one in my eyes that I thought to be converted, whether man or woman! They shone, they walked like a people that carried the broad seal of heaven about them. Oh! I saw the 'lot was fallen to them in pleasant places, and they had a goodly heritage.' But that which made me sick, was what Christ said in St. Mark, 'He went up into a mountain, and called to him whom he would, and they came unto him.' Mark 3: 13.

This Scripture made me faint and fear, yet it kindled fire in my soul. That which made me fear, was this, lest Christ should have no liking to me, for he called whom he would. But oh the glory that I saw in that condition, did so engage my heart, that I could seldom read of any that Christ did call, but I presently wished, 'Would I had been in their clothes, would I had been born Peter; would I had been born John; or, would I had been by and heard him when he called them, how would I have cried, O Lord, call me also! But, oh, I feared he would not call me!'

And truly, the Lord let me go thus many months together, and showed me nothing, either that I was already, or should be called hereafter; but at last after much time spent, and many groans to God that I might be made partaker of the holy and heavenly calling, that word came in upon me: 'I will cleanse their blood, that

I have not cleansed, for the Lord dwelleth in Zion. These words I thought were sent to encourage me to wait still upon God ; and signified unto me, that if I were not already, the time might come, when I might be in truth converted unto Christ.

About this time I began to break my mind to those poor people in Bedford, and to tell them my condition ; which when they had heard, they told Mr. Gifford of me, who himself also took occasion to talk with me ; and was willing to be well persuaded of me, though I think from little grounds : but he invited me to his house, where I should hear him confer with others, about the dealings of God with their souls ; from all which I still received more conviction, and from that time began to see something of the vanity and inward wretchedness of my wicked heart ; for as yet I knew no great matter therein. But now it began to be discovered unto me, and also to work at that rate as it never did before. Now I evidently found, that lusts and corruptions put forth themselves within me, in wicked thoughts and desires, which I did not regard before ; my desires also for life and heaven began to fail. I found also, that whereas before my soul was full of longing after God, now it began to hanker after every foolish vanity ; yea, my heart would not be moved to mind that which was good ; it began to be careless, both of my soul and heaven ; it would now continually hang back, both to, and in every duty ; and was as a clog on the leg of a bird, to hinder it from flying.

Nay, I thought now I grew worse and worse ; now I am farther from conversion than I ever was before wherefore I began to entertain such discouragement in my heart, as laid me low as hell. If now I should hav

burned at the stake, I could not believe that Christ had a love for me; alas, I could neither hear him, nor see him, nor feel him, nor savor any of his things; I was driven as with a tempest, my heart would be unclean, and the Canaanites would dwell in the land.

Sometimes I would tell my condition to the people of God, which when they heard they would pity me, and would tell me of the promises; but they had as good have told me that I must reach the sun with my finger, as have bidden me receive or rely upon the promises: and as soon I should have done it. All my sense and feeling were against me; and I saw I had a heart that would sin, and that lay under a law that would condemn.

These things have often made me think of the child which the father brought to Christ, 'who while he was yet coming to him, was thrown down by the devil, and also so rent and torn by him, that he lay, and wallowed, foaming.' Further in these days, I would find my heart shut itself up against the Lord and against his holy word; I have found my unbelief to set, as it were, the shoulder to the door, to keep him out; and that too, even then, when I have with many a bitter sigh cried, 'Good Lord, break it open! 'Lord, break these gates of brass, and cut these bars of iron asunder.'

But all this while, as to the act of sinning, I was never more tender than now; I durst not take a pin or stick, though but so big as a straw; for my conscience now was sore, and would smart at every touch. I could not now tell how to speak my words, for fear I should misplace them. Oh how cautiously did I then go, in all I did or said! I found myself as in a miry bog that shook if I did but stir, and was, as there, left both of God, and Christ, and the Spirit, and all good things.

But I observed, though I was such a great sinner before conversion, yet God never much charged the guilt of the sins of my ignorance upon me; only he showed me I was lost if I had not Christ because I had been a sinner. I saw that I wanted a perfect righteousness to present me without fault before God, and this righteousness was nowhere to be found, but in the person of Jesus Christ.

But my original and inward pollution; that, that was my plague and affliction, that I saw at a dreadful rate, always putting forth itself within me; that I had the guilt of to amazement; by reason of that, I was more loathsome in mine own eyes, than a toad, and I thought I was so in God's eyes too. Sin and corruption, I said, would as naturally bubble out of my heart, as water would out of a fountain. I thought that every one had a better heart than I had; I could have changed hearts with anybody; I thought none, but the devil himself could equal me for inward wickedness and pollution of mind. I fell therefore at the sight of my own vileness deeply into despair; for I concluded that this condition that I was in could not stand with a state of grace. Sure thought I, I am forsaken of God; sure I am given up to the devil and to a reprobate mind; and thus I continued a long while, even for some years together.

While I was thus afflicted with the fears of my own damnation, there were two things which would make me wonder; the one was, when I saw old people hunting after the things of this life, as if they should live here always; the other was, when I found professors much distressed and cast down, when they met with outward losses; as of husband, wife, child, &c. 'Lord,' thought I, 'what ado is here about such little things as these! What seeking after carnal things, by some, and what grief in others for the

loss of them ! If they so much labor after, and shed so many tears for the things of this present life, how am I to be bemoaned, pitied, and prayed for ! My soul is dying, my soul is damning. Were my soul but in a good condition, and were I but sure of it, ah how rich should I esteem myself, though blessed but with bread and water ! I should count those but small afflictions, and should bear them as little burdens. A wounded spirit who can bear ?'

And though I was much troubled and tossed and afflicted, with the sight, and sense, and terror of my own wickedness, yet I was afraid to let this sight and sense go quite off my mind ; for I found, that unless guilt of conscience was taken off the right way, that is by the blood of Christ, a man grew rather worse for the loss of his trouble of mind. Wherefore if my sense of guilt lay hard upon me, then would I cry that the blood of Christ might take it off : and if it was going off without it, (for the sense of sin would be sometimes as if it would die, and go quite away,) then I would also strive to fetch it upon my heart again, by bringing the punishment of sin in hell fire upon my spirits ; and would cry, ' Lord, let it not go off my heart, but the right way, by the blood of Christ, and the application of thy mercy, through him to my soul ; ' for this Scripture did lay much upon me, ' Without shedding of blood there is no remission. ' And that which made me the more afraid of this, was, because I had seen some, who, though when they were under the wounds of conscience, would cry, and pray ; yet seeking rather present ease for their trouble than pardon for their sin, they cared not how they lost their sense of guilt so they get it out of their mind. Now having got off the wrong way, it was not sanctified unto them ; but they grew harder and

blinder, and more wicked after their trouble. This made me afraid, and made me cry to God the more, that it might not be so with me.

And now I was sorry that God had made me a man; for I feared I was a reprobate; I counted man, as unconverted, the most doleful of all creatures. Thus being afflicted, and tossed about my sad condition, I counted myself alone, and above the most of men unblessed.

Yea, I thought it impossible that ever I should attain to such godliness of heart, as to thank God that he had made me a man. Man, indeed, is the most noble, by creation, of all creatures in the visible world; but by sin, he has made himself the most ignoble. The beasts, birds, fishes, &c. I blessed their condition, for they had not a sinful nature; they were not obnoxious to the wrath of God; they were not to go to hell after death; I could therefore have rejoiced, had my condition been any of theirs.

In this condition I went a great while, but when the comforting time was come, I heard one preach a sermon from these words in Solomon's Song, 'Behold thou art fair, my love; behold thou art fair.' But at that time he made these two words, 'my love,' his chief and subject matter from which, after he had a little opened the text, he observed these several conclusions:

1. That the church, and so every saved soul is Christ's love, when loveless.
2. Christ's love without a cause.
3. Christ's love, which hath been hated of the world.
4. Christ's love, when under temptation and under distraction.
5. Christ's love, from first to last.

But I got nothing by what he said at present; only when he came to the application of the fourth particular, this was the word he said, 'If it be so, that the saved soul is Christ's love when under temptation and distraction; then, poor tempted soul, when thou art assaulted, and afflicted with temptations, and the hidings of God's face, yet think on these two words, 'my love,' still.

So as I was going home, these two words came again into my thoughts; and I well remember, as they came in, I said thus in my heart, 'What shall I get by thinking on these two words?' This thought had no sooner passed through my heart, but these words began to kindle in my spirit, 'Thou art my love, thou art my love,' twenty times together; and still as they ran through my mind, they waxed stronger and warmer, and began to make me look up; but being as yet between hope and fear, I still replied in my heart, 'But is it true, but is it true?' At which, this sentence fell upon me, 'He wist not that it was true, which was done unto him of the angel.'

Then I began to give place to the word which with power did over and over make this joyful sound within my soul, 'Thou art my love, thou art my love; and nothing shall separate thee from my love.' And with that my heart was filled with comfort and hope, and now I could believe that my sins would be forgiven me; yea, I was now so taken with the love and mercy of God, that I remember I could not tell how to contain till I got home. I thought I could have spoken of his love, and have told of his mercy to me, even to the very crows that sat upon the ploughed lands before me, had they been capable to have understood me; wherefore I said in my soul, with much gladness, 'Well, would I had pen and ink here, I would write this down before I go any farther; for surely,

I shall not forget this forty years hence !' But alas ! within less than forty days I began to question all again ; which made me begin to question all still.

Yet still at times I was helped to believe, that it was a true manifestation of grace unto my soul, though I had lost much of the life and savor of it. Now about a week or a fortnight after this I was much followed by this Scripture, ' Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you ; ' and sometimes it would sound so loud within me, yea, and as it were, call so strongly after me, that once, above all the rest, I turned my head over my shoulder, thinking verily, that some man behind me had called me ; * being at a great distance, methought he called so loud. It came, as I have thought since, to have stirred me up to prayer, and to watchfulness ; it came to acquaint me, that a cloud and a storm were coming down upon me : but I understood it not.

For about the space of a month after, a very great storm came down upon me, which handled me twenty times worse than all I had met with before ; it came stealing upon me, now by one piece, then by another. First, all my comfort was taken from me ; then darkness seized upon me ; after which, whole floods of blasphemies, both against God, and Christ, and the Scriptures, were poured upon my spirit, to my great confusion and astonishment. These blasphemous thoughts were such as stirred up questions in me against the very being of God, and of his only-begotten Son : as whether there were, in truth, a God, or Christ ; and whether the holy Scriptures were

* It is not surprising that a man so excitable and ardent as Bunyan, should have had his imagination thus disturbed, by the long continuation of such strong emotion.

not rather a fable, and cunning story, than the holy and pure word of God.

These things did sink me into very deep despair; for I concluded that such things could not possibly be found amongst them that loved God. Often, when these temptations had been with force upon me, did I compare myself with the case of a child, whom some gipsey hath by force taken up in her arms, and is carrying from friend and country. Resist sometimes I did, and also shriek and cry; but yet I was bound in the wings of the temptation, and the wind would carry me away. I thought also of Saul, and of the evil spirit that did possess him; and did greatly fear that my condition was the same with his.

In these days, when I have heard others talk of what was the sin against the Holy Ghost, then would the tempter so provoke me to desire to sin that sin, that I was as if I could not, must not, neither should be quiet until I had committed it. Now no sin would serve but that, if it were to be committed by speaking of such a word, then I have been as if my mouth would have spoken that word, whether I would or no.

Now again, I beheld the condition of the dog and toad, and counted the estate of everything that God had made far better than this dreadful state of mine, and such as my companions were. Yea, gladly would I have been in the condition of a dog or a horse; for I knew they had no souls to perish under the everlasting weight of hell or sin, as mine was like to do. Nay, and though I saw this, felt this, and was broken to pieces with it, yet that which added to my sorrow was, that I could not find that, with all my soul, I did desire deliverance. That Scripture did also tear and rend my soul in the midst of these dis-

tractions. 'The wicked are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.' 'There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God.'

And now my heart was, at times, exceeding hard. If I would have given a thousand pounds for a tear, I could not shed one; no nor sometimes scarce desire to shed one. I was much dejected to think that this would be my lot. I saw some could mourn and lament their sin: and others, again, could rejoice and bless God for Christ; and others, again, could quietly talk of, and remember with gladness the word of God, while I only, was in the storm or tempest. This much sunk me; I thought my condition was alone; I would therefore much bewail my hard hap, but get out of, or get rid of these things, I could not.

While this temptation lasted, which was about a year, I could attend upon none of the ordinances of God, but with sore and great affliction.

In prayer also, I have been greatly troubled at this time; the devil would be continually at me in time of prayer. 'Have done, break off; make haste, you have prayed enough,' and 'stay no longer;' still drawing my mind away. Sometimes, also, he would cast in such wicked thoughts as these, that I must pray to him, or for him: I have thought sometimes of that, 'fall down;' or, 'if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' Also, when because I have had wandering thoughts in the time of this duty, I have labored to compose my mind, and fix it upon God, then with great force, hath the tempter labored to distract me, and confound me, and to turn away my mind.

Yet at times I would have some strong and heart-affecting apprehensions of God, and the reality of the truth of his gospel. But, oh, how would my heart at such

times put forth itself in inexpressible groanings! My whole soul was then in every word; I would cry with pangs after God, that he would be merciful unto me. But then I would be daunted again with such conceits as these. I would think that God did mock at these my prayers, saying, and that in the audience of the holy angels, 'This poor simple wretch doth hanker after me, as if I had nothing to do with my mercy but to bestow it on such as he. Alas, poor soul! how art thou deceived! It is not for such as thee to have favor with the Highest.'

Then hath the tempter come upon me, also, with such discouragements as these: 'you are very hot for mercy, but I will cool you; this frame shall not last always; many have been as hot as you for awhile, but I have quenched their zeal; and with this, such, and such, who were fallen off, would be set before mine eyes. Then I would be afraid that I should do so too. 'But,' thought I, 'I am glad this comes into my mind; well, I will watch and take what care I can.' 'Though you do,' said Satan, 'I shall be too hard for you; I will cool you insensibly, by degrees, by little and little.'

'What care I,' saith he, 'though I be seven years in chilling your heart, if I can do it at last? continued rocking will lull a crying child asleep: I will ply it close, but I will have my end accomplished. Though you be burning hot at present, I can pull you from this fire, I shall have you cold before it be long.'

These things brought me into great straits; for as I at present could not find myself fit for present death, so I thought to live long would make me yet more unfit; for time would make me forget all, and wear out even the remembrance of the evil of sin, the worth of heaven, and the need I had of the blood of Christ to wash me,

both in mind and thought. But I thank Christ Jesus, these things did not at present make me slack my crying, but rather did put me more upon it, like her who met with the adulterer, Deut. xxii. 26, in which days that was a good word to me, after I had suffered these things awhile: 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' And now I hoped long life would not destroy me, nor make me miss of heaven.

I had, also, once a sweet glance from that text, 'For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.' I remember that one day, as I was sitting in my neighbor's house, and there was very sad at the consideration of my many blasphemies, and as I was saying in my mind, what ground have I to think that I, who have been so vile and abominable, should ever inherit eternal life? that word came suddenly upon me, 'What shall we say to these things? if God be for us, who can be against us?' That also was an help unto me, 'Because I live ye shall live also.' But these words were but hints, touches, and short visits, though very sweet when present; only they lasted not; but like to Peter's sheet, of a sudden were caught up from me, to heaven again.

But afterwards the Lord did more fully and graciously discover himself unto me, and, indeed, did not only quite deliver me from the guilt that by these things was laid upon my conscience, but also from the very filth thereof; for the temptation was removed, I was put into my right mind again, as other Christians were.

I remember one day, as I was travelling into the country and musing on the wickedness and blasphemy of my heart, and considering the enmity that was in me to God, that Scripture came into my mind, 'He hath made peace by the blood of his cross;' by which I was made to see, both again, and again, that God and my soul were friends by his blood; yea, I saw that the justice of God and my sinful soul could embrace and kiss each other, through his blood. This was a good day to me, I hope I shall never forget it.

At another time, as I sat by the fire in my house, and was musing in my wretchedness, the Lord made that also a precious word unto me; 'Forasmuch then as the children are made partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage. I thought that the glory of these words was then so weighty on me, that I was both once and twice ready to swoon as I sat; yet not with grief and trouble, but with solid joy and peace.

At this time, also, I sat under the ministry of holy Mr. Gifford, whose doctrine, by God's grace, was much for my stability. This man made it much his business to deliver the people of God from all those hard and unsound tests, that by nature we are prone to. He would bid us take special heed that we took not up any truth upon trust, as from this, or that, or any other man, or men; but cry mightily to God, that he would convince us of the reality thereof, and set us down therein by his own spirit in the holy word; 'for,' said he, 'if you do otherwise, when temptations come strongly upon you, you not

having received them with evidence from heaven, will find you want that help and strength now to resist that once you thought you had.'

This was as seasonable to my soul as the former and latter rain in their season; for I had found, and that by sad experience, the truth of these his words; for I had felt no man can say, especially when tempted by the devil, that 'Jesus Christ is Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.' Wherefore I found my soul, through grace, very apt to drink in this doctrine, and to incline to pray to God, that in nothing that pertained to God's glory, and my own eternal happiness he would suffer me to be without the confirmation thereof from heaven: for now I saw clearly there was an exceeding difference betwixt the notion of the flesh and blood, and the revelation of God in heaven: also a great difference between that faith which is feigned, and according to man's wisdom, and that which comes by a man's being born thereto of God. 'Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.'

But, oh! now, how was my soul led from truth to truth by God! Even from the birth and cradle of the Son of God, to his ascension, and second coming from heaven to judge the world.

Truly, I then found, upon this account, the great God was very good unto me; for, to my remembrance, there was not any thing that I then cried unto God to make known and reveal unto me, but he was pleased to do it for me. I mean, not one part of the gospel of the Lord Jesus, but I was orderly led into it. I saw with great clearness and distinctness, the wonderful works of God, in giving Jesus Christ to save us, from his conception and birth, even to his second coming to judgment: me-

thought I was as if I had seen him born, as if I had seen him grow up ; as if I had seen him walk through this world, from the cradle to the cross ; to which also, when he came, I saw how gently he gave himself to be hanged, and nailed on it for my sins and wicked doings.

When I have considered also the truth of his resurrection, and have remembered that word, 'Touch me not, Mary,' &c. I have seen as if he had leaped out of the grave's mouth, for joy that he was risen again, and had got the conquest over our dreadful foes, saying, 'I ascend unto my Father, and your Father ; and to my God, and your God.' I have also in the spirit seen him, on the right hand of God the Father for me ; and have seen the manner of his coming from heaven to judge the world with glory, and have been confirmed in these things by these Scriptures : 'And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight.' — 'But he being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and said, Behold, I see heaven opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.' — 'And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the judge of quick and dead.' — 'But this man, because he continueth forever, hath an unchangeable priesthood.' — 'Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and to them who look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.' — 'I am he that liveth, and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore, Amen : and have the keys of hell and death.' — 'For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive

and remain shall be caught up together with the Lord, in the air : and so shall we be ever with the Lord. Wherefore comfort ye one another with these words.'

Once I was troubled to know whether the Lord Jesus was man as well as God, and God as well as man; and truly in those days let men say what they would, unless I had it with evidence from heaven all was nothing to me; I counted myself not set down in any truth of God. Well, I was much troubled about this point, and could not tell how to be resolved; at last that came into my mind; 'And I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne, and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain.' Rev. v. 6. In the midst of the throne, thought I, there is the Godhead; in the midst of the elders, there is his manhood. That other Scripture also did help me much in this, 'To us a Child is born, to us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace,' &c. Isa. ix. 6.

It would be too long here to stay, to tell you in particular, how God did set me down in all the things of Christ, and how he did, that he might do so, lead me into his words; yea and how he did open them unto me, and make them shine before me and cause them to dwell with me, talk with me, and comfort me over and over, both of his own being, and the being of his Son, and Spirit, and word, and gospel.

Only this, as I said before, I will say unto you again, that in general, he was pleased to take this course with me; first to suffer me to be afflicted with temptations concerning them, and then reveal them unto me; as sometimes I should lie under great guilt for sin, even crushed

to the ground therewith ; and then the Lord would show me the death of Christ, yea, so sprinkle my conscience with his blood, that I should find, and that before I was aware, that in that conscience, where but just now did reign and rage the law, even there would rest and abide the peace and love of God, through Christ.

Now I had an evidence, as I thought, of my salvation, from heaven, with many golden seals thereon, all hanging in my sight. Now could I remember this manifestation, and the other discovery of grace, with comfort ; and would often long and desire that the last day were come, that I might be forever inflamed with the sight, and joy, and communion with Him, whose head was crowned with thorns, whose face was spit upon, and body broken, and soul made an offering for my sins : for whereas before, I lay continually trembling at the mouth of hell, now methought I was got so far therefrom, that when I looked back, I could scarce discern it ! And O ! thought I, that I were fourscore years old now, that I might die quickly, that my soul might be gone to rest.

But before I had got thus far out of these my temptations, I did greatly long to see some ancient man's experience, who had writ some hundreds of years before I was born ; for those who had writ in our days, I thought, but I desire them now to pardon me, that they had writ only that which others felt ; or else had, through the strength of their wits and parts, studied to answer such objections as they perceived others were perplexed with, without going down themselves into the deep. Well, after many such longings in my mind, the God, in whose hands are all our days, did cast into my hand, one day, a book of Martin Luther's ; it was his comment on the Galatians ; it was also so old, that it was ready to fall

peice from peice if I did but turn in over. Now I was pleased much that such an old book had fallen into my hands, the which when I had but a little way perused, I found my condition in his experience, so largely and profoundly handled, as if his book had been written out of my heart. This made me marvel: for thus thought I — ‘This man could not know anything of the state of Christians now, but must needs write and speak the experience of former days.

Besides, he doth most gravely, also, in that book, debate of the rise of these temptations, namely, blasphemy, desperation, and the like, showing that the law of Moses, as well as the devil, death, and hell, hath a very great hand therein; the which, at first, was very strange to me: but considering and watching, I found it so indeed. But of particulars here I intend nothing; only this methinks I must let fall before all men, I do prefer this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians, excepting the Holy Bible, before all the books that ever I have seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience.

And now I found, as I thought, that I loved Christ dearly: oh, methought my soul cleaved unto him, my affections cleaved unto him: but I did quickly find, that my great love was but too little; and that I, who had, as I thought, such burning love to Christ, could let him go again for a very trifle: God can tell how to abase us, and can hide pride from man. Quickly after this my love was tried to purpose.

For after the Lord had, in this manner, thus graciously delivered me from this great and sore temptation, and had set me down so sweetly in the faith of his holy gospel, and had given me such strong consolation and blessed ev-

idence, touching my interest in his love, through Christ, the tempter came upon me again."

Bunyan then proceeds to relate his various temptations, and the exercises of his mind: some of these arose from his mistake as to some passages of Scripture; but other texts were applied by the Spirit of God, so as to guide his mind aright; and, by the painful process through which he was brought, he was peculiarly qualified to succor the tempted, and to console the afflicted. For example he says:

"I was tempted to sell and part with this most blessed Christ, to exchange him for the things of this life, for any thing. The temptation lay upon me for the space of a year, and did follow me so continually, that I was not rid of it one day in the month: no, not sometimes one hour in many months together, unless when I was asleep. Yet it was a continual vexation to me, to think that I should have so much as one thought within me against Jesus, that had done for me as he had done; and yet that I had almost none others, but such blasphemous ones. But it was neither my dislike of the thought, nor yet my desire and endeavor to resist, that did in the least shake or abate the continuation or force and strength thereof; for it did always, in almost whatever I thought, intermix itself therewith, in such sort, that I could neither eat my food, stoop for a pin, chop a stick, or cast mine eye to look on this or that but still the temptation would come, 'Sell Christ for this, or sell Christ for that; sell him, sell him.'

One morning, as I did lie in my bed, I was, as at other times, most fiercely assaulted with this temptation, 'To sell and part with Christ;' the wicked suggestion still running in my mind, 'Sell him, sell him,' as fast as man

could speak ; against which also, in my mind, as at other times, I answered, ‘ No, no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands,’ at least twenty times together : but at last, after much striving, even until I was most out of breath, I felt this thought pass through my heart, ‘ Let him go, if he will ;’ and I thought also that I felt my heart freely consent thereto. Oh the diligence of Satan ! Oh the desperateness of man’s heart !

Now was the battle won, and down fell I, as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt, and fearful despair. Thus, getting out of my bed, I went into the field ; but God knows, with as heavy a heart as mortal man, I think, could bear : when, for the space of two hours, I was like a man bereft of life : and, as now, past all recovery, and bound over to eternal punishment.

And withal, that Scripture did seize upon my soul : ‘ Or profane person, as Esau, who, for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright : for ye know, how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected, for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.’ Heb. xii. 16, 17. Now was I as one bound, I felt myself shut up as unto the judgment to come ; nothing now, for two years together, would abide with me but damnation and an expectation of damnation ; I say nothing now would abide with me but this, save some few moments for relief, as in the sequel you will see.

These words were to my soul, like fetters of brass to my legs, in the continual sound of which I went for several months together. But about ten or eleven o’clock one day, as I was walking under a hedge, full of sorrow and guilt, God knows, and bemoaning myself for this hard hap, that such a thought should arise within me, suddenly this sentence rushed in upon me, ‘ The blood of

Christ remits all guilt.' At this I made a stand in my spirit: with that this word took hold upon me, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all sin.' 1 John i. 7. Now I began to conceive peace in my soul, and methought I saw, as if the tempter did steal away from me, as being ashamed of what he had done. At the same time also I had my sin and the blood of Christ thus represented to me, that my sin when compared to the blood of Christ, was no more to it, than this little clod or stone before me, is to this vast and wide field that here I see. This gave me good encouragement for the space of two or three hours; in which time, also, methought, I saw, by faith, the Son of God, as suffering for my sins: but because it tarried not, I therefore sunk in my spirit, under exceeding guilt again.

Then, again, being loth and unwilling to perish, I began to compare my sin with others, to see if I could find that any of those who were saved, had done as I had done. So I considered David's adultery and murder, and Peter's sin, which he committed in denying his Master. Oh! how did my soul prize at this time the preservation that God did set about his people! Ah, how safely did I see them walk, whom God had hedged in! They were within his care, protection, and special providence. Though they were full as bad as I by nature, yet because he loved them, he would not suffer them to fall without the range of mercy: but as for me, I was gone, I had done it: he would not present me, nor keep me; but suffered me, because I was a reprobate, to fall as I had done. Now did those blessed places that speak of God's keeping his people, shine like the sun before me, though not to comfort me, yet to show me the blessed state and heritage of those whom the Lord had blessed.

Now I saw, that as God had his hand in all the providences and dispensations that overtook his elect; so he had his hand in all the temptations that they had to sin against him; not to animate them to wickedness, but to choose their temptations and troubles for them; and also to leave them for a time, to such things only that might not destroy, but humble them; as might not put them beyond, but lay them in the way of the renewing his mercy. But oh! what love, what care, what kindness and mercy did I now see mixing itself with the most severe and dreadful of all God's ways to his people! He would let David, Hezekiah, Solomon, Peter, and others fall, but he would not let them fall into the sin unpardonable, nor into hell for sin. O! thought I, these be men that God hath loved; these be the men that God, though he chastiseth them, keeps them in safety by him; and them whom he makes to abide under the shadow of the Almighty. But all these thoughts added sorrow, grief, and horror to me, as whatever I now thought on, it was killing to me. If I thought how God kept his own, that was killing to me; if I thought how I was fallen myself, that was killing to me. As all things wrought together for the best, and to do good to them that were called, according to his purpose, so I thought that all things wrought for damage, and for my eternal overthrow.

Then, again, I began to compare my sin with the sin of Judas, that, if possible, I might find if mine differed from that, which in truth is unpardonable: and oh! thought I, if it should differ from it, though but the breadth of an hair, what a happy condition is my soul in! And, by considering, I found that Judas did this intentionally, but mine was against prayer and strivings; besides, his was committed with much deliberation, but

mine in a fearful hurry, on a sudden; all this while I was tossed to and fro like the locust, and driven from trouble to sorrow; hearing always the sound of Esau's fall in my ears, and the dreadful consequences thereof.

I was often now ashamed that I should be like such an ugly man as Judas: I thought, also, how loathsome I should be unto all the saints in the day of judgment: insomuch that now I could scarce see a good man, that I believed had a good conscience, but I should feel my heart tremble at him, while I was in his presence. Oh! now I saw a glory in walking with God, and what a mercy it was to have a good conscience before him.

I was at this time tempted to content myself by receiving some false opinions; as, that there should be no such thing as a day of judgment; that we should not rise again; and that sin was no such grievous thing: the tempter suggesting thus: 'For if these things should indeed be true, yet to believe otherwise would yield you ease for the present. If you must perish, never torment yourself so much beforehand: drive the thoughts of damning out of your mind by possessing your mind with some such conclusions that atheists and unbelievers use to help themselves withal.'

But, oh! when such thoughts have passed through my heart, how, as it were, within a step, have death and judgment been in my view! Methought the Judge stood at the door; I was as if it had come already; so that such things could have no entertainment. But, methinks I see by this, that Satan will use any means to keep the soul from Christ; he loveth not an awakened frame of spirit; security, blindness, darkness and error, is the very kingdom and habitation of the wicked one.

I found it hard work now to pray to God, because des-

pair was swallowing me up. I thought I was, as with a tempest, driven away from God; for always, when I cried to God for mercy, this would come in, 'It is too late, I am lost, God hath let me fall: not to my correction, but to my condemnation: my sin is unpardonable; I know concerning Esau, how, that after he had sold his birth-right, he would have inherited the blessing, but was rejected.'

That saying would sometimes come into my mind, 'He hath received gifts for the rebellious.' The rebellious! thought I; why, surely, they are such as were under subjection to their prince: even those who, after they have once sworn subjection to his government, have taken up arms against him; and this, thought I, is my very condition. I once loved him, feared him, served him; but now I am a rebel; I have sold him, I have said, let him go if he will; but yet he has gifts for rebels; and then why not for me?

This sometimes I thought on, and would labor to take hold thereof, that some, though small refreshment, might have been conceived by me; but in this also I missed of my desire. I was driven with force beyond it; I was like a man going to execution, even by that place where he would fain creep in and hide himself, but may not.

After I had considered the sins of the saints in particular, and found mine went beyond them, then I began to think with myself: set the case, I should put all theirs together, and mine alone against them, might I not then find encouragement? for if mine, though bigger than any one, yet should be but equal to all, then there is hope; for that blood that hath virtue enough in it to wash away all theirs, hath virtue enough in it to wash away mine, though this one be as big if not bigger than all theirs.

The tempter strongly suggested to me, that I ought not

to pray to God, for prayer was not for any in my case; neither could it do me good, because I had rejected the Mediator, by whom all prayer came with acceptance to God the Father, and without whom no prayer could come into his presence; wherefore now to pray, seeing God has cast you off, is the next way to anger and offend him more than ever you did before.

Yet my case being desperate, I thought with myself, I can but die; and if it must be so, it shall once be said, 'That such an one died at the foot of Christ in prayer.' This I did, but with great difficulty, God doth know; and that because, together with this, still that saying about Esau would be set at my heart, even like a flaming sword, to keep the way of the tree of life, lest I should take thereof and live. Oh! who knows how hard a thing I found it to come to God in prayer!

I did also desire the prayer of the people of God for me, but I feared that God would give them no heart to do it; yea, I trembled in my soul to think, that some or other of them would shortly tell me, that God hath said those words to them, that he once did say to the prophet concerning the children of Israel, 'Pray not for this people, for I have rejected them.' So, 'Pray not for him, for I have rejected him.' Yea, I thought he had whispered this to some of them already, only they durst not tell me so; neither durst I ask them of it, for fear if it should be so, it would make me quite beside myself: 'Man knows the beginning of sin,' says Spira, 'but who bounds the issues thereof?'

About this time I took an opportunity to break my mind to an ancient Christian, and told him all my case. I told him, also, that I was afraid that I had sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost, and he told me he thought so

too. Here, therefore, I had but cold comfort ; but talking a little more with him, I found him, though a good man, a stranger to much combat with the devil. Therefore, I went to God again, as well as I could, for mercy still.

Then did that Scripture seize upon my soul, ' He is of one mind and who can turn him ! ' Oh ! I saw it was as easy to persuade him to make a new world, a new covenant, or a new Bible, besides that we have already, as to pray for such a thing. This was to persuade him that what he had done already, was mere folly, and persuade him to alter, yea, to disannul the whole way of salvation. And then would that saying rend my soul asunder, ' Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven, given among men whereby we must be saved.'

Now the most free, and full, and gracious words of the gospel were the greatest torment to me ; ea, nothing so afflicted me, as the thought of Jesus Christ, the remembrance of a Savior ; because I had cast him off, brought forth the villany of my sin, and my loss by it to mind ; nothing did twinge my conscience like this ; every thing that I thought of the Lord Jesus, of his grace, love, goodness, kindness, gentleness, meekness, death, blood, promises, and blessed exhortations, comforts and consolations, it went to my soul like a sword ; for still unto these my considerations of the Lord Jesus, these thoughts would make place for themselves in my heart : ' Ay, this is the Lord Jesus, the loving Savior, the Son of God, whom you have parted with, whom you have slighted, despised, and abused. This is the only Savior, the only Redeemer, the only one that could so love sinners as to wash them from their sins in his own most precious blood ; but you have no part nor lot in this Jesus ; you have put him from you. Now, therefore, you are severed from him ;

you have severed yourself from him. Behold, then, his goodness, but yourself to be no partaker of it.' Oh! thought I, what have I lost! what have I parted with! what has disinherited my poor soul! Oh! it is sad to be destroyed by the grace and mercy of God! to have the Lamb, the Savior turn lion and destroyer! I could not think of the wrath of the Lamb, in that great day of his wrath when no rebels to his authority will be able to stand. I also trembled, as I have said, at the sight of the saints of God, especially at those that greatly loved him, and that made it their business to walk continually with him in this world, for they did, both in their words, their carriages, and all their expressions of tenderness, and fear to sin against their precious Savior, condemn, and lay guilt upon, and also add continual affliction and shame unto my soul. The dread of them was upon me, and I trembled at God's Samuel's: 'And Samuel came to Bethlehem, and the elders of the town trembled at his coming, and said, comest thou peaceably?'

Thus I was always sinking, whatever I did think or do. So one day I walked to a neighboring town, and sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and, after long musing, I lifted up my head, but methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give light; and as if the very stones in the street, and tiles upon the houses, did bend themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world. I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, or to be partaker of their benefits, because I had sinned against the Savior. Oh how happy now was every creature, to what I was! for they stood fast and kept their station, but I was gone and lost.

Then breaking out in the bitterness of my soul, I said to my soul with a grievous sigh, 'How can God comfort such a wretch?' I had no sooner said it, but this returned upon me, as an echo doth answer a voice, 'This sin is not unto death.' At which I was as if I had been raised out of the grave, and cried out again, 'Lord, how couldst thou find out such a word as this!' for I was filled with admiration at the fitness and the unexpectedness of the sentence; the fitness of the word, the rightness of the timing of it; the power, and sweetness, and light, and glory that came with it, also, were marvellous to me to find. I was now, for the time, out of doubt as to that about which I was so much in doubt before: my fears before were that my sins were not pardonable, and so that I had no right to pray, to repent, &c. or that if I did it would be of no advantage or profit to me. But now, thought I, if this sin is not unto death, then it is pardonable; therefore, from this I have encouragement to come to God by Christ for mercy, to consider the promise of forgiveness, as that which stands with open arms to receive me as well as others. This, therefore, was a great easement to my mind, to wit, that my sin was pardonable, that it was not the sin unto death. 'If any man see his brother in a sin which is not unto death, he shall ask, and he shall give him life for them that sin not unto death. There is a sin unto death. I do not say that ye shall pray for it. All unrighteousness is sin; and there is a sin not unto death.' None but those that know what my trouble, by their own experience, was, can tell what relief came to my soul by this consideration. It was a release to me from my former bonds, and a shelter from my former storms. I seemed now to stand upon the same ground with other sinners, and to have as good right to the word and prayer as any of them.

The next day at evening, being under many fears, I went to seek the Lord, and as I prayed, I cried, and my soul cried to him in these words, with strong cries, 'O Lord, I beseech thee, show me that thou hast loved me with everlasting love.' I had no sooner said it, but with sweetness, this returned upon me as an echo, or sounding again, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' Now I went to bed in quiet; also when I awaked the next morning it was fresh upon my soul, and I believed it.

As I was musing and in my studies, considering how to love the Lord, and to express my love to him, that saying come in upon me, 'If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who should stand? But there is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared.' These were good words to me, especially the latter part thereof; to wit, that there is forgiveness with the Lord, that he might be feared, that is, as I then understood it, that he might be beloved, and had in reverence; for it was thus made out to me, That the great God did set so high an esteem upon the love of his poor creatures, that rather than he would go without their love, he would pardon their transgressions.

That saying, 'And he spake a parable to them, to this end, that men ought always to pray and not to faint,' with others, did encourage me to prayer. Then the tempter laid at me very sore, suggesting, 'That neither the mercy of God, nor yet the blood of Christ, did at all concern me, nor could they help me for my sins; therefore it was in vain to pray.' Yet thought I, 'I will pray.' 'But,' said the tempter, 'your sin is unpardonable.' 'Well,' said I, 'I will pray.' 'It is to no boot,' said he. 'Yet,' said I, 'I will pray.' So I went to prayer to God; and while I was at prayer, I uttered words to this effect:

'Lord, Satan tells me, that neither thy mercy nor Christ's blood, is sufficient to save my soul: Lord, shall I honor thee most, by believing that thou wilt, and canst? or him, by believing that thou neither wilt nor canst? Lord, I would fain honor thee, by believing thou wilt and canst.'

And as I was thus before the Lord, that Scripture fastened on my heart, 'O man, great is thy faith,' Matt. xv. 28: yet I was not able to believe this, that this was a prayer of faith, till almost six months after; for I could not think that I had faith, or that there should be a word for me, to act faith; therefore I should still be, as in the jaws of desperation, and went mourning up and down in a sad condition.

One day, when I was in a meeting of God's people, full of sadness and terror, for my fears again were strong upon me, and as I was now thinking my soul was never the better, but my case most sad and fearful, these words did with great power suddenly break in upon me, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, my grace is sufficient for thee, my grace is sufficient for thee,' three times together. And oh! methought that every word was a mighty word unto me; as 'my' and 'grace' and 'sufficient' and 'for thee;' they were then, and sometimes are still, far bigger than others be.

That Scripture most sweetly visited my soul; 'And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Oh, the comfort that I had from this word, 'in no wise!' As who should say, 'By no means, for nothing whatever he hath done.' But Satan would greatly labor to pull this promise from me, telling me that Christ did not mean me and such as I, but sinners of a lower rank that had not done as I had done.' But I would answer him again, Satan, here is in these words no such exception; but him

that comes, — him — any him: ‘Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.’ And this I well remember still, that of all the sleights that Satan used to take this Scripture from me, yet he never did so much as put this question, ‘But do you come aright?’ And I have thought that the reason was, because he thought I knew full well what coming aright was, for I saw that to come aright, was to come as I was, a vile and ungodly sinner, and to cast myself at the feet of mercy, condemning myself for sin. If ever Satan and I did strive for any word of God in all my life, it was for this good word of Christ; he at one end and I at the other. Oh, what work we made! It was for this in John, I say, that we did so tug and strive, he pulled and I pulled, but God be praised, I overcame him; I got sweetness from it.

One, day as I was passing into the field, and that too with some dashes of my conscience, fearing lest all was not right yet, suddenly this sentence fell upon my soul, ‘Thy righteousness is in heaven;’ and methought withal, I saw with the eyes of my soul, Jesus Christ at God’s right hand; there, I say, was my righteousness; so that wherever I was, or whatever I was doing, God could not say of me, ‘He wants my righteousness;’ for that was just before him. I also saw, moreover, that it was not my good frame of heart that made my righteousness better, nor yet my bad frame that made my righteousness worse; for my righteousness was Jesus Christ himself, ‘The same yesterday, to-day, and forever.’

Now did my chains fall off my legs indeed; I was loosed from my afflictions, and irons; my temptations also fled away; so that from that time those dreadful Scriptures of God left off to trouble me; now went I also home rejoicing, for the grace and love of God; so when

I came home, I looked to see if I could find that sentence; 'Thy righteousness is in heaven,' but could not find such a saying; wherefore my heart began to sink again, only that was brought to my remembrance, 'He is made unto us of God, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' 1 Cor. i. 33. By this word I saw the other sentence true.

For by this Scripture I saw that the man Christ Jesus, as he is distinct from us, as touching his bodily presence, so he is our righteousness and sanctification before God; here, therefore, I lived, for sometime, very sweetly at peace with God through Christ; oh! methought, Christ! Christ! there was nothing but Christ before my eyes. I was not now only for looking upon this and the other benefits of Christ apart, as of his blood, burial, or resurrection, but considering him as a whole; as he in whom all these, and all other his virtues, relations, offices, and operations met together, and that he sat on the right hand of God in heaven.

It was glorious to me to see his exaltation, and the worth and prevalency of all his benefits, and that because now I could look from myself to him, and would reckon that all those graces of God that now were green on me, were yet but like those wretched groats and fourpence-halfpennies that rich men carry in their purses, when their gold is in their trunk at home. Oh! I saw my gold was in my trunk at home! In Christ my Lord and Savior. Now Christ was all; all my righteousness, all my sanctification, and all my redemption.

Further, the Lord did also lead me into the mystery of union with the Son of God; that I was joined to him, 'that I was flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone.' And now was that word of St. Paul sweet to me. By this

also was my faith in him, as my righteousness, the more confirmed in me; for if he and I were one, then his righteousness was mine, his merits mine, his victory also mine. Now could I see myself in heaven and earth at once: in heaven by my Christ, by my head, by righteousness and life, though on earth by my body or person.

Now I saw Christ Jesus was looked upon of God, and should also be looked upon by us, as that common or public person, in whom all the whole body of his elect are always to be considered and reckoned; that we fulfilled the law by him, died by him, rose from the dead by him, got the victory over sin, death, the devil, and hell by him; when he died we died, and so of his resurrection. 'Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise,' saith he. And again, 'After two days he will revive us, and the third day we shall live in his sight.' Which is now fulfilled by the sitting down of the Son of man on the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens, according to that of the Ephesians, 'He hath raised us up together and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.'

Ah! these blessed considerations and Scriptures, with many others of like nature, were in those days made to spangle in mine eyes, so that I have cause to say, 'Praise ye the Lord God in his sanctuary; praise him in the firmament of his power; praise him for his mighty acts; praise him according to his excellent greatness.'

Having thus in a few words given you a taste of the sorrow and affliction that my soul went under, by the guilt and terror that these my wicked thoughts did lay me under; and having given you also a touch of my deliverance therefrom, and the sweet and blessed comfort

that I met with afterwards, which comfort dwelt about a twelvemonth with my heart, to my unspeakable admiration; I will now, God willing, before I proceed any farther, give you in a word or two, what, as I conceive, was the cause of this temptation; and also after that, what advantage, at the last, it became unto my soul.

For the causes, I conceive they were principally two; of which two also I was deeply convinced all the time this trouble lay upon me. The first was, for that I did not, when I was delivered from the temptation that went before, still pray to God to keep me from the temptations that were to come; for though, as I can say in truth, my soul was much in prayer before this trial seized me, yet then I prayed only, or at the most, principally, for the removal of present troubles, and for fresh discoveries of his love in Christ, which I saw afterwards was not enough to do; I also should have prayed that the great God would keep me from the evil that was to come.

Of this I was made deeply sensible by the prayer of holy David, who when he was under present mercy, yet prayed that God would hold him back from sin and temptation to come; 'For then' saith he, 'shall I be upright, and then I shall be innocent from the great transgression.' By this very word was I galled and condemned quite through this long temptation.

That was also another word that did much condemn me for my folly, in the neglect of this duty: 'Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.' Heb. iv. 16. This I had not done, and therefore was thus suffered to sin and fall, according to what is written, 'Pray that ye enter not into temptation:' and truly this very thing is to this day of such weight and awe upon

me, that I dare not, when I come before the Lord, go off my knees, until I entreat him for help and mercy against the temptations that are to come; and I do beseech thee, reader, that thou learn to beware of my negligence, by the afflictions that for this thing, I did for days, and months and years, with sorrow undergo.

And now, to show you something of the advantages that I also have gained by this temptation: and first, by this I was made continually to possess in my soul a very wonderful sense both of the blessing and glory of God, and of his beloved Son. In the temptation that went before, my soul was perplexed with unbelief, blasphemy and hardness of heart, questions about the being of God, Christ, and the truth of the word, and certainty of the world to come: I say then I was greatly assaulted and tormented with atheism. But now the case was otherwise; now was God and Christ continually before my face, though not in a way of comfort, but in a way of exceeding dread and terror. The glory of the holiness of God, did at this time break me to pieces; and the tenderness and compassion of Christ did break me as on a wheel; for I could not consider him but as a lost and rejected Christ, the remembrance of which was the continual breaking of my bones.

The Scriptures also were wonderful things unto me; I saw that the truth and verity of them were the keys of the kingdom of heaven; those that the Scriptures favor, they must inherit bliss; but those that they oppose and condemn, must perish forevermore; oh! this word, 'For the Scriptures cannot be broken,' would rend the caul of my heart; and so would that other, 'Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted; but whose sins ye retain, they are retained.' Now I saw the apostles to be the elders of the

city of refuge.' Joshua xx. 4. Those that they were to receive in, were received to life; but those that they shut out, were to be slain by the avenger of blood.

By this temptation I was made to see more into the nature of the promises than ever I had before; for I, lying now trembling under the mighty hand of God, continually torn and rent by the thundering of his justice, this made me with careful heart, and watchful eye, with great fearfulness to turn over every leaf, and with much diligence, mixed with trembling, to consider every sentence, together with its natural force and latitude.

By this temptation also I was greatly holden off from my former foolish practice of putting by the word of promise when it came into my mind; for now, though I could not seek that comfort and sweetness from the promise as I had done at other times, yet like to a man sinking, I would catch at all I saw. Formerly I thought I might not meddle with the promise, unless I felt its comfort; but now it was no time thus to do: the avenger of blood too hard by did pursue me.

Now therefore was I glad to catch at that word, which yet I feared I had no ground or right to own; and even to leap into the bosom of that promise that yet I feared did shut his heart against me. Now also I would labor to take the word, as God hath laid it down, without restraining the natural force of one syllable thereof: oh, what did I see in that blessed sixth chapter of St. John: 'And him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' Now I began to consider with myself that God had a bigger mouth to speak with than I had a heart to conceive with; I thought also with myself, that he spake not his words in haste, or in an unadvised heat, but with infinite wisdom and judgment, and in very truth and faithfulness.

I would in these days, even in my greatest agonies often flounder towards the promise, as the horses do towards sound ground, that yet stick in the mire, concluding, though as one bereft of his wits through fear, on this will I rest and stay, and leave the fulfilling of it to the God of heaven that made it. Oh! many a pull hath my heart had with Satan, for that blessed sixth chapter of John: I did not now, as at other times, look principally for comfort, though, oh how welcome would it have been unto me! But now a word, a word to lean my weary soul upon, that it might not sink forever! it was that I hunted for.

Yea, often when I have been making to the promise, I have seen as if the Lord would refuse my soul forever; I was often as if I had run upon the pikes, and as if the Lord had thrust at me, to keep me from him, as with a flaming sword. Then would I think of Esther, who went to petition to the king, contrary to the law, 'So will I go in unto the king, which is not according to law, and if I perish, I perish.' Esther iv. 16. I thought also of Benhadad's servants, who went with ropes on their heads to their enemies for mercy. The woman of Canaan, also, that would not be daunted, though called dog by Christ; and the man that went to borrow bread at midnight, were also great encouragements to me.

I never saw those heights and depths in grace, and love and mercy as I saw after this temptation; great sins to draw out great grace; and where guilt is most terrible and fierce, there the mercy of God in Christ, when showed to the soul, appears most high and mighty. When Job had passed through his captivity, 'he had twice as much as he had before.' Blessed be God for Jesus Christ our Lord. Many other things I might here make obser-

vation of, but I would here be brief, and therefore shall at this time omit them; and do pray God that my harms may make others fear to offend, lest they also be made to bear the iron yoke as I did."

We may here remark upon these records of Bunyan's experience, that God works in different ways in bringing souls home to himself. The conversion of John Bunyan, or any other eminent saint, must never be regarded as the model to which all must, in this particular, be conformed. Some are drawn by the still voice of mercy, and others are driven by the terrors of the Lord from sin to holiness. But no terrors, no texts powerfully impressed on the mind, nor any extraordinary intimation of the spirit, can be substituted for a change of the heart; nor should they be regarded as any proof of such a change, if sin be not hated, and forsaken, and Christ and holiness be not supremely loved. Genuine repentance for sin, constant faith in Christ, and obedience to his laws, are the best evidences of being converted to God.

Bunyan's mind was at length happily freed from its embarrassments, and he enjoyed much pleasure in the ways of God. He speaks of possessing in his soul delightful views of the glory of God, and the excellencies of Christ. God reconciled in Christ Jesus was continually before his face. The Scriptures appeared to him a very wonderful book; on their truth he placed entire confidence, and by their application to his mind he was instructed in the way of life. Still there was great ignorance, frequently discovered of the true meaning of the sacred volume; and hence there were many passages grossly misapplied to himself: as comparing his case to Esau's, when he was seeking pardon from God who had

promised to forgive; but Esau only sought to alter his father's purpose respecting his birthright, which was irrevocably fixed. This it was, also, which led him to make the doctrines of election an objection to his applying to Jesus Christ for salvation: as the gospel nowhere directs sinners to scrutinize the secret purposes of God, but exhorts them to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and promises that whosoever believes in him shall be saved with an everlasting salvation.

Most gladly would we enrich the present compilation, with further extracts from the life of this extraordinary man; but our limits forbid. Having seen him just ready to perish in the 'city of destruction,' and witnessed his flight from it, amid the scoffs and jeers of his wicked companions — having followed him through the 'slough of despond,' and over the wide and desolate plain, up to the 'wicket gate,' and thence to the cross where his burden fell off from his back, we can only glance at his subsequent *progress*, as he goes on through perils and deliverances, towards the 'delectable mountains, and the celestial city.'

In his twenty-fifth year, Bunyan became a member of the Baptist church in Bedford, and three years after, in 1656, began to preach the everlasting gospel. He entered into the work with all his heart and soul; and as might have been expected, his labors were crowned with signal success. Having struggled so long in the horrible pit and the miry clay, himself, he knew better than most ministers, how to address those who were in similar circumstances. Having been so often driven almost to despair by various temptations, he was eminently qualified, in humble imitation of his divine Master, to 'succor them that were tempted.'

But it was not to be expected that the great adversary, who had so terribly buffeted him both before and after his conversion, would now permit him to proceed without further molestation. The fires of persecution were about to be rekindled, and it would have been next to miraculous, if he had not been scorched by them. Soon after the restoration of Charles II, the flame broke out, and Bunyan was sent to prison, because he could not conscientiously conform to the arbitrary dictation of the ecclesiastical courts. When they commanded him to conform, or keep silence, all his answers were in the very spirit of the apostles, 'Whether we ought to hearken unto you, more than unto God, judge ye.'

It was about the first of Nov. 1660, that he was committed to Bedford jail, there to await his trial at the quarter session in January. When the trial came on, he was treated with great indignity and contempt by some of the court, which he endured with the spirit of a martyr.

He was finally condemned for 'upholding of unlawful assemblies, conventicles,' &c. and remained in prison for about twelve years. But it was impossible to fetter the bold and inventive energies of his mind, or to quench his holy zeal. Though his body was in confinement, 'the word of God was not bound.' God sent him to prison as he did Joseph into Egypt, to do more for the church than he would have accomplished in any other way. Till this event, he was so fully employed in the support of his family, and in constant preaching, that it was impossible he could ever have written anything without a change in his circumstances. But by these means, he was effectually called away from mending pots and kettles, as the apostles were from mending their nets; and

however painful the dispensation was to himself, his family and his friends, it afforded him probably the best opportunity he could have had, both by his example and writings, to strengthen the faith and animate the hopes of believers to the end of time. It was during his imprisonment, that he conceived and wrote that wonderful allegory, the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' besides the 'Holy War,' and many other things in his own inimitable style and manner. It is hardly necessary to add, that the first mentioned of these works, has been translated into almost all the modern European languages, and next to the Bible, is one of the most popular books in the world.

Soon after Bunyan's enlargement, in 1672, his friends built him a meeting house in Bedford, where he continued to preach, till his death, which took place on the 12th of August, 1688. His last sickness he bore, with much constancy and patience, and expressed himself as if he desired nothing more than 'to be dissolved and be with Christ, which is far better.' Finding his vital strength decay, having also settled his mind and his affairs, as well as the shortness of the time and the violence of the disease would permit, with a constant and Christian patience, he resigned his soul into the hands of his most merciful Redeemer, following his Pilgrim from the city of Destruction, to the new Jerusalem.

The following epitaph marks the place where his body rests in hope of a glorious resurrection.

The Pilgrim's Progress now is finished,
And death has laid him in his earthly bed.

CHAPTER II.

REV. THOMAS HALLIBURTON.

TRUE AND FALSE RELIGION.

Thomas Halliburton was born at Dublin, Dec. 25, 1674. The following narrative of his Christian experience is taken from an account which he himself wrote of his life.

“It cannot be expected that at so great a distance I should remember the particulars of the first three or four years of my life, yet I may on the justest grounds presume that they were filled up with those sins that cleave to children in their infancy; many of which are not only evil as they flow from a poisoned root, for an evil tree will bring forth corrupt fruit; but do also bear the impress of, and an evident congruity to their corrupt source, and taste strong of that root of bitterness whereupon they grow.

With the first appearances of reason, the corruption of our spirit discovers itself. How early do our actions discover pride, passion, revenge, dissimulation and sensuality to be inlaid, as it were, in our very constitution! Any ordinary observer may discover instances innumerable of this sort very early in children. With these and the like evils, no doubt were the first years of my life, whereof I

remember little, filled up. 'Folly is bound in the heart of a child,' and we go astray as soon as we are born, speaking lies.

In the first period of my life, I had advantages above most persons. My parents were eminently religious. I was trained up under their eyes and inspection, for the most part. I continually heard the sound of divine truths; the beauty of the practice of religion was continually represented to my eyes in their walk. I was by their care kept from ill company that might infect me. By these means I was restrained from those grosser outbreaks that children often run into, and habituated to a form of religion, and put upon the performing of such outward duties of religion as my years were capable of. Hence it appears that the sin I now am fully convinced that I wallowed in, during this tract of time, is not to be imputed, either as to inclination or actings, merely to contracted habits, or occasional temptations, but it really was the genuine fruit and result of that lamentable bias which man, since the fall, is born with. Surely the spring must be within, when, notwithstanding all the care taken to keep me from them, I impetuously went on in sinful courses. The holy God hedged up my way by precepts, example, discipline; but I broke through all. Surely the spring must be within; and surely it must be very strong that was able to bear down such powerful mounds as were set in its way by the providence of God, and run with so full a stream notwithstanding all outward occasions of its increase were cut off, as much as might be. Herein I have full evidence of a heart naturally estranged from, nay opposite to the Lord; and besides this deeply aggravates my guilt.

To confirm this, when I now survey the decalogue, and

review this portion of my time, notwithstanding the great distance, I do distinctly remember, and, were it to edification, could relate particular instances of the opposition of my heart unto each of its precepts. Whatever influence education may have in moulding what is seen, yet surely, 'the imaginations of man's heart are evil from his youth.'

True it is, through the influence of the means before mentioned, I did all this while abominate the more gross breaches of all commands, and dislike open sin; but meanwhile my heart was set upon the less discernible violations of the same holy law. My dislike was not against sin, but the consequences of it, and the main thing I regarded was the world's opinion of it. Fear of punishment, pride that fears to be ill thought of, or at best, a natural conscience enlightened by education, were the only springs of any performance of duty, or abstinence from sin. Prone I was all this while to sin, even of all sorts which that age is carried into, and I indulged in it in secret, when I could say, that 'no eye shall see me.'

Even those things which in my way seemed good, and promising, such as detestation of gross sins, performance of duties, &c. were either purely the effects of a forcible custom, a bribe to a natural conscience to hold its peace, a sacrifice to self, a slavish performance of what I took no delight in, to avoid the whip, or sometimes a charm to keep me from danger, which I thought would befall me, and dreaded much if I neglected prayer. Thus my best things dreadfully increased my guilt, being like the apples of Sodom, fair to look at, promising while untried, but within full of ashes and noisome matter.

Thus the spring of corruption confined in, on the one side, I mean as to open profanity, by the mounds of edu-

cation, broke out on the other side, in a form of religion without, nay, plainly opposite to the power of it, which is no less hateful to the holy God. The prayer of the wicked is sin; his sacrifice is an abomination. Sin, in the one case, has a little varnish that hides its deformity somewhat, from the eyes of men; in the other it is seen in its native hue and colors. In the one case, it runs under ground; in the other it openly follows its course.

But yet, after all, I must confess that such was the strength of corruption that it drew me to several of the more plain and gross sins incident to this age; which though some account pardonable follies in children, yet the Lord makes another reckoning of them, and sundry of them have been made bitter to me; such as lying to avoid punishment, Sabbath-breaking, revenge, hatred of my reprovers, and others of a like nature. Some particular sins committed in childhood which I had quite forgotten, as being attended with no notable circumstances that could make them stick rather than other things, and being of an older date than anything else I can remember, were brought fresh to my remembrance when the Lord began closely to convince of sin; and being presented in their native colors, in the light of the Lord, and in all the circumstances of time, place, partners in sin, &c. and were made the matter of my deep humiliation, loathing, and self-abhorrence, as not only full of wickedness in themselves, but pregnant evidences of the deepest natural depravity; which made me see to whom it was owing that I went not to all the heights of wickedness and the grossest abominations that ever any were carried to, and which a haughty heart, if not restrained seasonably, partly by secret power, and partly by outward means, would inevitably have carried me to. 'Folly is bound in

the heart of a child,' deeply rooted and fastened there. And no thanks to the best that they are kept from the worst things. What a monster had I been, if left to myself, and not seasonably restrained by outward means, and inward power! Blessed be the invisible hand and the outward instruments of these restraints that kept me back from sinning.

The first rise of my concern about religion.

In the month of May, 1685, my mother being, by the heat of persecution, obliged to retire to Holland, I went along with her. While we were at sea, being in some real or apprehended danger, my conscience, which had for all the by-gone ten years, so far as I can now remember, been fast asleep, began to awaken; I was challenged for sin, terrified with the apprehensions of hell and death, and the wrath of God, which I had no thought about before I was brought to this distress. 'They have turned their back unto me and not their face; but in the time of their trouble they shall say, Arise and save us.'

All this concern was nothing more than a sad mixture of natural fear, and a selfish desire of preservation from the danger that was supposed imminent, at least, by me. Peace, acceptance, communion with God came not much in my thoughts. I was afraid and unwilling to die: I would gladly have been out of danger of hell. This was all my exercise at this time. It was not sin, but death and its consequences I was concerned to be rid of.

As this exercise was wholly selfish without any concern for the Lord's glory, so it led me to selfish courses for relief. I promised that were I at land I would live and be better than formerly: I engaged to keep all God's

commands. My mother told me I was in a mistake, and should not hold there. But there was no persuading one, so ignorant of his own heart as I at this time was, of this. I multiplied resolutions, and doubted not myself as to the performance.

No sooner was I come to land and fixed at Rotterdam, but I verified what had been foretold: I forgot all my promises and resolutions. The unrenewed and corrupt heart being free from the force put upon it by the natural conscience, under appearance of hazard, took its old course. I returned to former evils and grew worse. Corruption that had been confined in for a little, having easily forced down all these mounds raised to hold it in, ran with the greater violence. It is true, through the mercy of God, I was still restrained from open scandalous sins, toward which the reverence for my godly and prudent mother, and the principles of education did contribute not a little; but as to secret evils of all sorts, I had no aversion to them; nay to many of them I was strongly inclined, and in many instances followed my own inclinations. I was a ready and easy prey to every temptation, notwithstanding all my engagements.

At this time I wanted not frequent convictions, occasioned sometimes by the preaching of the word, and at other seasons, by the light of my education which still hung about me, and was a check upon me, but all this was only like the starts of a sleeping man, occasioned by some sudden noise: up he gets, but presently he is down and faster asleep than before. I found means to get rid of these convictions. I would, when they were uneasy, promise them a hearing afterwards. At other seasons I looked at the tendency of them; that they aimed at engaging me to be holy: and then I pored upon the diffi-

culties of that course, still I not only got the edge of my convictions blunted, but frightened myself from a compliance. When convictions were lighter, I got rid of them by withdrawing from what had been the means of producing them. Sometimes I promised them fair, and so put them off at that time, but minded it not afterward. Sometimes they issued in fruitless, inactive and slothful wishes. At other times when they were troublesome, I turned my eye to something I thought good, in my way; though the Lord knows, little was there that had so much as any tolerable appearance of good. Sometimes I endeavored to diminish my sin as much as I could; 'In all my labors they shall find no iniquity in me, that were sin.' When these shifts failed, and they were still uneasy, I then betook myself to diversions, and they choked the word and convictions from it.

About this time I met with some things that crossed me. Herein I turned thoughtful what way to rid myself of these difficulties. I seemed more than ordinarily concerned, and my spirit was much troubled: yet really this strait led me not to God: but my thoughts were spent in resentment against the real or supposed authors of my uneasiness, in proud, selfish and vain contrivances for mine own ease and relief.

About the month of December, 1686, upon the earnest desire of my father's sister, who was married to John Glass, provost of Perth, I was sent back from Holland to my native land, to live with her. While I staid in my uncle Glass's family, I saw nothing of religion, though my aunt was a woman very moral. Here I was much indulged. I got liberty and I took it. I saw little of the worship of God, and I easily complied, and turned remiss too. What further advances I made toward an open rejection of the very form of religion in this place, I do not

now at this distance distinctly remember: but no doubt they were great. This I do remember that I found my aversion to those sins, which through the influence of education, I abominated before, sensibly weakened. Yea, I found some secret hankering after some of them, a delight in those who were guilty, and a sort of approbation of them in my heart. Yet still I was in a great measure restrained from an avowed practical compliance by the awful impressions which early instruction had left on my mind, and which were not as yet wholly worn off, though they were far decayed, considering the shortness of my stay, whence I may easily discern what had become of them, if I had stayed longer there. Further I mind that, at this time, I had a great aversion to learning, which was the only good thing that in this place was urged upon me. I looked on it as a burden and drudgery to which the basest employment were to be preferred; and hence I no way set my heart to it, but trifled my time away; and many a sinful shift did betake myself to, that I might get the time shuffled over.

Thus I spent the winter. In the spring of 1687, my mother, fearing I might be ensnared with the company I was now amongst, came home for me, as minding the wise man's observation; The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child *left to himself*, bringeth his mother to shame. But so great was my wickedness, that in spite of natural affection, I was grieved at her return, and when first I heard her voice, it damped me; I cared not to see the. Nothing I disliked more than a godly, affectionate mother's converse. I feared to be questioned as to the past. I feared she would carry me away back to Holland, whereby I should be put under uneasy restraints from my sinful liberty.

In the spring, or towards summer, my mother carried

me with her, much against my will, and put me to school there at Erasmus' school. I stayed but a short while there; but by the advantageous method of teaching adopted there, I began to delight in learning, and quickly turned proud of my success, but otherwise, lived as I had done before, still worse and worse under all the means God made use of to bring me near and keep me close to himself.

In the month of February, 1637, king James sent forth his proclamations for indulgence, whereon, most of those who had fled, returned home, and my mother amongst others, towards August or September that year. It had been for my advantage, probably for my education, to have stayed in Holland, which made me unwilling to return. In our return we were in imminent danger of shipwreck, but by the mercy of God, escaped. The danger was sudden, and suddenly over, and so left little or no impression on me. When we came home, we went to Perth, and abode there till harvest, 1690, or 1691, I cannot be positive which.

Presently upon our settlement in this place, I was entered at school, and made some better proficiency than before. But as to religion, I continued as unconcerned as ever, as intent upon sin, as averse to duty as formerly. However I acted while under my mother's eye, when I was among my comrades, I took my liberty, and went with them into all the follies and extravagances they went into, but with this aggravation above most of them, that what I did, I knew to be a fault, very often, whereas they, at least many of them, did not. Yea, not only went I along with them, but was foremost and enticed others into folly. Yet still through the mercy of God, I was kept from openly scandalous evils, save one that I mind;

with some other boys I was seized in a garden taking some fruit; whereof I was much ashamed, and never attempted the like again, not from any real dislike of the sin, but from fear of discovery.

About this time the Lord, by the means I lived under, the preaching of the word, catechizing in public and vate, enlightened my mind further in the knowledge of the law and gospel. My capacity growing with my years and knowledge of what was sin, and what was duty, and what the fearful consequences of sin were, and the advantage of duty increasing, sin was left open and naked without the excuse of ignorance; and conscience had a further advantage, being armed with more knowledge and better informed; hereon its checks, when now, by the Lord's providence, it was in some measure awakened, were more frequent and sharp, and not so easily to be evaded.

Some touches of sickness riveted on me the impressions of mortality and frailty, and the tendency of each of a numerous train of diseases by which we are daily exposed to death. Hereon I was brought into and kept under continual 'bondage through fear of death.'

But that which above all affected me most deeply, and gave an edge to conviction, was the continual fears we were in, of being suddenly destroyed by the Papists. This kept death in its most terrible shape ever in mine eyes and thoughts.

Herein I was cast into most grievous inquietude. 'I took counsel in my soul having sorrow in my heart daily.' I was in a dreadful strait betwixt two. On the one hand, my convictions of sin were sharp, and fears of a present death and judgment quickened them. This made me attend more to the word; the more I attended to it, they

increased the more, and I was daily persuaded more and more that there was no way to be rid of them, but by turning religious. On the other hand if I should engage in earnest with religion, then I saw the hazard of suffering for it, and wist not but I might be called immediately to die for it, and this I could not think of doing. Betwixt the two I was dreadfully tossed in my own mind: some nights sleep went from mine eyes, and I was full of trouble, I set imagination at work and did sometimes strangely impress myself with the fancy of an Irish cut-throat holding a dagger to my breast and offering me these terms; 'Quit your religion, turn Papist and you shall live; hold it and you are dead.' The imagination was sometimes so strong that I have almost fainted with it, and still I was dreadfully unresolved what to do; sometimes I would let him give the fatal stroke, but hereon my spirits shrunk and my heart failed at the apprehension of death; at other times I resolved to quit my religion, but with resolution to take it up again when the danger was over, but here I could get no rest. What, thought I, if the treacherous enemy destroy me after I have done it, and so I lose both life and religion? And what if I die before the danger is over, and so time be not allowed me to repent?

This sort of exercise frequently recurred, and I continued this way at times, even till after the battle of Gil-lecrankie, which was fought July 27, 1689. It had some interruptions, and then I was remiss as before; but for near a year, few weeks, and frequently few days or nights, passed over me, without some such exercise; but the fears of the Papist being quickly over, my remaining difficulty was only with my convictions. Now as to these, I endeavored to relieve myself. 1. By promises of abstaining

from those sins, which more directly troubled me. 'And Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron, and said, entreat the Lord for me, and I will let the people go.' 2. I took sanctuary in resolutions of inquiring into the Lord's mind, and complying. But when I consulted any practical book, or the ministry of the word, and found them not give such directions as agreed with my unrenewed heart, I was grieved and perplexed. 3. I thought to find peace in a more careful attendance upon duties. Thus being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish mine own righteousness, I submitted not myself unto the righteousness of God, nor showed I any regard to Christ, who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.'

Though my foolish heart ran to these courses, yet really they afforded no solid repose; for 1. The very first sin against light, and the first omission of duty, (which very speedily ensued upon the intermission of the force that present conviction put upon me,) shook all. And I was confounded at the thoughts of appearing before God in a righteousness so plainly ragged, that where it had one piece, it wanted two. 2. Though these ways gave some ease when trials, were at a distance, yet when the thoughts of death came near, I found not quiet here. This was not gold tried in the fire, nor would it abide so much as a near hand view of a trial; but at the very appearance of a storm, this sandy foundation shook. Whenever convictions were awakened as to new sins, challenges for old ones recurred, which showed that the cure was not perfect. 'Behold all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks; that walk in the light of your fire and in the sparks that ye have kindled, this shall ye have of my hand, ye shall lie down in sorrow.'

The effects of this exercise that abode and increased afterwards were principally these three: 1. Hereby I was brought into a doubt about the truths of religion, the being of a God and things eternal. This hesitation was not from any arguments that offered themselves against these truths, or from any suspicion of ministers, parents or others from whom I had received them; but merely from this, that whenever in danger or straits, I would build on them, a suspicion secretly haunted me, What if these things are not? Whence I was brought to think that I had not certainty and evidence about them answerable to the weight that was to be laid on them. I thought death and the trouble attending it were certain and sensible things, but I could not get my mind satisfied and fully assured upon the truths of religion. Still, when under apprehensions of death I would have taken rest upon the truths of religion, the persuasion failed me, and my mind began to waver, though I could give no reason of this. 'The way of the wicked is as darkness, they know not at what they stumble.' 2. I was hereby persuaded, and this persuasion ever after increased in strength, that I could never have peace till I came to another sort of evidence and certainty about the truths of religion, than I was yet acquainted withal. Death I saw inevitable, it might be very sudden; I was capable of being impressed with the forethought of it and could not banish them. Therefore, concluded I, unless I obtain such a conviction of religion and such an interest in it as will make me not only look at death without fear, but go through it with comfort, 'Better for me I had never been;' but how or when this was to be obtained I was utterly uncertain. Here I lay in great perplexity, under the melancholy impressions that I had hitherto spent my

money for 'that which is not bread, and my labor for that which satisfieth not.' This perplexity was somewhat eased, while one day, reading how Mr. Robert Bruce was shaken about the being of a God, and how at length he came to the fullest satisfaction, hereby a hope secretly sprung up, that one time or other the like might befall me, and that the Lord might satisfy me in this. Here was the dawning of a light, that though long it did not fully clear up, yet was never put wholly out again; though it was far from satisfying, yet it kept from despair as to the issue.

About this time, one Mr. Donaldson, a reverend old minister, preached at Perth, and came to visit my mother. He called for me, and, among other questions, he asked me if I sought a blessing on my learning. To which I ingenuously answered, "No." He replied with austere look, "Sir, unsanctified learning has done much mischief to the kirk of God." This saying stuck with me ever after, and left a deep impression on me: so that whenever I was any way straitened, I applied to God by prayer for help in my learning, and pardon for not seeking his blessing. But this was only when I had more than ordinary difficulties.

My mother designing to have me well educated, for the advantage of better schools in harvest, 1690 or 1691, removed to Edinburgh, and fixed me at Mr. Gavin Weir's school, where I stayed, till November 1692, when I entered the college under Mr. Alexander Cunningham. Here it was my mercy that I fell in with sober comrades and studiously inclined.

While I abode here, the Lord gave not over his dealings with me. Long also did he bear with my manners. In this place the work went on; for 1. As knowledge

increased, so convictions, if not in force, yet in number increased; still as knowledge of the law grew, which it daily did, under the means of grace, the knowledge of sin also grew: 'For by the law is the knowledge of sin.' The Lord daily let me see that he was wroth on account of sins that formerly I had not noticed. 2. By new afflictions the impressions of my mortality were riveted, and I was still the further in bondage through the growing fears of death. 3 The word being daily preached, and daily meeting with me, forced me, though unwilling, to make some inquiry into my sincerity in religion, which I now made some profession of. A close word will, at length, even bring a Judas to say, 'Master, is it I?' 4. By the means of grace, Herod-like, to save some bosom idols, I engaged to do many things and hear the word gladly.

The means whereby these effects were wrought were 1. The preaching of the word. 'By the two edged sword that goes out of his mouth,' the Lord did often wound me, and the secrets of my heart were made manifest. I found the word a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. 2. The Lord made use of the rod. He laid his hand on me. When I was well and in health the word did not affect me so much, nor did I attend to it so carefully. 'I spake unto thee in thy prosperity and thou wouldest not hear.' 'In their affliction they will seek me early.' 3. I read Shepard's treatise called the "Sincere Convert," which cut me to the quick: It came very close home to me and affected me very much, and put me to question deeply my sincerity.

I was driven sometimes to great extremity, and carried the length of a form of religion. I prayed not only evening and morning, but at some other times retired and

would weep plentifully in secret, and read and pray, and resolve to live otherwise than I had done. But this goodness was 'as the morning cloud and early dew.' It kept pace with my convictions. It was force, not nature: and this strictness lasted no longer than the force that occasioned it did.

While I was under these distresses many a wicked expedient did I resort to for relief, though without effect. If anything was spoken or mentioned, that appeared in my favor, then I eagerly clung to that, for I was very unwilling to see my own hypocrisy, and therefore, if I had but a show to found my claim on, I laid hold on what was offered; like the young man, who answered, being unacquainted with the spiritual extent of the law. 'All these things have I kept from my youth, what lack I yet?' So said I. When I found somewhat required that I neither had complied with, nor meant to comply with, because perhaps it was on some account or other, dear, then I resolved to compound the matter and make amends some other way; and beg a license for that like Naaman. When any Christian characteristic was adduced that I could not pretend to, then I was ready to question whether he that offered it were not mistaken, and secretly questioned the truth, following the measure that Satan took with Eve. When I was unable to see, not through the want of sufficient light, but through my unwillingness to admit it, I was ready to quarrel that ministers and books did not tell me plainly. Sometimes when I met with that which plainly condemned me, I promised it a hearing at a more convenient season, and so, like Felix, shifted the trouble for the time. Sometimes I would slip over those things that were against me. 'He that doeth evil cometh not to the light, because his deeds are evil,

lest his deeds should be reproved.' I carefully sought for the lowest marks and the least degrees of grace that might be saving. I designed only as much religion as would take me to heaven: and therefore I still inquired with the young man, 'What good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?' I desired no more than would serve this turn: and anything that could serve this, provided my beloved lusts were spared, I would consent to. When none of these shifts would avail, in the general, I would resolve upon doing anything that the Lord required, like him who said, 'Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.' But then, with him I still retracted, when the Lord, as he often did, told me of particulars he would try me in, which were to cross my inclination. When I saw I must quit these of which the Lord often convinced me, then I begged a little respite or delay, after which I would comply. Augustine-like, I was content to be holy but not yet. An excuse, a delay in God's account is a plain refusal: for all commands and invitations require present obedience. 'Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.' After all my ways were tried, I found no relief. I blamed my education, I knew there was some change; my question was whether it were the right one. Now, thought I, if I had not been religiously educated, but had turned all at once, it would have been more easily discernible. Thus I was entangled in my own ways. And the true reason of my strait was, I was shunning, and not really desirous of light unless it had been in my favor. Many other deceits and shifts my heart used, which now, at so great a distance, I cannot remember.

Though now I seemed sometimes to have gone far, yet really I was wholly wrong, for 1. All this while be-

ing convinced of the necessity of a righteousness, but ignorant of Christ; 'I sought it by the works of the law.' 2. The carnal mind, that is enmity against God and is not subject to the law of God, still continued. 3. All my exercise was only a tossing betwixt light and love to sin: and sin still carried it, for my bosom idols I would by no means part with. 4. Self was the animating principle of any form of religion that I had; so much as would save from hell or take me to heaven and no more I desired. 5. All this religion came and went with such occasions mentioned: it was not abiding.

Providentially, about this time, Clark's "Martyrology," was cast into my hand. I loved history, and read it with eagerness, and some impressions it left on me that wanted not their own use then nor afterwards; 1. The patience, joy, and courage of the martyrs persuaded me that there was a power, a validity in religion, beyond the power of mere nature. 2. I was convinced that I was a stranger as yet to this, because I could not think of suffering. 3. I was brought to some faint desires after acquaintance with this power of religion.

I observe that at this time, 1. God restrained me from many follies others ran into, and to which I was much inclined by my bodily infirmity, a trouble in my joints which made me unable to walk. 'Thus he hedged in my way,' that I should not find my lovers. 2. The Lord in mercy provided me companions that were tender of me and took care of me. 'He fed me and led me though I knew him not.'

The air agreeing neither with my mother nor myself, she was advised, and at length resolved, to leave Edinburgh, and go to St. Andrews, a place more wholesome and more convenient for my education, to which she had

a special regard. When I settled at St. Andrews, the Lord left not his work of striving with me; but the same sovereign grace that began went on with it.

Here the Lord cast my lot under choice means of grace, the ministry of worthy Mr. Thomas Forrester. Under this searching ministry, the Lord began to give me some small discoveries of the more secret and spiritual evil of my heart, and carried me into the secret chambers of imagery, to let me see what were the hidden operations of my heart. He opened my eyes to discern somewhat of that world of pride that is in the heart, and the wickedness of it. Though I was to some extent convinced of my own weakness, when I had any difficulty more than ordinary before me, I would seek help from God, yet when I got through I valued myself upon my deliverance. Of the wickedness and injustice of this, the Lord, in some measure, convinced me. He convinced me of the wickedness of the straying of my heart after idols, especially in the time of worship. I was made to see, in some measure, the danger of offering such duties to him. I was likewise led to see that I was trusting to my duties, and resting on the bare performance. With the Pharisee I had thought it enough if I could say, 'I fast twice in a week.' The Lord convinced me that he might answer, 'When ye fasted, did ye at all fast unto me, even to me?'

These, when added to former discoveries of guilt, gave me frequently much uneasiness, and cast me into racking perplexity and disquietude; but the darkness and enmity of my mind remaining, I still had recourse to wicked and vain courses for peace, such as those before mentioned; but they afforded me little quiet. Pharaoh-like, I engaged to mend those things wherein formerly I had failed; but with him, I quickly broke my promises, when my anxie-

ty was over. At last, finding no peace in any of these courses, I resolved to enter into solemn covenant with the Lord; and, accordingly, I wrote and subscribed a solemn covenant, whereby I bound myself to be his: like Isaiah, when under the awful impressions of Sinai and the dreadful appearance of God, then, I said, 'All that the Lord our God shall say unto us, we will hear and do it.' and like the scribe that came to Christ, 'Master, I will follow thee, whithersoever thou goest.'

When I had once done this, I concluded all was right; for I found a sort of present peace. Amendment I thought sufficient atonement, and such an engagement I looked on as actual performance. 'I now said: 'I have peace-offerings with me: this day I have paid my vows.' At this time I found frequently an unusual sweetness in the word; especially in hearing Mr. Forrester lecture on Acts 13: 52. on Sabbath night. There, as I received sometimes the most piercing convictions, so I received 'tastes of the good word of God and the powers of the world to come.' Thus, like the stony-ground hearers, 'I heard the word and anon with joy received it.' Common gifts increasing as light increased, I took them for special grace, and thus, having taken up like the foolish virgins, the lamp of a profession without the oil, I began to be esteemed by some for that which really I was not, but only appeared to be.

But the merciful and good God would not suffer me to rest here. The Lord quickly let me see my mistake. The imaginary peace that I had by making this covenant was quickly lost by breaking it. Corruption retaining still its power, its locks being not yet shorn, whenever a temptation offered, like Sampson upon a cry of the Philistines being on him, it broke all those ties with which I

foolishly thought it bound. Like the children of Israel at Sinai, I engaged firmly and herein thought all right ; but when I came to Kibroth-hattaavah, which was the next station in their course through the wilderness, and a temptation fell in my way, I began to murmur, loathing the manna and lusting after flesh ; and this broke all. The Lord's wrath hereon being afresh intimated against me, as it was against them on that occasion. Not only upon such breaches met I with new challenges, but old ones were revived, and by this I found former accounts still standing against me, which filled me with confusions and jealousies of these ways. The Lord insinuated some discoveries of the treachery of my engagements, let me see that my heart was not sound, and that there were secret reserves in my engagements, for some sins from which my heart was not divorced, though yet I remember, that at the time I made these engagements, when my heart put in for sparing these sins, my light forced me as it were for the present, though not without reluctance, to give them up, at least, in words ; but really I did not do it. The Lord let loose some corruptions, like the Canaanites to try me, took off the restraints, and then like water confined in, they became more violent and troublesome, and at length bore down all that I had set in their way. By these means, the Lord let me see the fruitlessness and vanity of this covenant, which, however specious, was but a covenant with death, and by the discovery, I was put into the utmost confusion, while the evil I thought I was provided against, came upon me.

Notwithstanding I realized the vanity of these legal, selfish, anti-evangelical courses, I still cleaved to them ; for the peace I lost by breaking, I still endeavored to recover by renewing my covenant, trusting myself in the

greatness of my way, and laboring in the fire. I laid the blame still on some accidental defect in my former management, and I thought, were that provided against, all would be well. When still I found something wanting, I cast about in my own mind and contrived to make it up with something extraordinary of my own, — the multiplication of duties, or some such thing.

Now, as I was really miserable in following these courses, so, if the Lord of infinite mercy had not prevented it, I had landed in one of four sad issues, wherein oftentimes such exercises and courses terminate: either 1. If I had been freed from convictions, or the Lord had given over his striving with me, after I had been carried the length of a form of religion, I had surely, notwithstanding all the disappointments, sat down satisfied with that, as having by the endeavors of my hand and its labors, obtained that which would give me a sort of life. Or, 2. If convictions had been carried on, and the Lord had left me still to follow the courses I took, I should have labored in the fire all my days, wearied and vexed myself for very vanity, spending my money for that which is not bread, and my labor for that which does not profit; in a continual vicissitude of vows, covenants, engagements, and resolutions; engagements and false peace; breaches and racking convictions, would alternately have taken place, and thus I should have spent my days, and, at the end, have been a fool. Or, 3. After I had wearied myself, for a while in those vain ways, I should utterly have given up religion as a vain thing, and have said with those mentioned by the prophet, ‘It is vain to serve God: and what profit is it that we have kept his ordinance, and that we have walked mournfully before the Lord of hosts?’ and so with them I had gone over to plain atheism and

profanity. Or, 4. Being forced to seek shelter from my convictions, and being so often and sadly disappointed by all the ways I tried, I had at last ended in despair like Judas, and said, 'This evil is of the Lord, why should I wait for the Lord any longer?' like the wicked king of Israel. And in very deed, I had some experience of all these issues.

When I was thus disappointed, especially after the making and frequent repeating of vows and engagements, I was cast into the utmost perplexity to find where the fault lay. I found this way of covenanting with God recommended by ministers, mentioned in the Scripture, and the people of God declared they had found the benefit of it. I could not challenge myself, at least, at some time, for known guilt in the making of it. What I engaged to do, I was resolved upon at the time. I did engage with much concern and solemnity; and, for some time after, I would have walked with much strictness; but, though I could not then discern where the blame lay, I have since been made to see it. 1. Being ignorant of the righteousness of God, I still went about to establish a righteousness of my own. And, though in words I renounced this, yet indeed, I sought righteousness and peace, not in the 'Lord Jesus Christ who is the end of the law for every one that believeth,' but in my own covenants and engagements; so that I really put them in Christ's room. 2. Whatever room I, in words, allowed Christ as to forgiveness for bygone sins, yet my peace and hope of it or the future, and hence my trust, was in the evenness of my own walk; I obtained not righteousness, because I 'sought it, as it were, by the works of the law.' This neglect of Christ and shuffling my own covenants and obedience in his room, was evident: because,

whenever I was challenged for sin, instead of having recourse to his blood, I still sought peace only in renewing my vows. 3. The consent I gave to the law, was not from the reconciliation of my heart to its holiness, but merely in compliance with the constraint put upon me by convictions; but in very deed 'the enmity against it,' still continued. And I would not have made it my choice, if that had not forced me to it. 4. I engaged to live a new life with an old heart, not being yet made to see, that unless the tree is made good the fruit cannot be good. 5. The eye was not single. All I aimed at was self, to be eased of convictions and obtain peace from these racking disquietments I was under. I had not the least concern for the Lord's glory, provided I were safe. 6. In a word, I engaged before the Lord had thoroughly engaged me. We may be willing in some sort before the Lord hath made us willing. The first real kindness begins on his side; and we are never engaged to love, till the Lord's kindness draws us. The force of convictions may overpower us into some pretensions of kindness; thus it was with me. Willing I was to be saved from hell, and to have heaven under the general notion of a good place: but not to be saved in God's way, on his terms; and in order to the ends he proposes in the salvation of sinners.

This was not my only trouble at this time. Now I was engaged in the study of metaphysics and natural theology, accustomed to subtle notions, and fascinated by them; whereupon, Satan, in conjunction with the natural atheism of my heart, took occasion to cast me into racking disquietude about the great truths of religion, more especially the being of a God. Thus, in the justice of God, that wherein I delighted, I mean subtle and ab-

stract notions, proved the occasion of much perplexing difficulty to me. For, 1. Some seeming success in my studies, the first year I engaged in the study of philosophy, fostered the natural conceit we all have of our own ability, and emboldened me to proceed farther than was meet. So true is that saying, 'Knowledge puffeth up.' Hereon the natural curiosity of my vain mind took a liberty to inquire, without fear, into things too high, and made me promise myself satisfaction about them, in and by my own inquiries. 'Vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt.' Thus he intrudes into those things which he hath not seen, 'Vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind.' 3. And hereon suffering a disappointment, and failing of success, the natural atheism and enmity of my carnal mind, that rather inclines to reject the things of God than our own darkness, began when puzzled to inquire, 'How can these things be?' Thus professing myself wise, I became a fool. 4. Satan, who waits all advantages, finding me thus caught in the thicket, plunged me deeper, by throwing in 'fiery darts,' of subtle arguings against the being of a God, whereby all was set on flame, and sometimes cast into violent convulsions.

Though the atheism and enmity of my heart against God, were still unremoved and great, yet the Lord suffered me not to yield, but made me recoil at the terrible conclusion aimed at by these arguings.

During this period of time, under all these wrestlings and strugglings betwixt growing light and sin, corruptions, as I grew in years, became stronger and stronger, took deeper root and received an increase of strength by occasional temptations, and new force from the weak resistance made to them by these vain courses. As the

law came nearer to its spiritual meaning and extent, sin revived, and appeared more discernible in its strength, 'and sin taking occasion by the commandment, wrought me inclinations to all evil,' and the power of sin increased until it slew me.

Under this perplexity, I betook myself still to vain courses. 'I gadded about to change my way; sent to Egypt, and went to Assyria, yet could not they help me.' But yet these exercises and perplexities had some intermissions, and then I grew remiss and careless. 'My goodness, like the morning cloud and early dew, soon passed away.'

However by these means, I was brought to a specious form of religion. For now, 1. I took some care to avoid those sins, whether secret or open, which thwarted the light of my conscience most plainly. I not only abstained from those evils to which most even of the more sober sort of students, were frequently drawn into, but with a sort of resolution, I kept at a distance from the occasions of them. Thus I began to escape the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the truth. 2. I was now more exact and punctual in attending duties, public, private and secret, than heretofore, and that not without some concern, at least sometimes, as to my inward frame in them. Thus I thought I kept his ordinances. 3. When I was ensnared either into the commission of sins or the omission of duty, I was brought to a deep sorrow, and for some time 'walked mournfully before God.' 4. Whereas I always had a sort of awful regard for them that feared God, ever since I began to be in the least awakened, now I began to have a sort of affection for them, and pleasure in their company, and to converse even, about matters of religion. Thus light forced an approbation of them on

my mind, and to give the glory to God, their light so shone before me, that I could not but take notice of them.

5. I had frequent 'tastes of the word of God and the powers of the world to come,' which made me delight in approaching to God. And 6. I seemed to receive something like an answer to my petitions, when, under a sense of impotency, I betook myself to God by prayer. In any strait, I found help so remarkable, that I could but take notice of it. The Lord hereby drew me gradually in to expect good in his way; and though I was wrong in the main, as it were, encouraged the faintest beginnings of a look towards a return.

Now, though I got 'a name to live, yet really I was dead.' For, my natural darkness still remained unremoved. Some dawnings of light were indeed begun, and some discoveries made of what formerly I had not known, yet the power of darkness still remained and the veil was not yet taken away, nor were spiritual things seen in a true light. The enmity of my mind against the law, especially in some instances, remained in force, there was not 'a respect to all God's commands.' I had not yet a sight of the beauty of holiness. Nor did I, in my heart, approve the whole yoke of God's precepts as good and desirable. It was not that I delighted in holiness and conformity to the law, at least in some instances, but that I was undone without it, that made me aim at any sort of compliance. I yet sought righteousness, as it were, by the works of the law. I was wholly legal in all I did, not seeing the necessity, the security, the glory of the gospel method of salvation, by seeking righteousness and strength in the Lord Christ alone. Self was the spring of all. My only aim was to be saved without any regard to the glory of the Lord, or any inquiry how it might be

consistent with it to save one, who had so deeply offended. In a word, all my religion was constrained, violent, selfish, legal and anti-evangelical. These, not to mention other things, were still wrong.

When I had studied philosophy three years, I was charmed with it and somewhat puffed up with what progress I had made, and designed and expected to make; though I must own, that still, as knowledge increased, self-conceit increased, and I apprehended I knew more the first year than ever I thought I knew afterwards. Being thus prepared, I designed to go abroad and improve myself farther, to which I also was advised; but two things broke this project; my mother would not consent, and in the second place, having been brought into bondage through fear of death, I was afraid to incur the hazards I must run of my life, so long as I was in so unsettled a state as to my soul's condition; wherefore, upon the motion of some friends, I consented rather to engage as chaplain to a family for some time.

Accordingly, August 1696, I went to the Wemyss family. I came as a stranger amongst strangers, and persons of considerable quality, and by my natural diffidence, the censoriousness of my auditors, the publicity of the appearances I was obliged to make, to which I had not been accustomed, I was for a time, in very great difficulty. I was forced to retiredness, and to petition for help how to behave; and though it was my own, not the Lord's honor which I designed, and was concerned for, yet, He that heard the cry of the ravens, and would not overlook Ahab's humiliation, or the Ninevites' repentance, did not fail me in my straits, but helped, so far as it was necessary, to maintain the respect due to the station I was in, and to obtain kindness.

I had not long been here, when I was often necessarily and frequently without sufficient necessity, engaged in debates about the truth of religion, the divinity of the Scriptures, and the most important doctrines delivered in them, whereby I was drawn to read the writings of deists and other enemies to religion, that I might be acquainted with the arguments whereby those I sometimes had occasion to dispute with, opposed the truth. As to the issue of these arguings, with respect to others, I shall here waive it, because others are concerned in it; only I may say, I found it true, that 'foolish questions and genealogies and contentions and strivings about the law are unprofitable and vain.'

This was of a very dangerous consequence to me, and could not prove otherwise to one in my case, for, I was not rooted and grounded in the truth, being neither instructed in the grounds whereon the Scripture is received, nor acquainted practically with its power, and so I was destitute of that 'armor of light,' which is necessary in a conflict with such enemies. The power of that enmity and darkness, which inclines the vain mind of man to reject and cavil at the truths of God as foolishness, still remained unsubdued; I was, as the children who are tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine. The objections I found started were many; they struck at the foundations, were new and surprising to one who was so unsettled, and were dressed up by the 'sleight and cunning craftiness of them who lie in wait to deceive.' I was not acquainted with that watchfulness, vigilance, and humble sobriety which was necessary to prevent Satan's gaining any advantage. Whereupon, Satan finding so fair an occasion, would not lose it; for he goeth about, seeking such seasons; and finding things thus he improved it to my great disquietude.

The adversary finding all things thus prepared, attacked me furiously, and employed many against me. He wrought up the natural atheism, darkness, and enmity of my heart, to vent itself against the truths of religion in foolish inquiries, Is it so? 'How can these things be?' and what authority hast thou, since thou requirest such things? The mystery of the gospel was particularly represented as foolishness, as setting up new gods, and often was I led to answer, 'How can these things be?'

The subtle enemy who had often tempted me to high thoughts of myself, now when he found it for his purpose, urged upon me mean thoughts of myself, and pressed me to a false sort of humility. He often whispered in my ear, It is vain for you to expect to rid yourself of these difficulties, when so many learned men, who have studied the point with so much care, and who were far more qualified to discern the truth, cannot reach satisfaction, but have rejected them. 'Have any of the rulers or the Pharisees believed on him? But this people who knoweth not the law, are cursed.'

By this I was brought into grievous perplexity and many sad tossings. 'My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?' Still I tried wrong courses. I attempted by my own reasonings, to relieve myself. 'I thought to know this.' When this failed, I bought and read books written about the truth of religion. This indeed, had it been kept in its own place, was allowable and useful, but I expected more than I had reason to look for; and as I used it, this was only the fruit of unbelief, and a vain course, running to Ashur, sending to Egypt. I wished for visions, voices, or some extraordinary course. 'Nay, but if one went unto them from the dead, they will be-

lieve.' When these failed, with the sluggard, I sat down discouraged. 'The fool foldeth his hands together, and eateth his own flesh.' I sometimes betook myself to prayer; but herein I did not succeed, not seeking in the right way, nor to right ends.

But all these ways failed me. As to my own reasonings, they avail not against Him who esteems 'iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood.' 'When I thought to know it, it was too painful,' it was labor in mine eyes. As for books, they not only satisfied not as to the things they mentioned, but many of my scruples were such as were overlooked by them, so that they proved physicians of no value. As to extraordinary expectations, God justly rejected them. 'They have Moses and the prophets, and if they will not believe them, neither would they believe though one should rise from the dead.' My sloth still increased my trouble; that foolish poring fretted my spirit; 'The desire of the slothful killeth him, because his hands refuse to labor.'

I had quite sunk under the weight of this trouble, and had been swallowed up of sorrow, and landed in despair, if its force had not been somewhat abated by occasional considerations that were, by the good hand of God, sometimes in one way, sometimes another, brought to my mind: 1. When the hellish conclusions at which all these temptations aimed, the renouncing of religion, rejecting the Scriptures, &c. were urged, it was often seasonably suggested, 'To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.' 2. Upon a due observation of those who were truly religious, I could not but look on them, though their real worth I did not discern, as the better part of mankind; and the Lord created a dread in my soul of conclusions that imported the charge of a lie

in a matter of the greatest importance, against the better part of mankind. 'If I say I will speak thus, I should offend against the generation of thy children.' 3. The Lord opened my eyes to see the abominable folly of those who abandoned revealed religion; not to mention the impious lives of the generality, I saw the more sober part, guilty of unaccountable folly. 4. The shining evidence of the power of religion in the lives, but more especially in the deaths of the martyrs, whom I had formerly read of, assured me as to this, that there is a reality in religion, when 'I was beat from all other holds.' 5. The known instances of the power of religion in children in their tender years, was of great use sometimes, and appeared of great weight; it checked the force of temptations that drove me to doubt of the reality of religion. Thus, 'out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, the Lord ordained strength,' and in some measure, stilled the enemy and the avenger. 6. The sensible and violent opposition I found Satan making to the Scriptures in all the ways before-mentioned, was often staying, and persuaded me in some measure that there must be a reality in religion, and I could not see what could induce him thus to oppose it, if it were a cheat. 'Is Satan divided?' 7. I had frequent convictions; and thus finding the power and piercing virtue of the word making manifest the secrets of my heart, I was forced to fall down, and own God to be in it of a truth.

As by these, and the like means, the force of the temptation was somewhat broken, so I was encouraged to several things in which I have reason to own God was kind to me in holding me to them; hereby I was engaged to hold on in an attendance, with more concern in duties of religion, public, private and secret; and so 'to wait at

wisdom's door-post,' which afterwards, I found the advantage of. I was enabled to conceal all my own straits from others, who, thereby might either have been stumbled or hardened in their evil way. I was unwilling others should know anything that might disgust them at religion. In conversing with such as were shaken, I still endeavored to advocate the truth, as if I had been under no doubt about it; and I must own that while I did so, the Lord often countenanced me, and satisfied me as to what I had formerly been disquieted about. How good a Master is God! A word spoken for him is not lost; nor will he suffer the service to pass unrewarded; a heathen Cyrus must have his hire, and so must Nebuchadnezzar.

Before I leave this, I must observe some things which the Lord taught me by this exercise. 1 I hereby learned the vanity and danger of reasoning with Satan. When I began to answer him with my own reasonings, he had still great advantage; he easily evaded all my arguments, and easily repelled my answers, and enforced his suggestions: and when his suggestions were to be maintained in point of arguments, he poured them forth with such impudent violence, that I was not able to stand against him. Our safest course is to resist, and to hold at a distance, to avoid communing with him.

This exercise had sundry effects upon me. 1. The fears I was brought under, fixed a deeper sense of my frailty in general on me. 2. Hereby the Lord withheld me from my vain projects about learning. Now I was far from expecting, as sometime I had done, that I feared I should fall short of what was absolutely needful to my own well-being. 3. Whereas I was educated with a view to the ministry, now I came to see the difficulty,

and repent my rash intentions, and laid down a resolution to look no more that way, unless the Lord satisfied me fully about those things whereof I now doubted. I could not, without horror, think of speaking to others what I believed not myself. 4. My bondage through fear of death was increased and grew stronger. 5. I was urged to somewhat more of closeness in the performance of duty, though I was often urged to give it over as vain, yet I still resolved to hold on there. 6. I was still more and more confirmed in the necessity of further evidence for the truth of religion, than I either had attained or knew how to attain.

All this while I was under sundry inconveniences that increased my trouble, and gave advantage to my corruptions. Most of the converse I had was with such as increased my trouble. I was a companion of fools, and so nigh to destruction. For, 'he that walks with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.' Again, I had no friend to whom I could, with freedom, and any prospect of satisfaction, impart my mind. 'Wo to him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up.' Endeavors to conceal entirely my concern and trouble, broke me. 'When I kept silence, my bones waxed old.' I was laid aside from my studies, and had no diversion, nor could I follow any; I had heart for nothing; I could not read, excepting that sometimes I read the Scriptures, or some other practical book, unless when there was an intermission of my trouble: for nearly a year and a half, I read very little, and this slothful posture laid me open to temptations, and made corruptions grow stronger.

Hereupon my corruption took vent several ways;—in vain and slothful desires; 'I desired and had not.' In

foolish contrivances, to obtain peace: 'I communed with my own heart upon my bed, and my spirit made diligent search,' but without a due eye to the Lord. I spent my time in foolish complaints that dispirited me; 'I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed.' I was sometimes about to curse the day of my birth, wishing that I had never been born, or that I had died as soon as born. I wished often that I had been in other circumstances, and that I had been bred to the plough, or some such employment, and that I might have in the desert a cottage, 'A place of way-faring men,' where I might give myself to continual grief. My spirit sometimes rose in rebellion against God. 'I thought on God and was troubled.' I said, wherefore do 'I cry and thou dost not hear me?' And frequently I was not far from saying, 'Wilt thou be altogether to me as a liar and as waters that fail?'

After I had thus wearied myself, after the edge and violence of the temptations above mentioned, were by the formerly narrated considerations, blunted and somewhat broke, rather than removed, and relieved by Satan's departure for a season, I inclined to rest; and Satan, hereon finding matters prepared for an assault, made fresh attempts in another, and disquieting manner.

The devil cannot be at rest, when he hath no mischief to do to men. The devil so leaveth none but he will be attempting to come unto them again, and he ordinarily succeedeth, where Christ hath not prepossessed the soul; all other reformation proves but a sweeping and a garnishing, while the soul is empty of Christ; it may be swept from the filth of flagitious sins, and garnished with the paint of religion, or some habits of moral virtue, but none of these will keep out the devil. Thus I found it to my cost; for Satan, finding my soul, after all my sad

tossings, empty of Christ, returned. And my soul being like the vineyard of the sluggard, by sloth defenceless, without stone-wall, he easily found opportunity to sow tares, and while I slept, to cultivate the thorns and nettles which naturally grow there. It was no hard matter to persuade one, wearied as I was, that rest was good, and that there was a lion in the way. And having thus possession, and quiet abode with his 'seven other spirits,' my own corruptions, he quickly made my last state worse than my first. My enemies grew strong and lively; my corruptions began vigorously to exert themselves.

Hereon the Lord, minding his own work, brought the ministry of the word, the law in its spiritual meaning nearer. And then, 'sin revived, and I died.' I found, more discernibly the stirrings of corruptions. Yea, sin, taking 'occasion from the commandment,' and being fretted by the light let into my soul from the word, 'wrought in me all manner of concupiscence.' Lusts of all sorts, self, sloth, formality, &c. strove to maintain their own place. I was plunged into deeper guilt, 'my iniquities went over my head,' my challenges were sharpened, and I found 'no rest in my bones,' for sins that I had done.

I set apart time for fasting and prayer in secret; and November 23, 1697, on a time set apart for prayer, I drew up a short account of my treacherous dealings with God, from my youth up, and solemnly bound myself to God, to walk in his ways; and when my own heart told me, that I could not serve the Lord, I said, 'Nay, but I will serve the Lord!'

Though hitherto, I failed of a right issue, yet I was carried a great length in compliance with convictions. I kept myself from open pollutions, I was careful in duties of worship: yea, further, I was much in retirement; I

received the word with joy. I was often challenged for secret pride, unbelief, and other spiritual evils, and, as to the knowledge of them, was considerably enlightened. I fasted, prayed, mourned in secret. I resolved and strove against sin, even my peculiar sins that I loved best. Thus I had with others a name to live, and took up a form of religion. Yet for all this, I was a stranger to its power, which the following evidences sufficiently manifest: for whatever lengths I went, yet, I was a stranger to the glorious and blessed relief, through the imputation of the righteousness of Christ; not that I had not some notions of this, for I professed to embrace it; but really I was in the dark, as to its glorious efficacy, tendency and design. I was ignorant of the 'righteousness of God,' all the while. Still, in all this, the eye was not single. It was only the saving of myself without any eye to God's glory, that I designed. It was still by some righteousness of my own, in whole or part, that I sought relief. No wonder peace was unstable that stood on so weak a foundation. Though I was by the force of convictions, brought to part with my beloved sins, or consent to their destruction, yet, it was neither without reluctance, nor without some secret reserve. It was like Pharaoh's consent in the like case, when his servants persuaded him of the danger of his persisting in his sin. Moses and Aaron were brought back again to Pharaoh; and he said unto them, 'Go serve the Lord your God. But who are they that shall go?' My heart was utterly averse from spirituality. Sometimes, through the force of convictions, I was, indeed, brought for some time to aim at getting my mind fixed upon heavenly things, and kept on the thoughts of them; but my heart being yet carnal, I grew weary of this bent, and of this forcible religion,

and it was intolerable to think of being always spiritual. 'The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to his law, neither indeed can be.'

By these means, I was at last, brought to an extremity, for, 'My sins were set in order before me.' They were set in order in the dreadfulfulness of their nature and aggravations, and all shifts, extenuations, pleas, and defences were rejected, and my mouth stopped before God. All the vain ways I had taken for my relief, baffled my expectations, and increased my pain; they were the staff of a broken reed, they pierced my arm when I essayed to lean on them, and I was ashamed, and even confounded, that I had hoped. The wrath of God was dropped into my soul, and the poison of his arrows drank up my spirits. I was as yet, unsanctified as to the truths of religion, and mine enemies often told me, that even in God there was no succor for me. Yea, at some times, Satan, to entangle me more, assaulted the truths of religion, at once, and I was dreadfully confounded, when the Lord commanded that mine should be round about me. And 'they compassed me about like bees.' All the means which I took to subdue down my corruptions, proved of no avail, for sin revived and I died; yea, taking occasion by the commandment, it slew me.

By the extremity of this anguish, I was for some time about the close of 1697, and beginning of 1698, dreadfully cast down. I was weary of my life. Often did I use Job's words: 'I loathe it, I would not live always.' And yet, I was afraid to die; I had no rest. At night I wished for day, and in the day I wished for night. I said, 'my couch shall comfort me.' But then darkness was as the shadow of death. When I was in this case, 'I was often at the brink of despair.' 'He filled me with

bitterness: he made me drunk with wormwood.' I was made to fear that the Lord would make me a terror to myself, and all round about; and that he would make some dreadful discovery of my wickedness, that would make me a reproach to religion, and give the enemies advantage, which led me to pray, 'Deliver me from all my transgressions, make me not the reproach of the foolish.' I was made to wonder that I was not already cut off. And indeed I was sometime reviving, 'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.' This I recall to my mind, 'therefore have I hope.' But this hope was easily clouded; it amounted to no more than this, Who can tell but he may be gracious? And to this, my fearful heart suggested the greatness of my sins as what were above the reach of pardoning mercy. And Satan daily urged me to give over, and take some desperate course, to say, 'There is no hope.' Thus weary of my disease, and weary of the vain courses I had taken for relief, and uncertain what course to take, I took counsel in my soul having sorrow in my heart daily.

If this extremity had lasted much longer, my soul had sunk under the weight of it; and even while I was in this case, had ruined me, if the Lord had not timely supported me in the greatest extremity, and, as it were, held me by the hand. When I had destroyed myself, he let me see help in him.

I cannot be very positive about the day or hour of this deliverance, nor can I answer many other questions about the manner of it. But this is of no consequence if the work is in substance sound. 'For the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but thou canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth;

so is every one that is born of the Spirit.' Many things about the way and manner we may be ignorant of, while we are sufficiently sure of the effects. As to these things I must say with the blind man, 'I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.'

However, it was towards the close of January, or the beginning of February 1698, that this seasonable relief came; and, so far as I can remember, I was at secret prayer, in very great extremity, not far from despair, when the Lord seasonably interposed and gave this merciful turn to affairs; 'When I said my foot slippeth, thy mercy held me up.' And when there was none to save, then his own arm brought salvation. 'God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness,' shined into my mind, 'to give the light of the knowledge of his glory in the face of Jesus Christ.'

That which yielded me this relief, was a discovery of the Lord, as manifested in the word. He said to me, 'Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help.' Now, the Lord discovered, in the manner afterwards to be mentioned, several things which I shall here take notice of: He let me see that there are forgivenesses with him; that with him there is mercy and plenteous redemption. He brought me from Sinai, and its thunderings, to 'Mount Zion, and to the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that cleanseth from all sin, and speaks better things than the blood of Abel.' He revealed Christ in his glory. I now, with wonder, 'beheld his glory, as the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.' And I was hereon made to say, 'Thou art fairer than the sons of men.' He let me see that He who had before rejected all that I could offer, was well pleased in the Beloved.' I was further

fully satisfied, that, not only there was forgiveness of sins, and justification by free grace, 'through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness, for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God,' but, moreover, I saw with wonder and delight, in some measure, how God, by this means, might be just in justifying even the ungodly who believe in Jesus. How was I ravished with delight when made to see, that the God in whom a little before, I thought there was no help for me; notwithstanding his spotless purity, his deep hatred of sin, his inflexible justice and righteousness, and his unfailing faithfulness, pledged in the threatenings of the law, might not only pardon, but, without prejudice to his justice or other attributes, be just in justifying even the ungodly! The reconciliation of those seemingly inconsistent attributes with one another, and the sinner's salvation, quite surprised and astonished me. The Lord further opened the gospel call to me, and let me see, that to me even to me, was 'the word of this salvation sent.' All this was offered to me, and I was invited secretly to come, and 'take of the water of life freely,' and to come in my distress unto this blessed rest. 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He, to my great satisfaction, gave me a pleasant discovery of his design in the whole, that it was that no flesh might glory in his sight; but that he who glories, should have occasion only to glory in the Lord, that he might manifest the riches of his grace, and be exalted in showing mercy; and that we, in the end, might be saved 'to the praise of the glory of his grace, who made us accepted in the Beloved.' The Lord revealed to my soul that full and suit-

able provision made in this way, against the power of sin, that, as there is righteousness in him, so there is strength, even everlasting strength, in the Lord Jehovah, to secure against all enemies; and that in him there is sweet provision made against the guilt of sins, through the power of temptation, his people may be entangled in. 'These things write I unto you, that ye sin not. But if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world.' When this strange discovery was made of a relief, wherein full provisions were made for all the concerns of God's glory, and my salvation in subordination thereto, my soul was, by a glorious and sweet power, carried out to rest in it, as worthy of God and every way suitable and satisfying in my case. 'They that know his name, will put their trust in him.' "

It is with much reluctance, that we pass over entirely, for want of room, the subsequent experience of this eminent servant of Christ. Hardly any thing of the kind, so deep, so scriptural, so discriminating, has ever fallen under our observation. Very few Christians, certainly, have ever studied the anatomy of the heart with so much success, or succeeded so well in laying open its secret workings, under the awakening, renewing and sanctifying influence of the Spirit. But the *leading* object of this volume is to delineate the prominent features of genuine *conviction* and *conversion*, which, as they appear in the case of Halliburton, has been done in the preceding pages, we shall hasten to a close.

He was licensed to preach in June, 1699, and ordained at Ceres, in May, 1700, where he continued in the faithful

discharge of the duties of the ministry, till 1710, when he left his charge, and was installed Professor of Divinity, in the University of St. Andrews. Much was expected from his talents, learning and piety, in that important office; but his health soon failed, and he departed to receive the rewards of a good and faithful servant, (as it is confidently believed,) on the morning of Sept. 22d, 1712, in the 38th year of his age.

CHAPTER III.

REV. GEORGE TROSSE.

THE CHANGE, OR THE DISSOLUTE VAGABOND RENEWED.

The subject of the following narrative was an extraordinary instance of the sovereignty and power of divine grace. Though respectably descended, yet the earlier part of his life was disgraced by sins of great enormity ; and, but for the interposing hand of God, he would have precipitated himself early into the gulf of perdition. He was rescued from ruin and made the partaker of divine mercy. He became a preacher of the faith to which he had been inveterately opposed ; and his life furnishes a striking instance of " grace abounding to the chief of sinners."

His early character and history.

He was born in Exeter, England, Oct. 25, 1631. His friends, though respectable and upright, were decided enemies to the Puritans, and, it is feared, to serious and personal religion. They trained up their son to entertain some respect for the word, the day, and the house of God,

but beyond this, they do not appear to have advanced in imparting religious instruction.

He was placed at an early age in the grammar school of his native city. He made rapid proficiency in learning, and exceeded all his companions in literary attainments. He left school in his fifteenth year with the intention of entering on the more active duties of life. His conduct during his pupilage, was respectful, courteous, and moral; but he was totally unacquainted with the nature of real religion; he lived in the neglect of secret prayer, and cherished a decided antipathy against all, who were denominated Puritans. Nothing appears to have afforded him greater amusement than to sing the ribald songs that were written against them.

His father died while he was young; and desirous that his son should follow his profession, he bequeathed to him his valuable legal library. To the law, however, George had no inclination. He was desirous of being a merchant; and with this desire, his mother, who was the daughter of a merchant who had amassed great wealth in mercantile pursuits, heartily concurred. Feeling no concern for the spiritual and immortal welfare of her child, she was only anxious that he might engage in that profession which would the most certainly and readily procure a fortune. On leaving school, therefore, it was determined that he should go to France to acquire the language, and to gain a more extensive acquaintance with the world, as preparatory to his entering on a mercantile life. He observes, "Hence I may date the beginning and occasion of my after sins and calamities; for going abroad into a tempting world, with a blind mind, a foolish fancy, and a graceless heart, without any considerable experience of human affairs, I was easily led

into great sins, and dangerous snares, and so laid myself open to very great evils of several kinds, as you will more fully understand by what follows; which I the rather choose to relate, that I may warn others from venturing upon the like temptations, and to caution parents against indulging their children's unreasonable inclinations."

At the early age of fifteen, destitute of religious principle, and without parental control, he left England, and sailed for Morlaix in France. In that town he resided for a time, and prosecuted his studies. He then removed to Pontive, and lodged with a French Protestant minister, under whose tuition, and by his own application, he became a thorough proficient in the language. But placed in a country where superstition and impiety generally prevailed, where morality was disregarded, and the Sabbath openly profaned; the evil propensities of his nature had full and unrestrained exercise. He ran after every kind of folly, and addicted himself to every species of vice; and, though occasionally experiencing remorse of conscience, and forming resolutions of amendment; he still persisted in his vicious course during the whole of his residence in that country. While at Pontive, he was severely afflicted with the ague, which lasted about nine weeks, and brought him to the borders of the grave. "And yet," he writes in a review of his life, "notwithstanding this rebuke of Providence, I never thought seriously of God, sin, or death; judgment, heaven, or hell; but behaved myself like a brute under all."

It pleased God to remove this affliction, but he did not profit by it. He speedily resumed his old courses, and with greater avidity, sought after his old vices. He became proud, passionate, and revengeful; and on one occasion, in a fit of rage through some imaginary provoca-

tion, he attempted to stab one of his companions in study and in vice.

A melancholy and fatal accident befel the minister with whom he resided. He had been dangerously ill, but on recovering, went out of his apartment one Lord's day to examine some repairs that were going on in a remote part of the house, when unexpectedly, a part of the building fell upon him. He was precipitated to the ground, and was taken up nearly lifeless. He lingered a few moments after being extricated from the ruins, and then expired. This event produced a considerable sensation in the town, and was considered by some as a direct judgment against M. Rasmet for his Sabbath profanation, and for his heretical notions as a Protestant. On young Trosse's mind, the melancholy event appears to have produced no salutary impression. He became more riotous than ever, and conducted himself with most unbecoming levity and insolence towards the afflicted widow and her family.

He shortly afterwards left Pontive, and returned to Morlaix. There he continued about nine months longer, pursuing, with intense and increasing eagerness, his career of thoughtlessness, extravagance, and folly. He observes, "Many times I drank to excess; but when I came again to myself, and reflected soberly upon what I had done, I was greatly ashamed, and displeased with myself; looking upon it as an unreasonable and disgraceful sin, which exposed me to the censure and derision of men; but did not consider that it laid me open to the wrath of God. After I had thus exposed myself by such miscarriages, I took up resolutions, and made vows, to leave them for the future. But all these having been made without any sense of God at all, by the direction, in the

strength, and for the ends of carnal self, they were soon forgotten and contradicted."

It is an affecting consideration, that a youth of such respectability, talents, and property, should thus debase his character, and press onwards in the way to destruction; but when his age, his utter destitution of religion, his abundant resources, his entire freedom from parental restraint, or even the control of guardians or friends, are taken into account, his conduct will occasion no surprise to those who are acquainted with the deceitfulness of their own hearts. Justly does Mr. Trosse remark in his reflections, "that where there is much money, little wit, no religion, a vicious mind, and no reprove, a person is exposed to tremendous evils, and extravagant follies." And from his own experience, he adds, "I wish all parents, as they love the souls of their children, and value their own comfort, would not suffer their children to go beyond the sea till they have some ground to believe that the root of grace is in them, and so God engaged with them for their preservation; or else, that they would commit them to some strictly holy or religious person there, who would faithfully discharge his duty to their souls."

The time for young Trosse's return at length arrived; and, after indulging himself in his favorite vice of drunkenness, he embarked, and in due time, reached his native land. His career of folly had involved him in expenses far exceeding the bounds of what even he considered prudence; and on rendering an account to his mother, as a cover to his prodigality, he invented and persisted in telling most notorious falsehoods. These falsehoods could not be disproved, and thus he succeeded in deceiving his mother, but it was at the sacrifice of his conscience, and the expense of his happiness.

He was now seventeen years of age, residing with his only and affectionate parent, without employment, and pursuing only folly and vice. The habits he had acquired on the continent, he could not relinquish at home. He had become hardened in sin, "accustomed to do evil," he would not "learn to do well." At length he decided on entering the merchants' service, and it was resolved, accordingly, by his mother and friends, that he should be apprenticed to some "merchant beyond the seas," as the most successful method of accomplishing their united wishes. He went to London to visit a relation, by whom he was introduced to a Portuguese merchant, whose interest was solicited in order to procure a situation for him in Portugal. In this merchant's family he resided previously to his leaving England. His stay was protracted in London for three months. During this period he was absorbed in indolence or intoxication, gambling or wantonness. And his hatred against pure and undefiled religion appeared to increase with his wickedness. The time for his departure however arrived : and after indulging in an excess of sinful pleasures, he embarked at Gravesend, and sailed to Oporto. He reached the "desired haven," in perfect safety, and took up his residence with an English merchant in that port. Here the intervals of business were occupied with the vices of the country. His Sabbaths were profaned, being spent in the taverns, at the billiard-tables, or in water excursions. The Bible and religious books were neglected and despised ; in fact, few such books could be introduced into Portugal. When a ship arrived at port from a Protestant country, the inquisitors went on board, and seized all Bibles, all devotional and practical books, placed and sealed them up in bags, and carried them away to their convents,

There they were detained till the ship was ready to sail, when they were again delivered to the captain. Indeed, religious toleration was not allowed in any shape whatever to foreigners. Cromwell, during the protectorate, however, interposed his authority, and compelled the Portuguese to allow liberty of conscience, and freedom of worship to British subjects.

This restraint on their religious liberty, does not appear to have greatly affected the merchants in general. Business and pleasure were the sole objects of their pursuits; the mammon of wealth or folly was the idol which they worshipped. Young Trosse entered fully into the spirit of folly and sin which prevailed in the town. Occasionally he strolled into the Catholic chapels, where, to avoid suspicion, he usually bowed his knees to their images, and pretended to be engaged in their worship. With this merchant he continued more than two years; when, owing to a dispute between his friends in London, and his master, he was obliged to quit his service, and compelled even to pay for his expenses during the time he had lived in his house. He left Oporto and proceeded in company with others to Lisbon, where he continued three months. Here his moral principles were repeatedly put to the test, and he was found wanting. He yielded to the force of every inclination, and lived in the indulgence of his unbridled passions. His Protestantism was severely tried by a fascinating temptation to embrace popery, and to enter the convent of Jesuits in that city; but against this temptation, he was proof. The religion of popery he detested; while all the carnal indulgences allowed and practiced under that system he eagerly embraced and pursued.

The ship in which he was to be conveyed to England,

was now ready to sail. He embarked, and as he says, "after two years and three quarters abode in Portugal, living in atheism, ignorance, profaneness, and debauchery, he left it and sailed for his native country." In his reflections, written after his conversion, he says, "For many years since, every day upon my knees, have I been blessing and giving thanks to a wise and gracious God for bringing me from thence, and not permitting me to live any longer there. I might, had I attained my own and friends' design, have spent many more there, and might have gotten a great deal of treasure, and at length might have returned with abundance of wealth and a flourishing estate; but then, I should have lived without God, and against him, and all that time have continually increased my guilt and my misery, and brought home infinitely more curses on my person, than of coin to enrich me. I should in that case have returned with a heart full of pride and lust, and fuel to have fed them all my days. But blessed be God that I tarried not there a day longer than did. I would not now live there one day, as I then lived months and years, for all the riches of Portugal."

The passage to England, was stormy and dangerous; and instead of proceeding to London, the place of her destination, the vessel was obliged to put in at Plymouth. He observes, "Thus again the providence of God brought me safely to my own country; from a foreign nation into Immanuel's land; from anti-christian territories, to a land where the gospel is printed in our own language, and orthodoxly preached; where God alone is the object of worship, and the Lord Christ applied to as the only Mediator, and where we are plainly directed in the way to heaven."

When he landed, he proceeded to his old habits of inebriety. The following day was the Sabbath. He attended public worship which he had neglected for three years; but he felt no interest in the service, nor offered thanksgiving for his preservation, during his absence or his voyage. The remainder of the day he profaned, and closed it with intemperance. On the following morning he set out on horseback for Exeter, but being in a state of complete intoxication, he could not long retain his seat. He fell from his horse, and was taken up as dead, but he received no injury, and arrived safely at his mother's residence, after three years' absence.

The Change.

The next six years of his life were spent at home in ease and leisure. He followed no avocation, and directed his mind to no pursuits but those of folly and sin. Profanity, contempt of God, and his holy word, together with offences of flagrant enormity, marked his conduct throughout this period. His hatred to religion was manifest. Prayer was neglected and despised. The Bible was never consulted, except to pervert its meaning to some unhallowed purpose. His hard drinking brought on him dangerous maladies, from which he was mercifully restored; but the providence of God was never acknowledged, nor the divine forbearance adored. One remarkable instance of the divine goodness, and his ingratitude, may be noticed. "Once when I had greatly besotted myself by an excess of drinking, I rode into the country, and fell from my horse, near the gallows, about two miles from our city; which yet I did not at all remember, but was reminded of it by one who saw me lie there like a swine.

Yet I considered not the danger of this fall, nor the circumstances of the place, although my mother had some time before, related a story to me, of a sword bearer of the city of Exeter, who, riding that way with a design to poison his wife, by Providence was flung off his horse just by the gallows, which the obstinate wretch refusing to consider, rode on, and executed his design. Upon the discovery of this barbarous deed, he was prosecuted, and at length executed, upon that very gallows, where he owned that Providence punished his wilful obstinacy in not having taken the warning, and desisted from his bloody purpose."

The Sabbath was usually spent in the total neglect of divine worship, and in the practice of his vices. If ever he attended divine service, he owns that he profaned it. "I considered not God as the solemn object of devotions, and had no due regard to the manner in which they ought to have been performed; and sometimes, in the very height of my drunkenness and lust, I engaged in them." His dissipation involved him in pecuniary embarrassments, so that he was obliged to sell his interest in a house left him by his father, in order to pay his "debts of honor," as they are falsely called, and to cover his extravagant expenses.

He confesses that he had, in fact, sinned against the entire morallaw, and had so hardened himself in sin, that he was disposed to have continued in this condition and course to the end of his days. 'Satan's cursed work,' says he 'I loved and delighted in. He was my master, as a tempter to sin, and a promoter of it. And no doubt experienced Christians have concluded, that if ever God should bring home such a sinner to himself, it would be by dreadful horrors and terrors, by the most stinging re-

morse and the most piercing anguish ; which, at last, fell out accordingly.'

He was now approaching a crisis in his history. He found by woful experience, though he lamented it not, that the way of transgressors is hard. His health was impaired by dissipation, and his mental faculties began to lose their tone and vigor, through the excessive quantity of stimulating liquors introduced into his system. It needed only some particularly exciting circumstances to destroy the balance of his mental powers, and to reduce him to a state of insanity. And the probability of such a catastrophe was not the less unlikely, insomuch as he was occasionally the subject of vivid and alarming apprehensions of futurity, and of goading compunctions of conscience.

An event now took place, which was a source of inexpressible misery, as it was the occasion of throwing him into a state of deplorable, and, for some time, incurable madness.

He rode with his mother one morning, to a retired village in a valley, about twelve miles from Exeter. The next morning, contrary to the wishes of his mother, he returned home, and became bondsman for a person who had been a major in the king's army, and was considered to be disaffected to the government of the commonwealth. All such persons were ordered by the Protector to be arrested, and were allowed their liberty only upon good security. Rash, headstrong, and violent in his political feelings, and inveterate in his hatred against the existing government, he, contrary to the solicitations of his friends, and even of the sheriff, proffered bail for the major, and was accepted. He spent the day in carousing, and, in a state far from sober, he mounted his horse to return home.

In proceeding, he fell from his horse, but, by some means or other, he regained his seat, and at length, reached his mother's abode. On dismounting, he reeled into the kitchen, asked his mothers' blessing, and being unable to stand, from the effects of drinking, was carried to bed. The servant asked him if he was not afraid to be alone: he replied, 'I do not fear all the devils in hell, and can go and lie anywhere, at any time.' He slept soundly all night; but in the morning, when he began to reflect on his folly in becoming surety for the major, he became greatly distressed and vexed. This mortification, together with the effects of the liquor, and his fall on the preceding day, threw him into a state of confusion and delirium, which at length terminated in total derangement.

His thoughts, now uncontrolled by reason, were various and distressing, and, as not unfrequently happens, in cases of insanity, they flowed in one particular direction. Religion was the constant, the only subject of his delirious musings. His imaginary visions, his awful apprehensions, his horrible blasphemies, and his dreadful temptations, are recorded with distressing minuteness in the account which he wrote of himself, and which it would be worse than useless to detail.

There can be no doubt that the adversary of souls availed himself of this opportunity to tempt and torment his wretched vassal. Crafty and powerful, he adapts his suggestions and temptations to the circumstances of individuals, and presents them at seasons when they are most likely to take effect. The apostolic exhortation to sobriety and vigilance, is founded on the known subtlety and malice of the adversary, 'who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' This was a dreadful affliction, and yet in his aberrations, Mr Trosse

would allow no means to be used for his recovery. His friends, hopeless of all relief by keeping him at home, resolved on sending him to an establishment at Glastonbury, devoted to the reception and cure of such unfortunate patients. After desperate resistance, he was at length secured, and conveyed to his new habitation. Here he continued in the same state of 'horror, delusion, and blasphemy,' and ungovernable madness, for some months. His malady at last yielded to the persevering treatment of his attendants, and he became tranquil and composed. The matron of the establishment was a pious lady; she frequently conversed with him on serious subjects, and was the means, under the Divine blessing, of producing a beneficial impression on his mind. He now directed his attention to the Scriptures, and religious works, and became very correct and serious in his general deportment.

He was duly restored to his friends; but scarcely had he become settled at home, before the unsubdued depravity of his heart again burst forth. He rejoined his old companions, retraced his former steps of folly and sin, and shortly became as guilty and polluted as ever. His conscience was now more sensitive. He could not sin with equal pleasure. He experienced some very pungent convictions and alarming fears respecting the course he was pursuing. He adopted various methods to soothe his conscience and allay his fears, but all were in vain. His irregularities induced a relapse of his disorder, and he was obliged to be conveyed again to Glastonbury. His malady did not assume so violent a character, nor continue so long as before; but was accompanied with similar visions, delusions, and blasphemies. He made an attempt on his life, but was prevented from accomplishing his purpose by the promptitude of his keeper. It pleased God to restore him

again to soundness of mind ; and he returned to Exeter with a firm resolution to renounce his former habits and practices, and to devote himself to the service and ways of God. But his resolutions, like all those formed by mankind in their own strength, were soon broken. He was overcome by temptations, and relapsed into the very courses which had been the occasion of his misery. Again his conscience became alarmed, his mind bewildered, and all the symptoms of insanity speedily returned. The same measures were again resorted to by his friends, and he was conveyed a third time to Glastonbury. The journey thither, was one of extreme dejection and misery. He threw himself from his horse, with the intention of breaking his neck ; but the Lord, who had designs of mercy on his guilty creature, preserved him unhurt. He reached his habitation, where, he says, he was again as outrageous and furious, as despairing, and as desperate, as formerly.

Again the divine goodness was displayed in restoring him to perfect sanity. He returned home, evidently improved in health and character. Religion, which he had formerly detested, was now sought after with intense interest. His dreadful calamities were overruled for his spiritual good ; and, from this time he dates his first serious convictions. He at length found 'peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ : ' and was seen like the lunatic in the gospel, 'sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind.' The direct means of his conversion to God he could not specify ; but among the principal instruments employed to effect that change, he reckons the matron of the establishment at Glastonbury. She embraced every opportunity, during the lucid intervals, to direct his attention to the hopes and consolations of religion,

and appears to have been eminently successful. In summing up the account of his life to this period, he thus writes: — ‘ I have given a brief narrative of a wicked and wretched life, a life full of daring crimes, and visited with dreadful judgments till I was about twenty-five years old. Though God might have then justly cut me off, and cast me into hell, or have left me to the power of the devil, and the sway of my lusts, or have increased my torments every minute of the remaining part of my continuance on earth ; yet, such was his infinite goodness, and matchless grace, that here a period was put to my ungodly courses, but not to my days. I believe I may date my beginning to seek after God, and my perseverance in that search till I had found him, from this very time ; for though I cannot tell the minister or sermon whereby I was converted, yet, I bless God, I can say I am what I was not ; I am quite contrary to what I was in the past years of my life, both in judgment, heart and conversation. God was pleased to make use of all the terrors of my conscience, those dreadful convictions, and the lively apprehensions I had of the lake of fire and brimstone, to drive me from sin and hell ; and, if any one was more eminently instrumental in my conversion than another, Mrs. Gollop, (the lady before alluded to,) was the person ; I am persuaded, under God, she was the prime instrument, both of the health of my body and the salvation of my soul.’

Thus was this enemy of God subdued by the power of divine grace, and made to rejoice in that very salvation which he had so long despised. Mr. Trosse’s afflictions, the natural consequences of his sins, were truly awful, and prove the truth of the divine word, that it is ‘ an evil and bitter thing to sin against God.’ But they were, through the infinite mercy of God, overruled and sancti

fied. He became a devoted servant of Jesus Christ, and lived through a long period, to show that he was indeed a 'brand plucked out of the fire,' and to testify that 'it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' even the chief of sinners.

In the conclusion of the retrospect that Mr. Trosse took of his own life, he draws the following sketch of his character and history, both before and after his conversion.

"Thus I have given an account of my ignorant, wicked and profane life, to the time of my convictions; of my deluded, blasphemous, despairing, malicious, revengeful, cruel, and miserable life, with my sad and repeated relapses after all, to the commencement of my sincere endeavors, as I hope, to obtain God's favor, and my walking in some measure, answerable thereto. Though at best, I must own, I came abundantly short of those returns of gratitude, love, zeal, contempt of the world, self-denial, vigilance, fear, diligence, and laboriousness in God's service, which my convictions and engagements, my advantages and blessed helps I have enjoyed, ever since I began to seek after God, call for.

I acknowledge that I have sadly experienced the strong workings of corruption, and have sometimes been insensibly drawn into great snares and into great danger of foul and scandalous falls; but, still keeping and continuing at the throne of grace, God was pleased to prevent my dishonoring his name, disgracing his religion, scandalizing of sinners, and grieving of saints, that so I might not be the devil's triumph, and ruin myself. Since my corruptions, through the grace of God, could not pre-

vail upon me to give over my duty of prayer ; my prayer, through the prevailing intercession of the Mediator, hath been a means to secure me from acting according to them. So that now, I hope, I am more confirmed, through divine mercy, in my resolutions to resist and mortify than ever.

Thus, for the space of about twenty-five or twenty-six years, I lived in a state of nature, in a course of sin and folly ; and experienced it to be brutish, unreasonable, ruinous, and destructive to health, estate, and name, to rest and reason, as well as tending to horror, despair, rage, and hell.

But now, ever since, for the space of about thirty-six years, blessed be God for every minute of them, I have kept on steadily in the ways of God, and, notwithstanding all oppositions from without, and more dangerous discouragements from within, I have found them blessed, honorable, and comfortable with respect to body and mind, and all outward concerns, as well as to heart and conscience within : so that I can say from experience, if ever any one could, 'that godliness is profitable for all things, and hath the promise of this life, as well as of that to come.' So that I will say again, that I never heard, or read, of a person so strangely saved from sin and hell, so wonderfully blessed with all contrary favors and mercies.

By the sins and debaucheries in my younger years I very much injured my health, and impaired my constitution. But now, at this age, I have a great measure of health and strength, sound vitals, a good stock of spirits, that I can undertake and go through much studying and preaching ; insomuch, that many greatly wonder at the bodily strength God has given me.

By my follies and vices I had rendered myself a sottish and illiterate dunce, living, about ten years, a wandering and a vain life, never applying myself to the reading of books, or to studying, that I might preserve that little grammar-learning, I had at school, so that I could not but, in a great measure, forget it. But now, I bless God, I understand Greek and Latin, and have read many volumes in both languages, and have looked into the original of the Old Testament with good satisfaction.

By my sins and sensualities, I had brought myself into horrible distractions, and perfect madness. I was, for a time, deprived of the regular use of reason, and by the disturbance of my imagination, I became wild and outrageous. But now, my brain is composed, my mind calm, my thoughts orderly; I have a fancy to invent, and a memory to retain what I clearly understand; I can well remember others' sermons, and my own. I acknowledge divine goodness and mercy in all.

By my profane and profligate way of living, I had rendered myself the just object of good men's contempt, and abhorrence. But now, I thank God, they esteem me worthy of their favor and respect.

By my profaneness and exorbitant practices, I was atheistical and as without God in the world; acting contrary to all Scriptural, divine, and saving directions, and this too, when considerably advanced in years. But now, I am fully satisfied that I am orthodox, in the fundamentals of faith and practices, and, I hope, in most of those truths which are built thereon.

By my brutish and casual way of life, I had cast myself into the depths of despair and horror; absolutely concluding upon an impossibility of being received into God's favor, or of being saved. But now, I hope I have a well-

grounded peace in my conscience, and through grace, a comfortable prospect of eternal life.

By my violence in sins, I had made myself so vain, wild, and inconsiderate, that I was altogether unfit for the meanest and most easy employment. But since, blessed be God, I have been judged by learned, orthodox, and faithful ministers of Christ, to be fit and qualified for the most noble and excellent, the most difficult and awful, but yet the most profitable and beneficial of vocations, namely, the ministerial. And, by the grace of God, I have been greatly assisted in the work thereof, and have, at this day, better abilities, both of body and mind, for this function, than when I was younger. So that God hath not only turned a raging persecutor of the gospel, into a preacher of it, as he did by St. Paul; but even an ignorant sot, a debauched prodigal, and in a sense a desperate devil, into a servant of Christ, owning and assisting him in delivering the embassy of the blessed gospel.

By my sin and folly, I became carnally and spiritually depraved in a very high degree. I deprived myself of all common grace, sunk myself beneath the beasts that perish, and levelled myself in effect, with the devils who are damned, in their despair, rage, and enmity against God, and in their malice and fury against man. But now, I hope God hath given me grace; has advanced me among the excellent of the earth; given me desires to love and serve him, and glorify his name, and excited me to do the same. Now, I am persuaded, I love my fellow-creatures, and can heartily pray for them, and labor to assist them, in obtaining their chief good, the eternal fruition of the blessed God.

By my sin and folly I had fitted myself for, and merited the most grievous and intolerable of all the torments o.

hell. But now, I believe God hath put me into a state of grace here, hath justified and adopted me to a state of glory. But how my God will be pleased to deal by me, what he will do for and upon me, in the remaining part of my life, how he will dispose of me from henceforth, I know not; neither am I solicitous about that. Only if he please to answer my constant prayers, and enable me to act the graces, and discharge the duties of every condition he shall think fit to put me into, then let him call me to do and suffer what he judges meet; since of men, ministers, and saints, I am the most obliged to act for him, or suffer from him, in compliance with his will and for the promotion of his glory, of any person who hath ever been in the world, the ministry, or the church.

This relation of my life was finished by me on the fifteenth day of February, A. D. 1692-3, and of mine age sixty-one, and about five months.

Now to God the Father, who I hope, has from eternity determined grace and glory for me; to God the Son, who purchased all for me, in the fullness of time, by his humiliation, and procured all by his prevailing intercession; to God the Holy Ghost, who has wrought grace, I would hope, in me; to this eternal, invisible, and glorious Trinity, be glory and praise, be love and service, be adoration and hallelujahs ascribed by me, by all saints and angels on earth and in heaven, forever, and ever. Amen and Amen."

Mr. Trosse was truly a monument of mercy: and the change wrought in his life and conduct was such as to strike every beholder with astonishment. Deeply did he feel his obligations to divine grace; and he was anxious, therefore, to glorify God in all his ways. Having been

so greatly blessed, "he loved much." His love to God was ardent and intense. This was the principle which moved and acted him in religion. He read and meditated, and fasted and prayed, and labored and suffered, because he loved. The sight of God's amiable perfections delighted his heart; the sense of his love in giving the Lord Jesus Christ to die for him, in regenerating and pardoning him, knit his soul to God. The thoughts of God were pleasant to him, and it was his meat and drink to do the will of his heavenly Father. He loved all that belonged to God; his word, his day, his worship, his people. He was deeply affected with, and would often speak with admiration of his distinguishing love to him in his conversion.

"Thanksgiving" formed an essential part of his devotions. Like many of his contemporaries, he appropriated certain seasons to this delightful exercise. Praise is one of the principal services of heaven; and never does a sinful creature bear a greater resemblance to the inhabitants of the skies, than when, in the attitude of devotion, he is pouring out his heart in thanksgiving and praise to the eternal God. Modern devotions are characterized more by confession and petitions than by adoration and praise. The guilt and necessity of our nature, indeed, require that we should be frequent and urgent in our supplications, but our mercies, free, numberless, and invaluable, demand as constant acknowledgements at the throne of grace. In the overwhelming sense of our need, we are prone to forget our obligations for favors received. Not so, however, did the ancient worthies in the Christian churches. "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me?" was a question which they kept ever before them, and according to which their devotions

were regulated. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me, and to him that ordereth his conversation aright, will I show the salvation of God."

A record of the method in which he spent his time on Sabbath is preserved. "He arose at five o'clock, prayed for a blessing on his secret duties, read a psalm and chapter, always in order, except on sacrament days, when he meditated on the 22d Psalm, and the 53d chapter of Isaiah, and having reflected on them, he spent the remainder of the time, till a little after seven, in prayer. Then he went down, and having refreshed himself, he continued in family duties till almost nine, which was the time of public worship. When he came home, he went immediately to his chamber, without warming himself in the coldest season. When he had walked a little, he betook himself to his study, and continued there in prayer till dinner. After that, he walked by himself, till his servants had dined. Then he prayed for a blessing and repeated the sermon he had preached or heard in the forenoon; for he would, by heart repeat other ministers' sermons with great readiness, though he had very little time to recollect himself: and having sung a psalm, he went again to the house of God. At his return, he went forthwith to his chamber, and, after a little while, to his study, where he continued about an hour in prayer. Then he supped, and afterward read in some good book. After his servants had supped, he performed family duties thus: He began with prayer, read half an hour by his watch, in some practical book, sung part of a psalm, as he did every morning and evening before prayer, and prayed about three quarters of an hour. He was longer in prayer and praise on the Lord's day, than on other days, for which he gave this reason: because, under the law of

Moses, only one lamb was appointed to be offered in the morning, and another in the evening on other days; two were required on the Sabbath, to teach us to double our devotions.

Thus did this servant of God spend his days, "as the days of heaven" upon earth. Living, as he did, in the very atmosphere of devotion, and nourished and fed by the "bread of heaven," his spiritual health was maintained unimpaired; and he continued to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Redeemer;" and found the prophet's declaration to be true, "that the Lord will be with you while ye be with him."

Living in the exercise of great spirituality of mind, Mr. Trosse cared little for the "good things" of this life. He derived his happiness from above, and therefore sought not pleasures from earth and sense. "Temperance is one of the graces of the Spirit, and equally interdicts an excess of aliment whether in the solid or liquid form. Gluttony is as guilty as intoxication; its physical effects are less obvious, but its moral guilt is the same. They equally disqualify for the service of God, and are both chargeable with an abuse of the bounties of heaven. Hence the caution of the Savior, "Take heed to yourselves, lest your hearts at any time be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and the cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." "Mr. Trosse," says his biographer, "did not make provision for the flesh to fulfill its lusts;" nor was he nice and curious in his diet, but moderate in eating and drinking, and lost little time at it. He preferred plain substantial food before that which is prepared with art and trouble. He seldom took anything between meals, and being short and sparing at them, was the fitter for study, his abstinence conducing to maintain

the vigor both of his body and mind. He would not drink healths, saying when he refused one, that was offered him at a mayor's feast; "In my youth, I had almost drank away the health of my body and soul; but I have drank no healths for above forty years."

In his ministerial character, there is much that deserves consideration. He had a powerful sense of the worth of souls, which made him labor night and day, for their conversion and salvation; and, having himself been rescued from everlasting destruction, almost by a miracle of mercy, he thought he could never do enough to testify his gratitude to God, and his compassion to men. When he was old, he did not think himself at liberty to remit his pains, indulge his ease, or hide his talent; but, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, he warred a good warfare. He still labored in the word and doctrine, and brought forth fruit in old age. His friends often importuned him to favor himself, and have respect to his age and infirmities, that he might be the longer serviceable in the world. To this his reply was, 'I came late into the vineyard, and must work hard, and one moment in heaven will be a sufficient recompense for all that I can do on earth. All his studies were conducted in the spirit of devotion. He entertained a salutary fear lest they should divert him too much from his spiritual exercises. "My desire to endow my mind with sciences and languages, and to treasure up ideas and knowledge, hath been very pressing on my spirit, since I came hither, not only to take my pen from paper, but also my heart from prayer; not only to bind up my hands from writing, but also from lifting them up to the throne of grace; and my calling to be a scholar, hath always been a great temptation to call me from being a Christian. Yet I have been enabled, by grace, to keep

my religious hours, as well as my studious, and to frequent the temple as well as my study. And I know I have lost nothing, but my gain is inconceivable by it.

Luther affirms, "that to pray well, is to study well," and Mr. Trosse says in his journal, "I have experienced that the best studying is on our knees; for I have been taught more divinity on my knees, than ever I learnt by orthodox writers; and, in my secret devotions, I have been persuaded of, and enlightened in, such notions and truths as I never before met with elsewhere." This testimony is the more valuable, as it is that of a man who was assiduous in his studies, and anxious to acquire knowledge from every source within his power. He was no enthusiast, but sought divine illumination and instruction in the use of appointed means.

His preaching was not with the enticing words of man's wisdom; nor did he, by labored periods and starched language, hinder the edification of the common people, and destroy their reverence of holy things. He studied to show himself approved of God, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. His public exercises had spirit and life in them. His heart was influenced with love to Christ, and with ardent desires after the salvation of his hearers. And he spake as one who had a mighty awe of God upon his spirit; as one whose own soul was possessed of those graces which he recommended, and those affections which he endeavored to excite in others; as one who had no other design upon his hearers, than to reform their lives, and save their souls. He was skillful in explaining and applying divine truths; and faithful, keeping back nothing from his people which was profitable unto them. He shunned not to declare unto them, all the counsel of God, that he might be pure from the blood of all men.

Like the holy Apostle, "he counted not his life dear to him, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. He shrunk not from duty, even when its performance was painful and hazardous, but relied for security and support on Him in whose cause he was embarked, and whose glory he was anxious to promote. Nor was he disappointed. His life was preserved, amidst every peril, to a lengthened period. He had, moreover, the satisfaction of knowing that his labors both public and private, were not in vain in the Lord. Success crowned his efforts; and although he had not so many seals of his ministry as he wished, yet he was blessed with more than he expected. The desires of a faithful minister respecting the salvation of sinners, are unbounded; his wishes comprehend the whole human family. And within the limited sphere of his labors, he cannot be satisfied without the conversion of all. This privilege is granted to no man: but such is the expansive benevolence of the gospel, that it allows none of its faithful heralds to be contented, till the common salvation is universally enjoyed. He is gratified and delighted when one soul is brought to Christ; and his pleasure rises in proportion to the accessions which are made to the kingdom of the Redeemer; but still he regrets and mourns that others should remain in their ignorance and sins, with "joyful grief." Therefore, he prosecutes his labors, and earnestly prays that the "kingdom of God may come," and that the whole earth may be filled with his glory.

The biographer of Mr. Trosse, thus concludes his sketch.

"Thus lived, and thus died, this excellent man, an

astonishing instance of divine grace which reformed and pardoned him; an encouraging example of repentance, like the Apostle Paul of old, for the chief of sinners. The two parts of whose life, like contraries set near together, afford a most lively delineation of the odious nature of sin and the beauty of holiness, and serve most powerfully to discourage the one, and recommend the other. An admiring and grateful sense of divine goodness, and a very sorrowful remorse for the loss of the first part of his life, constantly governed his mind for the last six and fifty years of it, and made him redeem time, after a very uncommon rate, by reason of which he far outwent those who began their Christian course much earlier than himself. Practical religion adorned his profession, and, by his being indefatigable in doing good, he made it appear that he thought as he spake, when he declared, 'he neither valued, or desired life on any other account.' And, while some are peculiarly eminent in some graces, those who best knew him, were ready to think there were few, if any, to be mentioned in which he did not excel. These rendered him eminent in every relation and capacity; as a son, a husband, a father, a neighbor, a friend, and more especially, as a minister of the gospel. And though he had doubtless his failings, as well as other men; yet so extraordinary an example is seldom to be found, of sobriety, justice, temperance, industry, humility, self-denial, contentment, patience, charity, contempt of the world, love to God, trust in him, resignation to his will, zeal for his glory, and in a word, of whatever belongs to the character of a Christian or of a minister. It can be no wonder that such a person should live beloved, and die lamented by good men of all persuasions; his malignant enemies

have nothing to accuse him of, save in the matters of his religion, wherein he was truly fervent and zealous. But his piety baffled their weak efforts to blacken him while he lived, and his memory shall be blessed when the name of the wicked shall rot."

CHAPTER IV.

MAJOR GEN. ANDREW BURN.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD LEADING TO REPENTANCE.

Andrew Burn, whose case next comes under our review, was born, in 1742, at Dundee, in Scotland. We give his story in his own words.

“ Besides the common mercy, of being born in a Christian land, God was pleased to bestow upon me another, which is not common to all his children: that of being born of godly parents, and surrounded on all sides by truly pious relations.

Infant reason no sooner dawned, than they began to use every possible means to give that reason a right bias towards its proper object; and they daily approached the throne of grace with fervent prayer for their helpless child, before he knew how to pray for himself. When a rude and unthinking boy at school, I have sometimes stood at my pious grandmother's closet door; and how many heart-affecting prayers and ardent supplications have I heard poured forth for me, for which I then never imagined there was the smallest occasion!

The virtuous and evangelical principles I imbibed in my youth, and the pious examples constantly set before me, though frequently slighted, and sometimes in the course of a wicked life entirely forgotten, yet seldom or never failed to witness against me in the wilful commission of sin; and frequently were means of preventing its perpetration: and what prevents sin, must surely be a great blessing.

From my infancy to the age of sixteen, having none but virtuous examples before me, and being surrounded with pious relatives, ready to warn and correct me on the least failure, I should have been in a manner constrained to walk circumspectly, even if I had been most viciously inclined: that, however, was not the case; for my compassionate Creator, among all his other favors, gave me a tender conscience, which in those early days was more hearkened to than it has frequently been since; and, if I mistake not, the principal part, if not the whole of my religion consisted in attempts to pacify this clamorous monitor.

My parents carefully taught me to pray with the lip; but it was beyond their power to make me pray with the heart, and that I seldom or never did. I was obliged to repeat the Assembly's Catechism, at least, once a week, for eight or ten years together; but I may safely venture to affirm, I did not know the spiritual meaning of one sentence in it. The Bible also I read over several times, but with no more profit at that period than I received from repeating the catechism. The name of Jesus Christ, with salvation through him alone, was continually sounding in my ears; but, alas! I neither saw my need of such a Savior, nor at all understood the extreme importance of this declaration. Indeed, I thought it was my indis-

pensible duty to be religious like those about me, that I might escape the pains of hell, and lay in a claim to the joys of heaven. A pharisee in miniature, I delighted to think of heaven, and often longed to be one of its inhabitants; though I never rightly relished the nature of their divine employment."

About the age of *fourteen*, young Burn was apprenticed to a respectable attorney, and pursued his studies with considerable success, for somewhat more than a year, when he became discontented and set his heart strongly upon entering the navy. Having gained his father's consent, he embarked in a sloop of war, just as he was entering his *seventeenth* year, and after one or two short cruises in the North-Sea, and the Channel, sailed with a convoy, in the month of April 1759, for the West Indies. He had not been long at Jamaica, when his father, under whose pious care he had been kept back from many presumptuous sins, was constrained by ill health to leave the service, and return to England. Before he left, he obtained his son's discharge also, and then all young Burn's hopes of rising in the navy were dashed at once.

Here, however, he soon obtained a lucrative place in the service of a planter, and entertained sanguine hopes of amassing a fortune. In Jamaica he remained about one year, during which time he gradually threw off those restraints of conscience, which had hitherto preserved him from the grosser vices, and having been mercifully spared, when most of his young companions were swept off by sickness, he resolved to embrace the first opportunity of returning to England. The voyage was long and extremely perilous, and when he landed, he was soon

reduced to his last shilling. After many disappointments, which are particularly detailed in his diary, and in which he afterwards saw the overruling hand of a merciful Providence, he obtained a commission in the marines, and found himself very agreeably stationed at Chatham.

"In this town," says he, "ten years after the events I am now narrating, the Lord was graciously pleased to reveal to my rejoicing heart, the best of all his blessings, the Lord Jesus Christ; witnessing by his Spirit, that he was bestowed freely, without money, and without price, that the whole praise might redound to his infinite mercy. Of what avail would all his other blessings have been, without this? Without Christ Jesus I had turned them all into a curse.

For the three years previous to this period, having been tossed about from place to place, in a very unsettled state, as above described, I had little opportunity and much less inclination, to attend the means of grace, or to read good books. But now having more spare time than I well knew how to employ, my early habits involuntarily returned to my recollection. I began to consider how I could most advantageously employ my leisure, and accordingly laid down a regular plan for the performance of religious duties, to which I strictly adhered. Most of my ancestors having been members of the church of Scotland, and having myself been educated under my pious grandfather, a minister of that church, I thought it was not my duty to leave it, and therefore joined a Presbyterian congregation at Rochester. I constantly attended divine service, received the sacrament once a month, made a conscience of strictly performing my private devotions, and I believe was considered by most who knew me, to be a very good Christian. Nay, pharisee-like, I

was very much inclined to think so myself. But whatever I might be in my own eyes, or in the eyes of others, I certainly was far from being right in the sight of a pure and holy God. As yet, I was ignorant of the depth of iniquity in my depraved heart; I had but very indistinct views of the extent and spirituality of God's holy law, and no just conceptions of the heinous nature and dreadful effects of sin; consequently could not fully appreciate the value of the precious blood shed to take it away, or heartily love or believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, who was manifested to rescue his people from the bondage of sin. So far from partaking of this happy freedom, I still remained the willing slave to various sinful lusts and passions, and felt no remorse in daily doing many things I should shudder to think of now. Thus I continued for several months; and, however strange it may appear, even then, from the severe checks of an awakened and tender conscience, I made some progress in a religious life. Indeed my experience at this period appears a perfect paradox, and obliges me to relate things apparently irreconcilable, because they were true. Though I was frequently with little remorse falling into sin, yet by the power of restraining grace, I was enabled to cut off many sins as dear to me as a right hand, or a right eye.

Having had great experience then, and since, in these painful operations, I would recommend it to those who are determined to be "on the Lord's side," to be resolutely expeditious. If a limb of our body is to be amputated, and an unskillful surgeon, instead of doing it in a few minutes, should keep sawing and cutting it for a whole day, how dreadfully excruciating would such an operation be! Just so it is in a spiritual sense; the more violent it grows, and the more difficult afterwards to subdue; but

if you have courage effectually to destroy it at one stroke, the soul is immediately set at a happy liberty. When the Lord was pleased to convince me of the sin of spending so much valuable time at cards, (my whole attention and thoughts being carried after them,) I found it necessary, for the peace of my conscience, to set about a reformation. First I vowed, and that very solemnly, that I would only devote a certain time to them, and no more; but this resolution continually failing, I next determined to play only for a certain sum and never to exceed it. When that would not do, I vowed still more resolutely to play only for recreation, determining to be careful in the choice of persons with whom I played. But all proved ineffectual. The more I resolved, the stronger grew the sin. A multitude of broken vows heaped guilt upon guilt, and brought an accumulated load of sorrow upon my mind. So much so, that on one Lord's day, when I was to receive the sacrament, before I approached the sacred ordinance, my conscience so keenly accused me on account of this beloved idol, that I hardly knew what to do with myself. I tried to pacify it by a renewal of all my resolutions, with many additions and amendments. I parleyed and reasoned the matter over for hours, trying, if possible, to come to some terms of accommodation, but still the obstinate monitor within cried out — "There's an Achan in the camp; approach the table of the Lord if you dare." Scared at the threat, and yet unwilling to part with my darling lusts, I became like one possessed. Restless and uneasy, I flew out of the house, to vent my misery with more freedom in the fields, under the wide canopy of heaven. Here I was led to meditate on the happiness of the righteous, and the misery of the wicked in a future state. The importance of eternity, falling

with a ponderous weight upon my soul, raised such a vehement indignation against "the accursed thing" within, that, crying to God for help, I kneeled down under a hedge, and taking heaven and earth to witness, wrote on a piece of paper with my pencil, a solemn vow that I never would play at cards, on any pretence whatsoever, so long as I lived. No sooner had I put my name to this solemn vow, than I felt myself another creature. Sorrow took wing and flew away, and a delightful peace succeeded. The intolerable burden being removed from my mind, I approached the sacred table of the Lord with an unusual degree of pleasure and delight. This was not my only idol. I had many others to contend with.

But while I was endeavoring to heal my wounded soul in one place, ere I was aware, sin broke out in another. Yet still I kept striving, and at that time was far from thinking myself unsuccessful; conceiving my state a very safe one, I was comfortable and cheerful. Indeed, I have often wondered since at the happiness I then enjoyed.

The thought has sometimes almost stumbled me. I loved the society of Christians, and sometimes had sweet communion with God in prayer and other ordinances. Nay, I have at times enjoyed such happy moments, such delightful intercourse with heaven, particularly on an evening, that after having recommended my soul to God in fervent supplication, I have lain down with the greatest serenity of mind, and been indifferent whether I should ever open my eyes again in this world or not.

My reliance at this time was not on my works, but on the mercy of God as freely manifested in Christ Jesus. Yet I remained a stranger to the quickening power of divine grace in my soul.

The sound doctrines of the gospel floated in my head, but I believe they had not fully, if at all, reached my heart. If I am not much mistaken, I was as yet in a great measure, carnal, unaffected, and ignorant. The world was neither crucified to me, nor I to it. I had not learnt wholly to deny myself, to take up my cross, and to follow Christ. But whatever my state might be at that time, whether I enjoyed a true or false peace, this one thing I am sure of—the Lord in infinite mercy and goodness has since, by various means, imperceptibly brought me to a more feeling sense of my own vileness and wretched state by nature, and to a greater acquaintance with the iniquity of my depraved heart, and has given me clearer apprehensions of his love to lost sinners, as displayed in the gift of his only Son Jesus Christ. Though I am yet a babe in this saving knowledge, I humbly trust he will perfect the work he has begun, to the praise of the glory of his grace.”

Undoubtedly, the subject of this memoir was still “in the gall of bitterness, and the bonds of iniquity,” or after several changes in the service, and some remarkable deliverances, he went to France upon the return of peace, in 1763, where he spent several years, in all the dissipations of that voluptuous country; and where he had well nigh embraced a sort of refined, sensual, and philosophical atheism.

“I now,” says he, “looked upon myself as one, who, by dint of study and reflection, had entirely shaken off the prejudices of education, and got above the religion of the country in which I was born. My religion, I thought, was now of the most refined description, thoroughly purged from every bigoted principle, and what all

men of sense would readily approve, though it would puzzle an abler judgment than mine, rightly to define what it was.

In this frame of mind, as nearly as I can recollect, I arrived in England, after having spent six weeks at Paris, at the time of the marriage of king Louis, rolling in every forbidden pleasure, and delighting without remorse in all the sinful gratifications which that polluted city could present to its votaries. On my coming to London, I was so surfeited with those pleasures in which the world places its chief happiness, that for a time, I had no relish to partake any more of them; but God knows, that, notwithstanding this, I had not the least desire after anything that was good.

My whole conduct, and way of thinking were so visibly different from what they were, when I left England, that all my former acquaintance, especially those at Chatham, could not forbear taking particular notice of the change. They that feared God saw it with sorrow, and I believe prayed for me — (the Lord reward them for their prayers, for they were surely heard.) To others it was a matter of satisfaction, and a good subject for mirth, to perceive that their former bigoted companion had effectually wiped off what they and I were now pleased to call the prejudices of religion. Upon my arrival in Scotland, it was still worse. A pious father and mother, with sorrow of heart, soon remarked the melancholy change, which I had not hypocrisy enough to conceal. They so often repeated this expression, "France has been your ruin," that I began seriously to reflect, whether it really was so or not. Upon a strict examination of what I had experienced seven or eight years before, I could hardly persuade myself it was all a delusion; but was rather in-

clined to think there might be some reality in it; and if so, I naturally concluded I could not be right now, because nothing could be more clear than the difference there was between the state of my mind at that period, and at the present. Notwithstanding my secret misgivings, I was both ashamed and loth to give up a system of religion, or I should rather say of irreligion, so well suited to my natural inclination, and probably should have carried it with me to the grave, if grace had not prevented. The chief cause why I afterwards discarded it, was that God in mercy to me, would not let me keep it. The repeated admonitions of my pious relatives, to which I was forced to listen, helped greatly to confirm the suspicions about the safety of my state; and from one step to another, my doubts imperceptibly increased, till at last I began to grow restless and uneasy. I sometimes wished I had never imbibed these pernicious principles, which still retained their chief seat in my heart. What seemed most to shake my suspicions at this time, was the remembrance of that pharisaical disposition and spiritual pride with which I was puffed up when I left Chatham; and a secret strong persuasion that God had thus left me on purpose, to root it out effectually, by showing me how unable I was to stand when left to myself, and to what dreadful lengths I was liable to run. These reflections were accompanied by a hope that God would one day restore me to his favor; but how, or when, or where, this mighty change should be effected, I had no conception. So far from this, I was led to believe it a thing almost impossible; the whole bent of my mind was so diametrically opposite to a practical reception of the truths revealed in the gospel, that had it not been for this secret hope that encouraged me, I never should have attempted to search

after them. I attended on the means of grace. I read, I prayed; but my heart remained just as hard and insensible, and if possible, more prone than ever, to everything that was bad. But God, who is "rich in mercy, worketh and none can let."

He, therefore, made use of such instruments as proved effectual to raze the foundation of all those false hopes and erroneous notions by which the devil held me fast.

'The first things that made any evident impression upon me, were the pious letters of my Christian correspondents: though I could not then embrace what they advanced, yet I clearly saw its truth, and longed to be in their safe and happy state. I disputed with them, but it was with a kind of reluctance, and one thing has frequently struck me, that though I was well persuaded of my ability to stagger them by raising arguments, which I had picked up in disputing with the Roman Catholics, yet I never was permitted to make use of them. When I attempted, a secret impulse from within seemed to whisper thus:—"What! turn advocate for Satan! Not content with being blinded by him, yourself, must you endeavor to delude others!"

This, together with a kind of secret pride, lest my friends should think I was ten times worse than they at first imagined, prevented my throwing stumbling blocks in their way. Though I was unwilling to yield to the force of my correspondents' arguments, yet I could not help being convinced they were agreeable to the word of God, and I found they gained more and more upon me every day, till by the grace of Jesus, they had imperceptibly created a secret and growing desire to be reconciled to the infinitely gracious Being, whom I was now made sensible I had most grievously offended. Blessed be the

name of the Lord! he did not stop here. If he had, these slight impressions would soon have worn off, and I had now been either enduring torment, or, what is next to it, wallowing in sin. But his rich mercy followed me from one means to another, till my impenitent heart felt the power of his grace, was made willing to submit to his sovereign will, and to accept of a free and full salvation by a crucified Redeemer.

I had been but a few months with my friends in Scotland, when I was unexpectedly ordered upon actual service, and obliged to repair to London with all speed. I arrived there in December, 1770, after a tedious and perilous passage by sea, having more than once or twice experienced the goodness of God in delivering me from the most imminent danger. He had gracious purposes of love towards me, which were ripening apace, and just ready to be manifested. Some military business detained me in London nearly two months; in which interval, God was pleased to employ two very powerful means to break asunder the chains of darkness, by which Satan had long led me captive at his will. The first was the unexpected and melancholy account of the death of a dearly beloved brother. He was my only brother, and I loved him as my own soul! The painful, though friendly stroke fell with uncommon weight upon my mind, and a circumstance, somewhat remarkable, served to render it still more affecting. I received the gloomy communication upon nearly the same spot where, seven or eight years before, we had taken our last affectionate farewell of each other. Oh how solemn and pungent was the thought! It preyed upon my soul, making me seriously reflect upon my latter end, and compelling me, (though with dread) to look beyond the grave, towards that awful and eternal

state into which my dear brother had just entered. I now began, in good earnest, to see the vanity and dangerous tendency of those abominable and erroneous notions to which I had tenaciously adhered for several years. They now stood dressed in their proper colors, and loudly proclaimed their diabolical origin. A strong and restless desire to be savingly united to God and his people, drove them from the place they held in my heart, and evidently prevailed in their room.

I saw the absolute necessity there was of such a Savior as Jesus Christ, and was convinced there was no possibility of being saved any other way than by him. But not feeling as yet any love in my heart towards him, nor perceiving in his glorious person any thing that I thought would ever attract my affections, I grieved and mourned, and wept; being well persuaded, that unless I loved Jesus Christ, there could be no hope of my salvation. Besides, I was as yet under the domineering power of sin, neither had the Lord shown me its heinous nature, nor that most dreadful of all sights, my abominably wicked heart. That he reserved for another period. He seemed now to be drawing me to himself with "the cords of love."

About a fortnight after my brother's death, while I continued in a mournfully disconsolate state of mind, because I could not love Christ, I dreamed a very distinct and remarkable dream, which had such a happy effect upon my heart, that I have ever since looked upon it as the principal means the Almighty was pleased to employ in bringing about my thorough conversion. I thought I was sitting, a little before daylight, in the morning, with my deceased brother, on the wall of the parish church-yard, where we had lived many years together. He remained silent for sometime, and then he asked me if I

would not go with him into the church. I readily consented, and immediately rising up, walked with him towards the porch or outer gate, which I thought was very large and spacious; but when we had passed through it, and came to the inner door that led directly into the body of the church, some way or other, but how I could not well conceive, my brother slipt in before me, and when I attempted to follow, which I was all eagerness to do, the door, which slid from the top to the bottom, like those in some fortified towns on the continent, was instantly let down more than half way, so that I now found it requisite to bend myself almost double before I could possibly enter. But as I stooped to try, the door continued falling lower and lower, and consequently the passage became so narrow, that I found it altogether impracticable in that posture. Grieved to be left behind, and determined to get in, if possible, I fell down on my hands, and tried to squeeze my head and shoulders through; but finding myself still too high, I then kneeled down, crept, wrestled, and pushed more eagerly, but all to no purpose. Vexed to the last degree, yet unwilling to be left outside, I came to the resolution of throwing off all my clothes, and crawling like a worm; but being very desirous to preserve a fine silk embroidered waistcoat, which I had brought from France, I kept that on, in hopes of being able to carry it with me. Then laying myself flat on my face, I toiled and pushed, and strove, soiled my embroidered waistcoat, but could not get in after all. At last, driven almost to despair, I stripped myself entirely, and forced my body between the door and the ground, till the rough stones and the gravel tore all the skin and flesh upon my breast, and (as I thought,) covered me with blood. Indifferent, however, about this, and perceiving I advanced a little, I

continued to strive and squeeze, with more violence than ever, till at last I safely got through. As soon as I stood upon my feet on the inside, an invisible hand clothed me in a long white robe; and as I turned round to view the place, I saw a goodly company of saints, among whom was my brother, all dressed in the same manner, partaking of the Lord's Supper. I sat down in the midst of them, and the bread and wine being administered to me, I felt such seraphic joy, such celestial ecstasy, as no mortal can express.

I heard a voice call me three times by name, saying I was wanted at home. My joy was so great and overcoming, that it soon broke asunder the silken bands of sleep, and made me start up in my bed, singing the high praises of God.

So much was I impressed by this remarkable dream, that from this day I was enabled to begin an entirely new life, which (as I advanced in the saving knowledge of divine things) proved as different from the life I had led for several years back, as it is possible any two opposites can be. Old things were now done away, and all things became new. Not that I obtained a complete victory over my domineering sins all at once, or renounced all my false opinions in one day; but a bitter and eternal war was instantly declared against the one, and as God made the discovery to me, I let go the other. My mind was gradually enlightened to comprehend the glorious and important truths of the everlasting gospel, and the eyes of my understanding were so opened to discern spiritual things, that I now read my Bible with wonder and astonishment. I paused almost at every sentence, ruminating within myself; and could hardly be persuaded whether or not I had ever read many of the passages be-

fore, so amazingly were they opened, and so very different did the meaning of them appear to be from what I had previously apprehended. The sweet and comfortable impression which this dream left upon my mind for many days, encouraged and inspired me with fresh vigor in the pursuit of heavenly things. I now plainly saw that I had long strayed in the wilderness of error, and was fully and delightfully convinced the good Shepherd had found me out, and was determined to carry me back again to his fold.

But what is very astonishing, I did not yet perceive any sensible drawings of affection after him, or feel in my heart that love and delight which, blessed be his name! I humbly trust, I have at times since, sweetly experienced. Nor, till nearly a year afterwards, did I rightly conceive, in any adequate degree, what was meant by the intolerable burden of sin. But as the Lord increased and strengthened my faith, and shed abroad his love in my heart, sin, that accursed thing, grew blacker and blacker, till at last the sight became so odious, that had not he first very tenderly comforted me, I never could have borne what I felt of it in my own breast. While God continued gradually to initiate me in the divine life, and graciously condescended to give me brighter discoveries of his redeeming love, my spiritual enemies were not inactive. Many secret and dangerous snares were laid to entrap my soul, and hinder my progress in the heavenly road; but the God of boundless love and pity, who kindly beheld my critical situation, not only kept them from hurting me, but exerted in my behalf that power which is peculiar to himself, of bringing good out of evil.

A few weeks after my dream, though I had every reason to fear being sent to the West Indies, (as an officer

who exchanged duties with me was,) yet the Lord, whose watchful eye was over me, so overruled events, that I was securely and speedily fixed among my former pious friends and acquaintance at Chatham, and to my great joy happily united to the person I had loved for many years: in short, I was now more comfortably settled in life than I had ever yet been; freed from the pressure of poverty, and a number of other worldly cares and embarrassments to which I had long been exposed. But here a vigilant enemy contrived his well-timed scheme, and brought it to a dreadful length ere I perceived the danger. Wrapping me round in the comforts of this world, he found an easy passage to my corrupt heart, and insensibly drew away my affections into an eager, restless desire for the enjoyment of these poor perishing vanities. So deeply was my attention at last engaged in this pursuit, and so effectually had the god of this world blinded the eyes of my understanding, that I not only began to lose a relish for spiritual things, and the believing view of heavenly objects, but a thick veil was likewise drawing over all that the Lord had just been doing for me; and had not his grace speedily prevented, I had undoubtedly fallen a prey to the snare of the enemy, and like Demas, should entirely have forsaken the cause of a crucified Savior. But I was suddenly aroused from my spiritual lethargy by a friendly but severe stroke of his rod; so severe that to this day I feel the smart of it in my body, and probably shall carry the marks of it to my grave.

It was nothing more at first than a little swelling on my neck, about the size of a nut, of which, for some time, I took little or no notice, imagining it would go away, as it came, without giving me any pain or trouble. But God, seeing it was high time to afflict me, used this swell-

ing as a rod, causing it to increase to such a degree that I was glad to have recourse to medical advice; but without effect.

It enlarged inwardly, and gradually spread till it got below the clavicle, or collar bone, and gave me so much pain, that I was, at last, obliged to undergo the excruciating operation of having it cut out; and, after all, the infected part was found to be so deep, there was no getting at the bottom to heal it by any outward application. It grew worse and worse, threw me every now and then into a fever, and by a constant and copious discharge emaciated my body, and reduced me to so low a state, that all who saw me naturally concluded it would soon put a period to my life. In this crisis, the happy effects which a God of love intended should flow from this affliction, began to appear; the thoughts of death in my present state, lay with uncommon weight upon my mind, and caused such deep searchings of heart, that I was made willing to forsake all for some comfortable hope of my eternal bliss by Jesus Christ. The world, that gilded vanity, which I had been sinfully hugging in my bosom till it had well nigh destroyed me, now shrunk from my fond embrace, an ugly, deformed thing. I blushed, to think I had been so mean as to place my affections one moment upon it, and resolutely determined for the future, to give my heart entirely to God, who had an indisputable right to it.

The finger of the Lord was so evidently manifest to me in this affliction, that I can truly say, if ever I was in any degree thankful for any of his mercies, it was for this.

At first indeed it was grievous, very grievous to bear, but as soon as I perceived its happy effect, and saw the

absolute necessity there was for it, (I desire to speak to the glory of his grace,) I really in some measure delighted in my pain; seemed to enjoy it as a valuable thing, and blessed his holy name, for this soul-satisfying token of his fatherly love and care.

Yet, strange to think, so strong is my natural propensity to doubt, that I frequently question whether God ever loved me or not. Cursed sin! May that all-sufficient grace which has upheld me hitherto, now give me an entire dominion over it. Surely I, of all men, have no reason to doubt of the love of God, were I only to allege this affliction as a proof of it. When my wandering heart is drawn out so much after the objects of time and sense, a gentle stroke of this rod, (which is still suspended over me,) gives the friendly warning, puts me in mind of my latter end, and points toward heaven. O what a treasure is sanctified affliction! No sooner did I feel the happy effects of it upon my soul at this time, than I began with more earnestness than ever, to seek after God. I longed for close communion with him; I delighted in his courts, and in the solemn assemblies of the more select company of his spiritual worshippers. In short, I could not rest till I had become, in a more intimate and public manner, one of those despised people whom, a few months before, I had looked upon with pity and contempt, as ignorant fanatics, deceiving themselves and willing to deceive others. The people of God, of every denomination, poor or rich, now became to me "the excellent of the earth," in whom was all my delight. I loved them from my heart, because they belonged to Christ, and bore his image, and through his grace, I can do so still. I have not perceived my affection for them abated, and humbly trust I never shall.

Surely nothing less than divine power could in a space of a few months have thus effectually overthrown the massive bulwarks of infidelity, which Satan had been continually strengthening for the space of six years in my corrupt heart, or have bent my vicious and stubborn will to embrace the self-abasing doctrines of the gospel. That such a change has been wrought, I am as certain, as of my own existence; so likewise am I confident that it was not in the smallest degree attributable to any inherent strength of my own. God alone must have been the author of it. To him therefore be all the glory.

Nothing but shame and confusion belongs to me, for having so ill-requited a God of such boundless compassion. He has done great things for me, I have done but little for him in return; yet still the same grace that began the work, has I trust hitherto carried it on; so that I can say with the Apostle, "By the help of God, I continue unto this day."

Before I conclude this feeble attempt to illustrate the freeness of Jesus's love to the most undeserving of all his creatures, I will just mention some marks of his tenderness and care, which in great condescension he deigned to confer upon me, after he had mercifully called me from the tyranny of Satan into the happy freedom of the gospel.

Sometime before, and even after, I had joined a society of Christians, I frequently doubted the soundness of my conversion, and consequently the safety of my state from not having keenly felt what I so often heard them talking about — terrors of conscience, deep convictions of sin, horrors of mind on account of the impending wrath of God, and the impossibility of entering the kingdom of heaven, without feeling something of such emotions. It

was not long before these doubts and fears were graciously removed ; but, as I have already hinted, in proportion as the love of Christ increased in my soul, a deadly hatred to sin was excited. I gradually saw the dreadful consequences that attended it, and how odious it was in the sight of a pure and holy God. At these happy seasons when the Lord was pleased to give me any singular manifestations of his love, a holy tremor seemed to seize me, lest I should do anything that might offend him. Whenever I was made sensible of sinning, either by omission, or commission, in thought, word, or deed, the bitter tears, heavy groans, and excruciating pangs of soul I went through, till they were removed by a believing view of the atoning sacrifice of our Lord, no mortal can conceive but those who have experienced something of the same kind.

And to this day, as I am never without sin, I can truly say it is a continual source of sorrow to me. It is a heavy burden under which I should sink, if I did not experimentally know that Jesus died to save me from its reigning power, as well as from the punishment it deserves.

As I have every reason to praise God for these favors, so ought I to bless and magnify his holy name as the hearer and answerer of prayer generally. I can boldly say from my heart, I have truly found him such, and never more so than when he has refused a direct and immediate grant to my petitions. For then I have frequently seen in the issue, that I have ten times more reason to thank him for the refusal than if he had granted me what I asked. I will mention one instance of this kind, as a specimen of many, previously observing that when clear views of divine truth were first imparted to me, I frequently prayed that

whenever he called me to embark in a man-of-war, (that dreadful abode for a Christian, which I had long inhabited,) I might even there find some serious person to converse with, who by good advice and a pious example, might be the means of preventing me from falling. But this prayer I had for sometime neglected to offer up, and indeed had entirely forgotten; though God had not, as will be seen by the sequel. About forty years ago, when I was a subaltern in the royal marine corps, two other officers and myself were ordered to embark, one in each of the three guard-ships then stationed in the Medway. Two of them lay close to the Dock-yard, affording at all times easy access to the shore; but the other, the Resolution of 74 guns, was moored half-way down the river, towards Sheerness, from whence in winter and bad weather, it was troublesome to land, and sometimes impracticable. For this reason it was natural for each of us to wish for one of the Chatham ships, and strong interest was accordingly made by us respectively with the commanding officer for this purpose. But he, finding he must necessarily disoblige one of the three, ordered us to attend the parade next morning, and draw lots for our ships. This of course drove me to my strong hold, and if I ever prayed with fervency in my life, it was now. I pleaded hard with the Searcher of hearts, that he knew my chief motive for desiring one of the Chatham ships, that I might constantly attend the means of grace, and the ordinances of his house; and I felt a confidence that if I really was a child of God, he would grant my request — since the “lot thus cast into the lap,” was wholly at his disposal! The important morning came, and I drew the dreaded ship, down the river.

Had I drawn my death warrant, I hardly think it would have affected me more.

My prayer was now apparently rejected, and the enemy of souls taking advantage of the agitated state of my depraved heart, easily made me draw the conclusion, either that I was no Christian, or that God paid no attention to those who professed to be such. In this gloomy desponding state, like a criminal going to execution, I embarked the same forenoon in His Majesty's ship *Resolution*, lying in a dreary part of the Medway, a few miles from Sheerness.

I had just time to be introduced to the officers in the ward-room, when dinner came in.

The third Lieutenant, happening to be entered that week, of course stood up at the head of the table, and asked a blessing; but with so much seriousness as quite astonished me; for being well acquainted with the customs of the ward-room in a king's ship, I had never heard anything of the kind so solemnly pronounced there before, and I determined to mark every word which proceeded from that gentleman's lips, in the hope of hearing something that might enable me to ascertain his character. Nothing decisive occurred during dinner; but no sooner was the wine placed on the table, than he was attacked by several of his messmates on his religious sentiments, and I soon discovered that he bore the genuine marks of a true Christian, by his judicious reproofs, and the very able manner in which he confuted all their infidel arguments. Wishing, I suppose, to know what spirit I was of, they frequently appealed to me for the truth of what they advanced; but having always decided against them, I was imperceptibly drawn into the disputation on the side of the lieutenant. When the allowance of wine was drunk, (for it was a sober well regulated mess,) the purser rose and broke up the company, exclaiming with an oath, "Our new mess-

mate is as great a methodist as Tomlinson."* I smiled, well pleased to be associated with such a man. As two needles touched with the loadstone, when they fall near to each other among chaff, will soon come together, so this methodist lieutenant and myself speedily came into contact. After having exchanged a few questions, we went down to his cabin in the gun-room, had an hour's comfortable conversation, and concluded with prayer, although a few hours before, we had never seen one another's faces. This singular circumstance could not fail to bring to my recollection, the prayer I had so culpably forgotten, now completely granted, and I began to be reconciled to the ship Providence had assigned me; but that God, who abounds in goodness, and delights in mercy, never confers his favors by halves.

A few days had hardly elapsed, when an order came from the Admiralty, to send the Resolution up to Chatham, and one of the ships there to take its place. This was such welcome news to all on board, that lest the order should be countermanded, we obeyed it the same day; for the wind and tide favoring, we weighed, and came to an anchor, off the Dock-yard, before two o'clock. Thus my prayer, at first apparently rejected, was now completely answered; but it was the Lord's way. Had mine been attended to, and I had drawn the ship that went down the river, I should have been miserable. So true it is, we "know not what we should pray for as we ought."

As God had thus been very merciful in not granting my requests in my own way, so likewise has he been re-

* Lieutenant Tomlinson was a pious, sensible, and well informed man, then well known in the Christian world.

markably gracious at other times in hearing and answering my petitions. An instance or two will be sufficient to establish this soul-comforting truth. Sometime ago, finding my heart and affections, (as alas! I too frequently have done since,) very much carried away after the perishing things of this world, my zeal abating, and my love for spiritual things growing cold and languid, and, of course, my joy and peace in believing, almost entirely vanished, I tried every means to remove the growing evil; went from duty to duty, made resolution upon resolution, wrestled and prayed, but all to no purpose. The love of the world seemed to prevail over the love of Christ. At last, weighed down under the heavy burden, and almost ready to give over, I prayed fervently to God, that as he had formerly blessed afflictions to me in this respect, I should now be willing, were it consistent with his will, that he should use that means to disentangle my heart from the world, and direct it to the proper objects of its love. The very next day, I was laid up with a fever — and before I recovered, the world in a great measure lost for a time its alluring charms. I am far from justifying this method of prescribing to the Lord; but in this instance it appeared evident he heard my prayer.

At another time I prevailed upon one of my brother officers, a most notorious swearer, to go to worship with me, and we had just sat down in the pew, when I put up a mental prayer that the preacher might be led to say something against swearing, that he might be useful to my companion; and while I endeavored to recollect some text of Scripture, that was against this vice, the third commandment immediately presented itself with full force to my mind. I thought, if this were but pronounced with solemn energy and power from the pulpit,

what good might it not do! Accordingly, toward the end of the sermon, which, by the bye, seemed quite foreign from what I had been meditating upon, the preacher began to reprove the odious vice of swearing, and was full a quarter of an hour, demonstrating, with uncommon eloquence and convincing arguments, its sinfulness, meanness, unprofitableness, and dangerous consequences, and at last concluded by repeating the third commandment with such solemnity, that it forced the whole auditory into the most serious attention; while I rejoiced to think the Lord had graciously condescended to hear my prayer, in a manner so admirably calculated to impress the conscience of my profane companion."

The preceding narration brings down the author's memoir, to the month of April, 1772. He had then reached his thirtieth year, and held the commission of Lieutenant of marines. When the war broke out between Great Britain and her North American Colonies, he was sent to this country with an expedition, and arrived in Boston harbor, just after Gen. Gage had been compelled to evacuate the town. He remained but a short time upon the American station; and not long after his return to England, was sent out to India, whence he returned in poor health sooner than he had expected. Subsequently he sailed to Newfoundland, and was from time to time after his return, employed in various short expeditions, cruises and commands, till by a regular series of promotions he was made Col. Commandant at Woolwich: and he was ultimately raised to the rank of Major General in the Army. He kept a diary during the greater part of the time, which abounds with pious reflections, and striking notices of the good hand of God, which was everywhere

over him ; and from which it appears that he carried his religion along with him, in all his expeditions ; and was enabled, by the grace of God, to hold fast his integrity, and whenever occasion required, to “contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.” At first, indeed, his moral courage was put to the severest test, as nearly all of his brother officers were inclined to look with pity and contempt upon that tenderness of conscience, and humbleness of mind which characterize the consistent believer ; and it needed more firmness, no doubt, to meet their raillery, than to march up to an enemy’s battery. But when they saw he was not to be moved, they appear to have discontinued their attacks, and unquestionably respected him infinitely more than they would have done, had he cowardly given up his Christian armor, and proved disloyal to the great ‘ Captain of salvation.’

In the latter part of his life, General Burn enjoyed much leisure, which he improved, as far as his precarious health would permit, in the service of his divine Master. Several tracts which he wrote, for the benefit of seamen, were widely circulated, and we have no doubt, did much good. He died in 1814, at the advanced age of seventy-two. What were his views and hopes, in the near prospect of exchanging worlds, will sufficiently appear from the following brief extracts, with which we close this biographical notice.

Speaking of a severe illness which threatened his life, in 1810, he says, ‘In these trying moments, the soul is called upon to prepare for death ; but if it has not been prepared before, it has chosen the very worst period to think of such a vast concern. Who can reflect with composure, when pain torments the body, and fever depresses the spirits ? If I was not prepared to die nearly

forty years ago, I never shall be. When my only hope and sole dependence was upon Jesus Christ and his finished salvation, his atoning blood and perfect righteousness — so it is at this moment. And so I hope it will be, when God shall please to call me hence. If he is pleased to smile upon me, a poor sinner, in my dying moments, I will bless his name — if not, I will cling to the Rock of ages, the Lord Jesus Christ.'

To his daughter he said, with the most tender affection, a few days before his death, 'I hope I shall meet you in heaven.' To the clergyman who attended him he declared with much feeling, that the atoning blood and justifying righteousness of Christ, were the sole foundation, on which he built his hopes of everlasting happiness.

On Sabbath morning, Sept. 18, his friends saw that the symptoms of death were upon him, and he was asked, if he wished to see any one in particular? He replied with much emphasis, 'nobody, nobody but Jesus Christ — Christ crucified is the stay of my poor soul.' These were the last words he uttered; and at half past nine, he gently breathed his last, and, according to his desire and prayer, went to worship that Sabbath in heaven.

CHAPTER V.

MR. CHARLES MARTYR.

FAITH LEADING TO WORKS.

Mr. Charles Martyr was born at Greenwich, on the 6th of August, 1792, and entered his Majesty's Navy in 1807, as a clerk, on board the Prince of Wales. His indefatigable attention to the duties of his office, procured for him an appointment to act as purser of the Centurion fifty guns; when he had not attained the age of seventeen years. In the numberless temptations incident to the naval service, he yielded less, perhaps, than most others have done; for he possessed no small share both of discretion and of moral courage.

Mr. Martyr was a dutiful and tender son; and as a brother, he was extremely affectionate. He was always respectful to his superiors, obliging to his equals, and kind and condescending to the humblest individual. All these excellent qualities may indeed be said to have 'grown with his growth;' and few young men have ever been more generally respected and beloved.

In giving this account of Mr. Martyr's disposition and character, no panegyric is intended. On the contrary, it is expressly designed to show — what, as will be present-

ly seen from his own papers, he was himself most anxious to inculcate — that all these moral qualities, however estimable in themselves, may, and often do, exist in a heart which has not advanced a single step towards ‘the one thing needful;’ and that he whom the world calls ‘amiable’ *may*, as regards the religion for which Christ lived on earth, and the redemption to procure which he died, have neither ‘part nor lot in the matter.’

From Halifax, whither he had gone as secretary to Admiral Griffith, he was suddenly called to England, on account of his father’s death, in 1816. This event seems to have imparted a tone of seriousness to his mind, somewhat deeper than had before been observed, though no abiding religious impression was yet made upon his heart. From the death of a beloved wife, which took place in 1818, may be dated that more decided change in his character which is indicated in the following extract of a letter to his eldest son.

‘It is now nearly five years since I commenced my inquiry and search after religious truth; and, although I have availed myself of the writings of many able and pious men, the Bible, I can assure you, has been the grand mine I have worked; and I trust I have done so in God’s own appointed way.

I know, my dear boy, that as the holy Scriptures were at first dictated by the Spirit of God, so do they now owe their effects and influence to the Spirit’s operations; for the things of the Spirit, as the Apostle says, are spiritually discerned.

It is through a disregard to this grand consideration, that many men, who by study apprehend well enough the letter and grammatical sense of the Scriptures, are

still without its power and energy upon their hearts. Thus their heads are full while their hearts are barren; and what to the humble inquirer, who, by constant prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and by searching for religious knowledge as for hidden treasures, becomes the savor of life unto life; becomes to the man, who, wise in his own conceit, leans to his own understanding, the savor of death unto death.

It has been with this strong conviction upon my mind that I have constantly prayed for a teachable spirit. I have prayed, my dear boy, that all my prejudices might die, and that with the spirit of a child I might receive instruction. In this spirit have I incessantly applied to the Fountain Head for that wisdom which is from above; and having the positive assurance from him who cannot lie, that if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him; and that he was to ask in faith, nothing wavering; I have been enabled to persevere from time to time, never for an instant doubting that I should eventually be led to understand all that is necessary for my salvation. And, as my prayer has also invariably been for that peace and joy in believing which the Scriptures speak of, I have likewise fully assured myself, that whenever it should please God to open my eyes to a full acquaintance with divine truth, I should possess a joy which the world could neither give nor take away. In neither instance have I been disappointed.

When I was first told, my dear child, that my religion, respectable as it seemed in my own eyes, and in the estimation of most of my acquaintance, was heartless, and that I was trusting more in myself that I was righteous, than in the merits and atonement of Jesus Christ, for my

salvation, I was angry; I denounced the young friend who whispered it in my ear, which she did with meek kindness, as a fool, an enthusiast, a methodist.

She, however, mildly persevered, assuring me that she knew enough of me, fully to convince her that I should eventually agree with her upon all essential points. She simply, but firmly, told me my creed was imperfect; that I had a respect for religion in the abstract, and for its ordinances, but that I was satisfied with the form, without the power of godliness. I was really provoked, accused her of presumption, and heaped all manner of charges upon her.

She never attempted to retort, nor lost, for a moment, her temper; but assured me that she had foreseen all this storm, and willingly incurred it, in the hope that I might at all events be shaken from indifference; adding, that she was far from wishing me to adopt, what I called, her notions on the subject; she merely wished me to satisfy myself from the word of God that my hope of heaven was rightly placed; and she assured me, that all my conversation with her would never lead to this end.

She said very impressively, 'My dear Mr. Martyr, we are nearly connected; we have lived for some years happy in each other's acquaintance, and on terms of most affectionate intercourse. You and my dear sister, are now taking your leave of us, never, I fear, to meet again in this world. Will you make me one parting promise? that is, not to trust in flesh and blood on this important point! Trust not to the word of man, but seek that wisdom which can alone make you wise unto salvation, and which is only to be found in the Holy Scriptures: pray for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, which is promised to all who ask it; and, rely upon it, your labor will not be in vain in the Lord.'

After urging various appropriate and heart-searching inquiries, she continued.

‘The first of my questions can easily be answered,—Do you feel at this moment prepared to die? I know you do not,’ she added; and I knew so too. She then pressed again and again, that I should commence that inquiry which I have since carried on. And here let me praise the Lord that I have been brought to a knowledge of his word, and this by a medium that in the outset seemed so little likely to lead to such a heavenly consummation.

When I began seriously to inquire in respect to my salvation, I knew, at least I have been told, and I did not disbelieve it, that the oblation of Christ once offered had been received as a propitiation for the sins of the whole world; and that it was sufficient to accomplish such general redemption, I could not doubt; yet I had but to look into the world, and into my Bible, to satisfy me that, although sufficient, it was not effectual, efficient to that end; for if so, all mankind in a mass, saints and sinners, were equally safe, and when this life should cease, the joys of heaven would be equally the property of the humble sincere Christian, and of the impenitent infidel and sinner.

Then there was pressed upon my mind the conviction, that to secure a personal interest in the great sacrifice, to secure my own adoption into the general family of God, religion must become a personal thing with me.

I could not, it is true, accuse myself very recently of any serious crimes; but when I carefully reviewed my whole past life, and traced the spirituality and extent of God’s law, from how few of the long black catalogue of transgressions could I escape judgment? It was then that, burdened with the weight of what the word of God

loudly designated my sins, I was led in spirit and in truth to adopt the general confession of our church service. I felt that I had erred, and strayed from God's ways; that I had left undone those things which I ought to have done; and that I had done those things which I ought not to have done; and that there was no spiritual health in me; and I could have no doubt as to what my ultimate end must be, unless some means of escape could be discovered from the heavy condemnation that awaited me. When I looked at myself, I was dismayed. I attempted to ease my conscience by striking a balance between my supposed good works and my sins; but, I thank God, a death-knell to this delusive system was struck by the heart-searching law of God, and its denunciation, 'Cursed are all they that continue not in all things, to do them.' I could find nothing in the Bible, to support such a system; and by the holy law of God, I felt myself a perishing sinner.

In such a dilemma, with what healing did the gospel of our blessed Savior light upon my troubled conscience! What balm did my almost broken heart receive, in the assurances of our Redeemer, 'Those who come unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'Whosoever believeth in me, shall not perish, but have everlasting life,' and numerous others equally encouraging. I read the Scriptures daily; and I prayed God to give me an understanding that I might spiritually discern the truths which they contained, and which were essential to my salvation. God had promised, (and he is not a man that he should lie, or the Son of man that he should repent,) that he would be known of them that sought him — that he would give the Holy Spirit to them

that asked him. I felt that I needed wisdom; but I knew that St. James had said, 'If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.' Hence, I not only prayed for wisdom, while I searched the Scriptures, but I did it with a confidence that I should receive it, for God had promised; and hence too I prayed for the inspiration of his Holy Spirit, that I might more perfectly love him, and more worthily magnify his holy name for Jesus Christ's sake.

I really felt the desire to sing unto the Lord, and heartily to rejoice in the strength of my salvation.

We know that the Son of God has ascended into heaven, and sits at the right hand of God, in the character of a Mediator and Advocate for those who trust their cause entirely to his keeping; and what has the humble-minded Christian to fear? Nothing, but the fear of offending God! I know my sinfulness; but I am trusting exclusively for pardon to the merits and death of my Redeemer.

If I am endeavoring, (and I trust I am,) to walk closely with my God, and to live in love and charity with all mankind, I feel, after I have done all, that I am a very unprofitable servant; and if Satan ever tempts me to look to myself as deserving something good at the hands of God, it is then that I am most in danger; — then my comfort is at its lowest ebb. But when I approach God, as a penitent sinner, asking for spiritual blessings for the sake of Jesus Christ, then do I know there will be no refusal; for God has pledged himself to receive all who come to him through Christ; and Christ on his part has fulfilled and set seal to the covenant by his death and resurrection.

How complete, then, is the Christian dispensation! It

is this fullness — this all-sufficiency, that emboldens me; and having this joy and rejoicing in my heart — oh! what manner of person should I be.”

Mr. Martyr felt at once that he had a great work to do, in the service of his new Master.

Never, perhaps, were Christian faith and Christian practice more entirely united than in his case. Finding public employment was unattainable, he anxiously looked round for some opportunity of occupying, with advantage to his fellow creatures, the leisure this afforded him. “I feel confident,” said he to a friend, “that no person can move in so contracted a sphere, or possess means of usefulness so limited, as not to be able to do much good. For my part, I am convinced that my present leisure is not given me for nothing.

Others have riches, or rank, or power, or great abilities, for the use or abuse of which they must one day give a solemn account.

All *I* have to give is *time*: this is, indeed, but ‘one talent,’ but that one must not be hid in the earth.”

Accordingly, Mr. Martyr commenced a regular system of charitable visits, from which, not even his own weak and precarious state of health could ever deter him, except when he was absolutely confined to his bed; and from that time it may be literally said, that, in imitation of the blessed martyr whom he loved and served, he ‘went about doing good.’ His was not that sensibility which can weep at the perusal of some fictitious tale of woe, and yet shrink from the real, every day sorrows of a wretched fellow creature. He never heard of a case of distress within his reach, that he did not in person visit the unhappy object, and endeavor to administer some balm to

his afflictions. No hovel was too mean for him to enter, no bed too wretched to sit beside, where either pecuniary aid was required to secure the necessaries of this life, or spiritual exhortation wanting to turn a dying sinner to repentance. His own pecuniary resources being very scanty, he exerted himself unremittingly in obtaining, from persons better able to afford it, the means of doing good. The peculiar talent which he possessed of recommending to the notice and sympathy of others, any deserving objects of charity, and thus drawing forth from all who heard him some little contribution towards their relief, will long be remembered with delight, and ought to be regarded as an example, by all who knew him. The sums he thus collected were usually small, seldom exceeding a few shillings from any individual at one time; and yet such was the persevering industry with which he pursued his object, that in the year 1823, his accounts, in which he was extremely regular, contained more than £200, thus collected by himself within twelve months, and judiciously applied to charitable purposes.

He was also an active co-operator in the labors of the benovolent societies in his vicinity.

Mr. Martyr's zeal and judgment were no less conspicuous in availing himself of every favorable opportunity for introducing into ordinary conversation the all-important subjects of religion. He did this in language at once energetic and uncompromising, yet without that indiscreet and intrusive forwardness which sometimes injures the high cause it is meant to serve.

His disposition was so cheerful, his manner so mild and conciliating, and every pious thought appeared to come so warmly from his heart, that the attention of even the most indifferent hearer was for a while arrested by what he said on religious subjects.

In visiting the poor, he was most earnest and indefatigable in endeavors to better their spiritual condition; always carrying to their houses some copies of the holy Scriptures, and various religious tracts, for distribution, and frequently occupying several hours in a day in reading to those who, either from infirmity, or want of education, were unable, without such assistance, to enjoy this privilege.

Much might be added to the extracts already given from Mr. Martyr's valuable papers; but it is necessary, that I should hasten to offer some brief account of the last few months of his life, and especially of its closing scene. In April, 1825, he obtained the appointment of Purser to the 'Ordinary' at Chatham, which, together with the society of several warm and pious friends in that neighborhood, once more held out to him a prospect of independence and worldly comfort. In the course of that summer, however, the disease with which he had been so long afflicted, began to exhibit still more dangerous symptoms, an internal abscess having evidently been formed, leaving little hope of ultimate recovery. Fully aware as he was of his own state, for several months previous to his decease, his pious cheerfulness never forsook him. Even in the midst of bodily anguish, he constantly exerted himself in sustaining the spirits of his much loved relations, and never was he heard to utter a single murmur or complaint on his own account. If, with a mind so habitually prepared for death, any earthly thought could have occasioned his distress, it must have been the prospect of leaving his family in a world so full of sin and sorrow. But such was the strength by which he was mercifully supported in this prospect, that even this could not rob him of the Christian's peace and consolation in the

approach of dissolution. With the writer of this memoir he conversed frequently and unreservedly upon this subject, and always with a calmness which none but a sincere believer can experience at such a crisis.

“With respect to myself,” said he, “blessed be God, I have not a single doubt remaining. I trust — I *feel* that I am ready to depart. Nor do I experience any apprehension concerning those so dear to me on earth; for he without whose permission not even a sparrow falleth to the ground, has graciously assured us that his reasonable creatures are of more value than many sparrows: and to his care and guidance I leave them without fear or distrust.”

Thus prepared for death, he received its final summons with composure, and even with joy. After various attenuations of pain and comparative relief, the abscess at length burst on the 7th of December, producing for some days constant and exquisite suffering, as well as increasing emaciation and debility. The rest will be best told in the words of an affecting funeral sermon preached on the occasion of his death, by an eminently pious clergyman, who had long known and appreciated his excellence, and was constantly near him throughout his last illness.

“During his last hours, he was calm and full of hope; he had joy in his expected rest.

The way was rough and painful to his mortal frame; but he knew that he had in heaven a better and an enduring substance. Such blessed knowledge comforts, refreshes, and fills the soul; it raises a man above himself. Every trial of the Christian is assuredly appointed by God in love and mercy.

If he chastens, he sustains, and refines when he tries. When faith is in lively exercise, it will bear a man above

great distresses; for it enables him to discern a merciful providence, sure promises, and a faithful God. It was this which sustained our departed brother. No complaint was ever heard to escape from his lips. He was fully aware of the near approach of his dissolution: he said, 'I am dying, I am going to leave you; but I am prepared for the event — I am happy!' He desired his friends around him to pray that he might be dismissed to his rest. He said himself, Lord Jesus, come near unto me; and, if it be thy will, release me! He exhorted those around him, as his last hour approached, to be reconciled with God, and expressed his earnest wish that his children should be brought up in his fear. He repeatedly said, with great energy, 'No pain, and no fears.' He clasped his hands together, and exclaimed, 'Come, come.' His whole manner was marked by an anxious desire to relieve the minds of those about him.

Nothing could be more peaceful than his final dissolution. For the last three or four hours he seemed to be dying, but life again appeared. At length, however, his happy spirit was released, and returned to God who gave it. Thus, at the early age of thirty-three years, this faithful servant of God "fell asleep in Jesus."

CHAPTER VI.

MR. WILLIAM HOWARD.

THE RUINED OUTCAST SAVED.

“ I had my descent from parents of the church of England, and was born in Westmeath, in the kingdom of Ireland, in the year 1721. My father died at the good old age of seventy, while I was yet young. He was a reputable farmer, a person of great modesty, temperance, decency of conduct, and the strictest honesty. Though he gave abundantly to the poor, his substance increased. The Lord prospered him in his undertakings; he took great pains to bring up his children in the fear of God, bestowing on us what, in his eyes, at least, was a liberal education. Alas! neither his care nor his example had the desired effect on me. To lie and to swear were lessons I had but too great a docility in acquiring; my heart burnt with unholy passions, before I reached my sixteenth year, nor did I omit any opportunity of gratifying them, being satisfied if I could hide from man, seldom considering that God’s all-seeing eye was upon me; yet my conscience at times rebuked me severely, well knowing that I was breaking the commands of God.

In 1741, I married the only daughter of a wealthy

tallow-chandler and soap-boiler in the town of Drogheda. I lived with my father-in-law till his death, learned his business and in right of my wife, became heir to his fortune.

My wife died in 1745, and within two years I married again, an heiress as before, by whom I obtained a considerable fortune. I was thus enabled to enlarge the sphere of my business, which I now carried on with considerable success. In 1755, I was sworn in mayor of Drogheda. I now indulged in riotous excesses, which brought on that punishment which Providence has, in the natural course of things, connected with intemperance. Before the year of my magistracy was expired, I was seized with a violent fit of the gout, and remained three months in the utmost torture. My irreligious situation left me no resources in God; my impatience was uncontrolled; I often wished myself dead; but the God of all mercy was deaf to my wicked prayers, and restored me to health. I knew not then how to admire the riches of his goodness and forbearance, and had no idea of that unutterable kindness for which he had reserved me. When my anguish in some measure abated, my conscience severely rebuked me for continuing in sin and rebellion against a merciful God. I determined, but alas, in my own strength, to lead a new life, and never more to offend. The consequence was what might be expected, when there is no other dependence than on the arm of flesh; as soon as health and strength permitted, I broke through all my resolutions, and ran to my darling vice, 'like the dog to his vomit.' 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil,' where no power but that of nature is concerned. I went on in a continual hurry of business; all appearance of religion ceased, public and

private worship were both neglected entirely; worldly business and sensual gratification by turns engrossed me; and the bountiful Giver of all good things was never mentioned, except in blasphemy and profaneness. What blessing could indeed attend a life spent in the service of sin, and in rebellion against the Most High? Surely nothing but his tender mercy could save so vile a wretch from total perdition."

The narrative from which the above account is taken, proceeds to give a distinct account of his commercial concerns and engagements. A man so deeply immersed in wickedness could not be supposed to be very prudent in his affairs. He became embarrassed, and finally failed. Alluding to this unfortunate result, his account proceeds thus.

"After my failure in November, 1770, my heart still unhumbled under the mighty hand of God, remained under the power of sin, amidst all the variegated scenes of flight, exile and distress. In London I found a new world, overspread with allurements to captivate my soul; and my conduct was, as before, equally foolish and wicked. There is, however, such a thing as satiety in vice, even where the real love of it is not at all diminished. This was my case. The large draughts of sin and folly which I had taken in at the metropolis, occasioned it. I felt a wish to retire to some remote corner of England, where I might live at a cheap rate, and safe from my creditors. A generous friend providentially supplied me, at a time when I was involved in the deepest distress, and enabled me to put this scheme into execution. I left London about the middle of May, 1772, with a view to

retire into Yorkshire. In this journey I reached the Humber, a large river that divides Lincolnshire from Yorkshire. ✕ While I waited for the passage-boat, I observed upon the opposite side, some miles to the left, a beautiful village, standing on an eminence near the river, finely adorned with trees and stately buildings. † To me it seemed an earthly paradise. Better than that it proved ; for there my heaven began. I was informed that its name was Ferriby, eight miles from Hull, several of whose opulent merchants adorned it in the manner which had so strongly feasted my sight. I felt myself, however, determined to live there, and found a public house for my reception. The village fully answered my ideas, beautiful beyond description by its delightful situation, and elegant improvements. There was a church served by the Rev. Joseph Milner. He was lecturer at the High Church in Hull, where he resided, teaching the public grammar school there, and preaching on the Sunday mornings at Ferriby. I went constantly to hear him, though with no other motive than that mechanical kind of habit which disposes us to do as our neighbors do. Little attention did I pay to anything which came from his lips. His sermons became long and tedious. Worldly sorrow left no room with me for pious meditation. I felt myself miserable indeed, but had no ideal of applying to that, which alone could make me happy. Indeed the transitory things of time and sense can make no man happy. In the time of my greatest prosperity it was with me, as with every person who is a stranger to the grace of God.

That cruel something unpossessed,
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.

How is it possible that it should be otherwise. Not all created things can fill the capacious desires of the immor-

tal soul. No, nothing short of the Creator's love, implanted in the soul by the operation of the Holy Ghost, can complete its felicity, and give it to experience the real good of man.

I passed some time in a distressed state of mind, reflecting with bitterness on my hard fate and worldly trouble. About the beginning of August, instead of going to church on the Lord's day as usual, I sauntered by the river side to kill time; when I was suddenly seized with a violent disorder in my head, and fell down terrified, fearing I was dying, and I prayed to God to spare me, which he mercifully did. In an hour's time I arrived at my lodgings; and in a few days recovered of my frightful apprehension of a sudden death. But a violent head-ache ensued, the anguish of which, in a great measure, dissipated my worldly sorrow. I concluded that the judgment of God was upon me, for neglecting public worship which I therefore determined to omit no more.

I now paid more attention to the preacher, who, I observed, seemed to enforce his doctrine with much earnestness, and positively declared over and over again, that except a man be converted, he cannot see the kingdom of God. All the conclusion I drew from such an assertion, was, that 'too much learning had made him mad.'

On Sunday, March 28, 1773, my happiness began, though it appeared to me indeed, a day of terror. However, it was the day on which 'the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom,' took hold of my rebel heart.

Mr. Milner preached from these words 'Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in which all that are in their graves, shall hear his voice and come forth, they that have done good to, the resurrection of life, and they that

have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." No sooner was the text delivered, than the word reached my heart 'quick, and powerful, sharper than a two edged sword.' Wo is me, thought I, for I am undone. The vengeance of God has at last overtaken me for my numberless crimes. I was so confounded that I knew not a word the preacher said after giving out his text: even that I forgot. On returning home I begged my host to show me the text. On looking it over, I told him that I was undone; that the words it contained, condemned me to the resurrection of damnation; that, instead of doing good, I had spent my whole life in doing evil. He endeavored to comfort me, but in vain. I now began to pray from a wounded spirit, and humbled myself before God, confessing my sins, and crying out for mercy, if peradventure he would hear me. Cards and various vanities which I before followed, appeared now so unsuitable to my condition, that I gave them all up. But how to be pardoned for my past sins, I knew not. There remained a heavy burden on my soul. I retired every day to a grove at a little distance, to pray and read the Bible, a book I had rarely looked into for many years. I could open no part of it, but it showed me what a hell-deserving sinner I was. This increased my affliction. I now deeply lamented my deplorable state, and wept bitterly for my sins; my rejection of my father's good counsels was as a dagger to my heart. I continued a whole week without hope, dreading that the wrath of God would send me to hell, never thinking of a Savior, but imagining my sins were too heinous to be forgiven. 'So foolish and ignorant was I, as it were a beast before God.' And so great was the anguish of my soul, that I lamented that God had spared Noah and his family. 'Oh, had they

also been swept away by the deluge, then I had never been!' 'A wounded spirit who can bear?' This world was now as insipid to me, as a jest to a dying man.

The next Sabbath, Mr. Milner preached from the following words: 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him may be saved.' He proclaimed God's most gracious pardon for the most abandoned sinner that would forsake his sins, repent, and believe in Jesus, whose precious blood cleanseth from all sins, however heinous or numerous. God be thanked, I received some consolation from that discourse; hope revived, and gladness dawned within me. My prejudice, as a churchman, against those of other denominations, was now so removed, that I went in the evening, for the first time, to a neighboring village, to hear Mr. Bottomley, a dissenting minister. His discourse [was as an arrow to my soul, though I was not without glimmerings of hope. I proceeded joyfully for some days, imploring God's forgiveness, for the sake of Jesus, and the guidance of his Holy Spirit. I renounced my own righteousness, being wholly sensible of my vileness, and of God's unbounded goodness in still sparing me.

Satan, enraged at my giving up all hope of my own righteousness, now cast a stumbling-block in my way, in hope of stopping my progress, by filling my mind with atheism. I was terrified beyond expression; cold drops of sweat fell from me. I arose from prayer, and ran about the grove as one distracted, struggling, but in vain, against the blasphemous infection. I was now hopeless, indeed; but that God 'who is nigh to the broken-hearted,'

relieved me, by fixing one of his faithful promises so powerfully in my heart, that my atheism was instantly burned to stubble. The promise was 'Seek and ye shall find;' a promise worth more to me than all the mines of Peru, and which supported me in all my subsequent trials. I was soon composed enough to renew my supplications, and to lift up my heart in thanksgiving to God for my deliverance. My soul was filled with a pleasing expectation that, by seeking the Lord, I should surely find him; and I knew distinctly, for the first time, what is meant by resting on a divine promise. I pressed forward with strong desire, laboring to see the Savior, with the eye of faith, bleeding on his cross, and would have given the world to call him my own. And though I wavered often, through the power of unbelief, yet, on the whole, I constantly fed on the promise, 'Seek and ye SHALL find.' The SHALL of the Almighty was an anchor of hope to my soul, sure and steadfast, and I was enabled to conclude that he would at length appear for my relief.

The third week of my conviction, the tempter made a new attack, suggesting, that as I had lived to grey hairs in the service of sin, I must by a long course of repentance, work myself into a state of holiness, before I could be pardoned; a mistake which cost me many a sorrowful hour. For no sooner had *self* set up his standard, than I felt my heart stony for the first time. Sometimes at prayer, it seemed as if it were a ball of iron within me. I could not now shed tears as before, which greatly distressed me; but I was not forsaken: the still, small, but powerful voice of God, sounded in my heart every day, drawing me with the cords of love. The Spirit of God caused my soul to aspire after heavenly things, and forget world-

ly cares, as if I had been new born. 'How wonderful art thou, Lord, in all thy ways! how great are thy mercies to the children of men!'

I omitted no opportunity of hearing Mr. Milner preach, and Mr. Bottomley, who often delivered the strongest gospel encouragements, 'to comfort those that mourn.' Nevertheless, I was not able to lay hold of any, but that precious one which has been mentioned, and which the Lord made to be sufficient for my hour of need. They labored likewise to describe man's fall in Adam, and our depravity of heart by nature; but this was a point of doctrine, as yet, hid from me. Often did I complain to God of my actual sins; but the bitter root of a sinful nature I saw not, nor was I rightly convinced of my nothingness in myself. In solitude I mourned for my sins, still hoping that God would in his good time, grant me my heart's desire. In the mean time, some of my acquaintance believed I was falling into despair.

The sixth week of my conviction, the parish clerk informed me that Mr. Milner would be at his house the Saturday evening following, when I might have an opportunity of a personal interview with him. I gladly accepted the offer, and longed for the approaching time.

He received me with much affection, and said he was glad to hear I wished to seek the Lord, and depart from evil. I related to him my distress for six weeks past, how I was awakened under his ministry, and was not without hope of divine forgiveness; that I rested on my Savior's promise, "Seek, and ye shall find," and firmly believed that he could not break his word. But as I had spent my whole life in doing evil, I was confident that my pardon could only be procured on the condition of a long course of repentance.

He desired that I would truly answer him one question remembering that I was in God's presence, from whom no secret can be hid. 'Do you believe,' said he, 'that God would be just if he banished you to hell?' I answered, 'Most assuredly, if that were his pleasure, as there never lived a more infamous wretch than myself.' However, I believed his judgments were mixed with mercy, otherwise I must have been in hell thirty years ago; for that my whole life had been one continued scene of transgression.

'I have now,' said he, 'great hopes that you are not far from happiness. But how is it that you expect pardon for the merit of your repentance? Do you know your state by nature, that it is not in you, by reason of indwelling sin, either to repent, to believe, or even to think one really good thought? You must be dependent upon divine grace for all these things. As he understood by my answer, my ignorance of the true doctrine of the fall, he showed me that God created Adam upright, and after his own image; that by his disobedience, he forfeited the divine favor, and brought down a curse on himself and all his posterity; that hence we are all 'by nature children of wrath, earthly, sensual and devilish;' that he himself was equally guilty with me, though he had never gone into those lengths of gross immorality which I had done; yet that his heart was naturally corrupt, being estranged from God by the veil of darkness that covers our hearts through the extreme corruption of nature; that all without exception, remain under the power of that darkness, and under the curse of the divine law, till they experience redemption by believing in Christ, whose blood alone, and not our works, can atone for our sins, and justify us in the sight of God; for 'cursed is

every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them.' 'Now,' added he, 'the Holy Spirit hath convinced you what a vile sinner you are, humbled your stubborn heart to godly sorrow, and prepared you to receive God's most gracious pardon, and as one of Christ's ministers, I will lay the divine invitation before you, that you may be reconciled to Him, by accepting a pardon of all your sins; and may live the rest of your days to his glory.' He then opened to me the following passage of Scripture. 'Now then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, Be ye reconciled to God. For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.' 'I now stand in St. Paul's place,' says he, 'and beg you to believe this invitation, and accept the pardon of all your sins, which Christ has purchased for you, and which God freely bestows on you, for his sake. On my reading the invitation, my soul was humbled in the dust, and I cried out, 'Dear sir, how can I believe that God should invite a sinful wretch like me, to be reconciled to him?' He laid open to me many passages of Scripture, all tending to confirm the same thing; among others, the well known parable of the prodigal son, declaring that the invitation, 'we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God,' was God's own word spoken by his servant Paul, through the inspiration of the Holy Ghost; adding that 'God's thoughts are not as man's thoughts, nor his ways as our ways.'

Notwithstanding all that he said, I could not believe it to be God's invitation, but imagined it might be a mistake in the printing of his Bible, and wished to see how it was in mine. Nevertheless I concealed my intention,

and desired leave to retire a little, promising soon to return. I hastened to my lodgings, and eagerly opened the same place, and found the very same words. I fixed my eyes wishfully on the invitation, a few moments. A great weakness seized me, that I could neither pray nor utter a word; I was truly helpless. Then it was, that my God and Savior manifested his strength in my weakness. Quick as lightning the Holy Ghost took possession of my heart, and filled all my faculties with heavenly delight. My tongue or pen can very faintly describe it. All the bliss I had ever enjoyed was no more like it, than midnight darkness is like the meridian sun. It was heaven indeed, something of the real nature of heaven I then enjoyed. My soul was wrapt in the embraces of the adorable Jesus. And I was so overpowered with holy love, that for nearly half an hour, I forgot there was such a person as Mr. Milner. At length I returned, and exclaimed aloud, that the Holy Ghost was in my heart, and that God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself. My Lord's never failing promise, 'Seek and ye shall find,' was made good to my now happy soul. Glory be to thee, O Lord my God, whose mercy and truth endureth from generation to generation, and never faileth. I spent the ensuing night in singing praises to my God and Savior, who purchased my pardon with his blood, feasting my soul with fatness and heavenly delight; 'the Spirit of God witnessing with my Spirit that I was born of God, and a joint heir with Christ.' How insignificant did this world, with all its grandeur appear to me who had 'Ch. ist the hope of glory,' for my everlasting treasure! I then experienced indeed the truth of the doctrine which I had heard from the pulpit, that 'except a man be born again, he cannot see the

kingdom of God.' And this blessing is to be felt in happy experience. 'For at that day,' says our Lord, 'ye shall know that I am in my Father and ye in me, and I in you.' I heartily wish none who read this, may rest satisfied without the same experience; 'for if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.' 'Know ye not,' says St. Paul, writing to the Corinthian believers, 'that ye are the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?'

Fired with zeal for the Redeemer's cause, I now felt myself disposed to warn all I met with, to repent and believe the gospel, that they might be saved, declaring what great things the Lord had done for me, the worst of sinners.

I wrote an account of these things to my nephew at Dublin, giving him and the rest of my relations, the best instructions I could, by which they might obtain the same precious gift. They concluded that I was beside myself, in consequence of which, my nephew despatched a friend to visit me, who on his return, removed their fears, by informing them of the change that had taken place in my conversation and conduct.

In March, 1774, I went to London, and there heard various preachers of the gospe of Christ. All enlightened teachers of every denomination, I was enabled to see, are instruments in the Lord's hands, 'for turning sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God.' After some time I returned to Dublin. My nephew and the rest of my family received me joyfully.

During my short stay, I had some of my relations and acquaintances often with me. I labored to convince them of their deplorable state by nature and practice, and to show them the necessity of conversion. Nor were my

labors lost ; my wife was convinced of her unworthiness, was led to true repentance, and was blessed with a sense of the love of Christ. After this, she declined in health, and departed this life, having hope in her death ; and entered into the joy of her Lord. She was the first ripe fruit that God was pleased to bestow upon my labors. Others of them became rather uneasy, and went to hear preachers, whom before they had treated with contempt. Glory be to God, my journey to Dublin was not in vain !

I longed to hear Christ's ministers, and to assemble with his people. The Lord my God conveyed me in safety, where I enjoyed that glorious privilege ; ' Therefore praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who pardoneth all thy sins, and healeth all thine infirmities.' "

CHAPTER VII.

COL. JAMES GARDINER.

THE POWER OF GRACE.

Colonel James Gardiner was born at Carriden, in Linlithgowshire, on the 10th of January A. D. 1687-8. His father Captain Patrick Gardiner, served many years in the army of King William and Queen Anne, and died abroad with the British forces in Germany in the year 1692. His mother took care to instruct him with great tenderness and affection in the principles of true Christianity. He was also trained up to human literature, and made very considerable attainments in its various branches.

Could his pious mother have prevailed, he would not have thought of a military life. But it suited his taste; and the ardor of his spirit, animated by the persuasions of other friends, was not to be restrained. He enlisted in the army at a very early age, and signalized himself in many battles, by his remarkable courage and bravery. So well did he approve himself in his military character, that he was promoted from one post of honor and authority to another, till, in 1743, he received a Colonel's commission over a regiment of dragoons; at the head of which he valiantly fell, in the defence of his sovereign and his

country, about two years and a half, after he received it. Very little is known of the particulars of those wild, thoughtless and wretched years, between the 19th and 30th of his life; except it be, that he frequently experienced the divine goodness, in preserving him in several hot military actions, in which he never received so much as a wound, forward as he was in tempting danger; and yet, that all these years were spent in an entire alienation from God, and an eager pursuit of animal pleasure, as his supreme good.

But I hasten to that most astonishing part of his history, the account of his conversion; which I cannot enter upon, without assuring the reader, that I have sometimes been tempted to suppress many circumstances of it; not only as they may seem incredible to some, and enthusiastical to others, but as I am very sensible they are liable to great abuses; which was the reason he gave me for concealing the most extraordinary from many persons to whom he mentioned some of the rest. And I believe it was this, together with the desire of avoiding everything that might look like ostentation on this head, that prevented his leaving a written account of it; though I have often entreated him to do it, as I particularly remember I did, in the very last letter I ever wrote him, and pleading the possibility of his falling amidst those dangers, to which I knew his valor might in such circumstances naturally expose him. I was not so happy as to receive any answer to this letter, which reached him but a few days before his death; nor can I certainly say, whether he had, or had not, complied with my request; as it is very possible a paper of that kind, if it were written, might be lost amidst the ravages which the rebels made, when they plundered Bankton.

The story, however, was so remarkable, that I had little reason to apprehend I should ever forget it; and yet, to guard against all contingencies of that kind, I wrote it down the very evening, I heard it from his own mouth; and I have now before me the account of that conversation, dated August 14, 1739, which concludes with these words; (which I added that if we should both have died that night, the world might not have lost this edifying and affecting history, or have wanted any attestation of it I was capable of giving;) "N. B. I have written down this account with all the exactness I am capable of, and could safely take an oath of it as to the truth of every circumstance, to the best of my remembrance as the Colonel related it to me a few hours ago." I do not know that I had reviewed this paper since I wrote it, till I set myself thus publicly to record this extraordinary fact; but I find it punctually to agree with what I have often related from my memory, which I charged carefully with so wonderful and important a fact. It is with all solemnity that I now deliver it down to posterity, as in the sight and presence of God. And I choose deliberately to expose myself to those severe censures, which the haughty, but empty scorn or infidelity, on principles nearly approaching to it, and effectually doing its pernicious work, may very probably dictate upon the occasion, rather than to smother a relation, which may, in the judgment of my conscience, be likely to conduce so much to the glory of God, the honor of the gospel, and the good of mankind. One thing more I will only premise, that I hope none who have heard the Colonel himself speak something of this wonderful scene, will be surprised if they find some new circumstances here; because he assured me, at the time he first gave me the whole

narration, that he had never imparted it so fully to any man living before. Yet, at the same time, he gave me full liberty to communicate it to whomsoever I should in my conscience judge it might be useful to do it, whether before or after his death. Accordingly I did, while he was alive, recount almost every circumstance I am now going to write, to several pious friends; referring them at the same time to the Colonel himself, whenever they might have an opportunity of seeing or writing to him, for a farther confirmation of what I told them, if they judged it requisite. They glorified God in him; and I humbly hope many of my readers will also do it. They will soon perceive the reason of so much caution in my introduction to this story, for which therefore I shall make no farther apology.

This memorable event happened towards the middle of July, 1719; but I cannot be exact as to the day. The major had spent the evening, (and, if I mistake not, it was the Sabbath,) in some gay company, and had a wicked appointment with a companion in sin, whom he was to attend exactly at twelve. The company broke up about eleven; and, not judging it convenient to anticipate the time appointed, he went into his chamber to kill the tedious hour, perhaps with some amusing book, or in some other way. But it very accidentally [providentially?] happened, that he took up a religious book, which his good mother or aunt had, without his knowledge, slipped into his portmanteau. It was called, if I remember the title exactly, *The Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm*; and was written by Mr. Thomas Watson. Guessing by the title of it, that he should find some phrases of his own profession spiritualized, in a manner which he thought might afford him some diver-

sion, he resolved to dip into it; but he took no serious notice of anything he read in it; and yet, while this book was in his hand, an impression was made upon his mind, (perhaps God only knows how,) which drew after it a train of the most important and happy consequences.

There is indeed a possibility, that while he was sitting in this attitude, and reading in this careless and profane manner, he might suddenly fall asleep, and only dream of what he apprehended he saw. But nothing can be more certain, than that, when he gave me this relation, he judged himself to have been as broad awake, during the whole time, as he ever was in any part of his life; and he mentioned it to me several times afterwards, as what undoubtedly passed, not only in his imagination, but before his eyes.

He thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall on the book while he was reading, which he at first imagined might happen by some accident in the candle. But lifting up his eyes, he apprehended to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded on all sides with a glory; and was impressed, as if a voice, or something equivalent to a voice, had come to him, to this effect, (for he was not confident as to the very words,) "O sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?" But whether this were an audible voice, or only a strong impression on his mind equally striking, he did not seem very confident; though, to the best of my remembrance, he rather judged it to be the former. Struck with so amazing a phenomenon as this, there remained hardly any life in him, so that he sunk back in the arm-chair, in which he sat,

and continued, he knew not how long, insensible; which was one circumstance, that made me several times take the liberty to suggest, that he might have been all this time asleep; but however that were, he quickly after opened his eyes, and saw nothing more than usual.

It may easily be supposed, he was in no condition to make any observation upon the time, in which he had remained in an insensible state. Nor did he, throughout all the remainder of the night, once recollect that criminal appointment, which had before engrossed all his thoughts. He rose in a tumult of passions, not to be conceived; and walked to and fro in his chamber, till he was ready to drop down, in unutterable astonishment and agony of heart; appearing to himself the vilest monster in the creation of God, who had all his life-time been crucifying Christ afresh by his sins, and now saw, as he really believed, by a miraculous vision, the horror of what he had done. With this was connected such a view, both of the majesty and goodness of God, as caused him to loathe and abhor himself, and to repent as in dust and ashes. He immediately gave judgment against himself, that he was most justly worthy of eternal damnation; he was astonished, that he had not been immediately struck dead in the midst of his wickedness; and (which I think deserves particular remark,) though he assuredly believed that he should ere long be in hell, and settled it as a point with himself for several months, that the wisdom and justice of God did almost necessarily require, that such an enormous sinner should be made an example of everlasting vengeance, and a spectacle as such, both to angels and to men, so that he hardly durst presume to pray for pardon; yet what he then suffered, was not so much from the fear of hell, though he concluded it would

soon be his portion, as from a sense of that horrible ingratitude he had shown to the God of his life, and to that blessed Redeemer, who had been, in so affecting a manner, set forth crucified before him.

To this he refers in a letter, dated from Douglass, April 1, 1725, communicated to me by his lady, but I know not to whom it was addressed. His words are these; "One thing relating to my conversion, and a remarkable instance of the goodness of God to me, the chief of sinners, I do not remember that I ever told to any other person. It was this; that after the astonishing sight I had of my blessed Lord, the terrible condition in which I was, proceeded not so much from the terrors of the law, as from a sense of having been so ungrateful a monster to Him whom I thought I saw pierced for my transgressions." I the rather insert these words, as they evidently attest the circumstance which may seem most amazing in this affair, and contain so express a declaration of his own apprehension concerning it.

In this view it may naturally be supposed, that he passed the remainder of the night waking; and he could get but little rest in several that followed. His mind was continually taken up in reflecting on the divine goodness; the grace which had been proposed to him in the gospel, and which he had rejected; the singular advantages he had enjoyed and abused; and the many favors of providence, which he had received, particularly in rescuing him from so many imminent dangers of death, which he now saw must have been attended with such dreadful and hopeless destruction. The privileges of his education which he had so much despised, now lay with an almost insupportable weight upon his mind; and the folly of that career of sinful pleasure, which he had so

many years been running with desperate eagerness and unworthy delight, now filled him with indignation against himself, and against the great deceiver, by whom, to use his own phrase, he had been "so wretchedly and scandalously befooled." This he used often to express in the strongest terms; which I shall not repeat so particularly, as I can recollect only some of them. But on the whole, it is certain, that by what passed before he left his chamber the next day, the whole frame and disposition of his soul was new modelled and changed; so that he became, and continued to the last day of his exemplary and truly Christian life, the very reverse of what he had been before. A variety of particulars, which I am afterwards to mention, will illustrate this in the most convincing manner. But I cannot proceed to them, without pausing awhile to adore so illustrious an instance of the power and freedom of divine grace, and entreating my reader seriously to reflect upon it, that his own heart may be suitably affected; for surely, if the truth of the fact be admitted, in the lowest views in which it can be placed, that is, supposing the first impression to have passed in a dream, it must be allowed to have been little, if any thing less, than miraculous. It cannot in the course of nature be imagined, how such a dream should arise in a mind full of the most impure ideas and affections, and, as he himself often pleaded, more alienated from the thoughts of a crucified Savior, than from any other object that can be conceived; nor can we surely suppose it should, without a mighty energy of the divine power, be effectual to produce, not only some transient flow of passion, but so entire and permanent a change in character and conduct.*

* That this wonderful change was wrought by the supernatural en-

On the whole, therefore, I must beg leave to express my own sentiments of the matter, by repeating on this occasion, what I wrote several years ago, in my eighth sermon on regeneration, in a passage dictated chiefly by the circumstantial knowledge which I had of this amazing story, and methinks sufficiently vindicated by it, if it stood entirely alone; which yet, I must take the liberty to say, it does not; for I hope the world will be particularly informed, that there is at least a second, that very nearly approaches it, whenever the established church of England shall lose one of its brightest living ornaments, and one of the most useful members, which that, or perhaps any other Christian communion, can boast: in the meantime, may his exemplary life be long continued, and his zealous ministry abundantly prospered! * I beg my reader's pardon for this digression. The passage in the sermon referred to above is remarkably, though not equally, applicable to both the cases. After preceding illustrations, there are the following words, on which the colonel's conversion will throw the justest light: "Yea, I have known those of distinguished genius, polite manners and great experience in human affairs, who, after having outgrown all the impressions of a religious education, after having been hardened, rather than subdued, by the most singular

ergy of the Holy Spirit, we have not the shadow of a doubt; but we see no necessity of supposing that there was anything miraculous, either in the change itself, or in the circumstances which attended it. The extraordinary vision, or overpowering mental impression of the moment, may, as Dr. Doddridge himself intimates, be accounted for upon natural principles; and the work of regeneration, *supernatural* as it always must be, is never, we believe, in Scripture represented as a *miraculous* work.

* Rev. William Grimshaw, of whose conversion the reader will find a short account in this volume.

mercies, even various, repeated, and astonishing deliverances, which have appeared to themselves no less than miraculous; after having lived for years without God in the world, notoriously corrupt themselves, and laboring to the utmost to corrupt others; have stopped on a sudden in the full career of their sin, and have felt such rays of the divine presence, and of redeeming love, darting in upon their minds, almost like lightning from heaven, as have at once roused, overpowered, and transformed them. So that they have come out of their secret chambers with an irreconcilable enmity to those vices, to which, when they entered them, they were the tamest and most abandoned slaves; and have appeared from that very hour, the votaries, the patrons, the champions of religion; and after a course of the most resolute attachment to it, in spite of all the reasonings or the railleries, the importunities, or the reproaches, of its enemies, they have continued to this day some of its brightest ornaments: a change, which I behold with equal wonder and delight, and which, if a nation should join in deriding it, I would adore as the finger of God."

The mind of Col. Gardiner continued from this remarkable time till towards the end of October, that is, rather more than three months, but especially the first two of them, in as extraordinary a situation as one can well imagine. He knew nothing of the joys arising from a sense of pardon; but, on the contrary, for the greater part of that time, and with very short intervals of hope towards the end of it, took it for granted, that he must, in all probability, quickly perish. Nevertheless he had such a sense of the evil of sin, of the goodness of the divine Being, and of the admirable tendency of the Christian revelation, that he resolved to spend the remainder of his life,

while God continued him out of hell, in as rational and as useful a manner as he could ; and to continue casting himself at the feet of divine mercy, every day, and often in a day, if peradventure there might be hope of pardon, of which all that he could say was, that he did not absolutely despair. He had at that time such a sense of the degeneracy of his own heart, that he hardly durst form any determinate resolution against sin, or pretend to engage himself by any vow in the presence of God ; but he was continually crying to him, that he would deliver him from the bondage of corruption. He perceived in himself a most surprising alteration with regard to the dispositions of his heart ; so that, though he felt little of the delight of religious duties, he extremely desired opportunities of being engaged in them ; and those licentious pleasures, which had before been his heaven, were now absolutely his aversion.

Nor was he only delivered from that bondage of corruption, which had been habitual to him for so many years, but felt in his breast so contrary a disposition, that he was grieved to see human nature, in those to whom he was almost entirely a stranger, prostituted to such low and contemptible pursuits. He therefore exerted his natural courage in a very new kind of combat, and became an open advocate for religion, in all its principles, so far as he was acquainted with them, and in all its precepts, relating to sobriety, righteousness, and godliness. Yet he was very desirous and cautious that he might not run into an extreme, and made it one of his first petitions to God, the very day after these amazing impressions had been wrought in his mind, that he might not be suffered to behave with such an affected strictness and preciseness, as would lead others about him into mistaken notions of

religion, and expose it to reproach or suspicion, as if it were an unlovely or uncomfortable thing. For this reason, he endeavored to appear as cheerful in conversation, as he conscientiously could; though, in spite of all his precautions, some traces of that deep inward sense which he had of his guilt and misery, would, at times, appear. He made no secret of it, however, that his views were entirely changed, though he concealed the particular circumstances attending that change. He told his most intimate companions freely, that he had reflected on the course of life in which he had so long joined them, and found it to be folly and madness, unworthy a rational creature, and much more unworthy of persons calling themselves Christians. And he set up his standard, upon all occasions, against the principles of infidelity, and practices of vice, as determinately, and as boldly, as ever he displayed or planted his colors, when he bore them with so much honor in the field.

I cannot forbear mentioning one struggle of this kind, which he described to me with a large detail of circumstances, the first day of our acquaintance. There was at that time, in Paris, a certain lady, whose name, then well known in the grand and the gay world, I must beg leave to conceal, who had imbibed the principles of deism, and valued herself much upon being an avowed advocate for them. The Colonel, with his usual frankness, though I doubt not with the politeness of manners which was so habitual to him, and which he retained throughout his whole life, answered her like a man who perfectly saw through the fallacy of her arguments, and was grieved to the heart for her delusion. On this she briskly challenged him to debate the matter at large, and to fix upon a day for that purpose, when he should

dine with her, attended with any clergyman he might choose, whether of the Protestant or Catholic communion. A sense of duty would not allow him to decline this challenge; and yet he had no sooner accepted it, than he was thrown into great perplexity and distress, lest being (as I remember he expressed it, when he told me the story,) only a Christian of six weeks old, he should prejudice so good a cause, by his unskillful manner of defending it. However, he sought his refuge in earnest and repeated prayers to God, that he who can "ordain strength and perfect praise, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," would graciously enable him, on this occasion, to vindicate his truth in a manner which might carry conviction along with it.

He then endeavored to marshal the arguments in his own mind, as well as he could; and apprehending that he could not speak with so much freedom before a number of persons, especially before those whose province he might in that case seem to invade, if he had not devolved the principal part of the discourse upon them, he easily excused the clergyman or two, to whom he mentioned the affair, and waited on the lady alone, upon the day appointed. But his heart was so set upon the business, that he came earlier than he was expected, and time enough to have two hours discourse before dinner; nor did he at all decline having two young persons, nearly related to the lady, present during the conference.

He opened it, with a view of such arguments for the Christian religion as he had digested in his own mind, to prove that the Apostles were not mistaken themselves, and that they could not have intended to impose upon us, in the accounts they give of the grand facts they attest; with the truth of which facts, that of the Christian reli .

gion is most apparently connected. And it was a great encouragement to him to find, that, unaccustomed as he was to discourses of this nature, he had an unusual command both of thought and expression; so that he recollected and uttered every thing as he could have wished. The lady heard with attention; and, though he paused between every branch of the argument, she did not interrupt the course of it, till he told her he had finished his design, and waited for her reply. She then produced some of her objections, which he took up and canvassed in such a manner, that, at length, she burst out into tears, allowed the force of his arguments and replies, and appeared, for some time after, so deeply impressed with the conversation, that it was observed by several of her friends, and there is reason to believe, the impression continued, at least so far as to prevent her ever appearing under the character of an unbeliever or a sceptic.

This is only one specimen, among many of the battles he was almost daily called to fight in the cause of religion and virtue; with relation to which I find him expressing himself thus, in a letter to Mrs. Gardiner, his good mother, dated from Paris, the 25th of January following, that is, 1719-20, in answer to one in which she had warned him to expect such trials. "I have (says he) already met with them, and am obliged to fight, and to dispute every inch of ground: but all thanks and praise to the great Captain of my salvation, he fights for me; and then it is no wonder, that I come off more than a conqueror;" by which last expression I suppose he meant to insinuate, that he was strengthened and established, rather than overborne by this opposition. Yet it was not immediately that he gained such fortitude. He has often told me, how much he felt, in those days, of

the emphasis of those well-chosen words of the Apostle, in which he ranks the trial of cruel mockings, with scourgings, and bonds and imprisonments. The continued revilings with which he was received, in almost all companies where he had been most familiar before, did often distress him beyond measure; so that he has several times declared, he would much rather have marched up to a battery of the enemies' cannon, than have been obliged, so continually as he was, to face such artillery as this. But, like a brave soldier in the first action wherein he is engaged, he continued resolute, though shuddering at the terror of the assault; and quickly overcame those impressions, which it is not perhaps in nature wholly to avoid: and therefore I find him, in the letter referred to above, which was written about half a year after his conversion, "quite ashamed to think of the uneasiness which these things once gave him." In a word, he went on, as every resolute Christian by divine grace, may do, till he turned ridicule and opposition into respect and veneration.

But this sensible triumph over these difficulties was not till his Christian experience had been abundantly advanced, by the blessing of God on the sermons he heard, particularly in the Swiss chapel, and on the many hours he spent in devout retirement, pouring out his whole soul before God in prayer. He began, within about two months after his first memorable change, to perceive some secret dawnings of more cheerful hope, that vile as he saw himself to be, and I believe no words can express how vile that was, he might nevertheless obtain mercy through a Redeemer. And at length, if I remember right, about the end of October, 1719, he found all the burden of his mind taken off at once, by the powerful impression of

that memorable Scripture upon his mind, Rom. 3: 25, 26. — Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins, — that he might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." He had used to imagine, that the justice of God required the damnation of so enormous a sinner as he saw himself to be: but now he was made deeply sensible that the divine justice might be not only vindicated, but glorified, in saving him by the blood of Jesus, even that blood which cleanseth us from all sin. Then did he see and feel the riches of redeeming love and grace, in such a manner as not only engaged him, with the utmost pleasure and confidence to venture his soul upon it, but even swallowed up, as it were, his whole heart in the returns of love, which, from that blessed time, became the genuine principle of his obedience, and animated him with an enlarged heart, to run the way of God's commandments. Thus God was pleased, as he himself used to speak, in an hour to turn his captivity. All the terrors of his former state were changed into unutterable joy, which kept him almost continually waking for three nights together, and yet refreshed him as the noblest of cordials. His expressions, though naturally very strong, always seemed to be swallowed up, when he would describe the series of thought through which he now passed, under the rapturous experience of that joy unspeakable and full of glory, which then seemed to overflow his very soul; as indeed there was nothing he seemed to speak of with greater relish. And though the first ecstasies of it afterwards subsided into a more calm and composed delight, yet were the impressions so deep, and so permanent, that he assured me on the word of a Christian and a friend, wonderful as it might seem, that

for about seven years after this he enjoyed almost a heaven upon earth. His soul was so continually filled with a sense of the love of God in Christ, that it knew little interruption, but when necessary converse and the duties of his station called off his thoughts for a little time; and when they did so, as soon as he was alone, the torrent returned into its natural channel again; so that from the minute of his waking in the morning, his heart was rising to God, and triumphing in him; and these thoughts attended him through all the scenes of life, till he lay down on his bed again, and a short parenthesis of sleep, for it was but a very short one that he allowed himself, invigorated his animal powers, for renewing them with greater intensity and sensibility. Many other interesting particulars might be added, but we have not room to enlarge.

The July before Col. Gardiner's death, he took a journey to Scarborough for the recovery of his health, which his arduous and unremitted labors had greatly enfeebled: though, when his friends expostulated with him, that he gave his body too little rest, he used to answer, "It will rest long enough in the grave." Quickly after his arrival at this place, the flame of civil war burst out anew, and his regiment was ordered to Stirling. It was in the castle there that his lady and eldest daughter enjoyed the last happy hours of his company. When he saw his lady affected even to tears, instead of comforting her, as usual, by pleading that remarkable hand of Providence, which had hitherto preserved him, he only replied, in his sententious manner, "We have an eternity to spend together."

On Friday, Sept. 20, the day before the battle which transmitted him to his immortal crown, when the whole army was drawn up, the Colonel rode through all the

ranks of his own regiment, addressing them in the most respectful and animating manner, both as soldiers and as Christians, to engage them to exert themselves courageously, in the service of their country. He continued all night under arms. About three in the morning, he called his four domestic servants to him, and dismissed three of them with the most solemn charges relative to their duty and the care of their souls. The remainder of the time, it is supposed he spent in his private devotions, as was his usual practice.

The army was alarmed at break of day, by the noise of the enemy's approach, and the attack was made before sunrise. As soon as the enemy came within gunshot, they made a furious fire. The Colonel, at the beginning of the onset, received a wound by a bullet in his left breast. Supposing it to be only a wound in the flesh, he fought on, though he presently after received a shot in his right thigh. He was now supported by his officers, while he continued to animate his soldiers by his presence and address. Soon after, he received so deep a wound in his right arm, that his sword dropped from his hand, and he was dragged from his horse. When the hurry of the action was over, he was found dreadfully wounded, yet breathing, and not wholly insensible, though incapable of speech. In this condition he was taken to the minister's house, and laid in a bed, where he continued breathing, and frequently groaning, till about eleven in the forenoon, when he took his final leave of pain and sorrow, and, undoubtedly, rose to those distinguished glories, which are reserved for those who have been so eminently and remarkably faithful unto death.

CHAPTER VIII.

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.

THE MINISTER MADE A CHRISTIAN.

William Grimshaw was born at Brindle, in Lancashire, on the 3d of September, 1708. He received his early education at grammar schools in that County. In this period of his life, he was not without serious reflections on the interests of his own soul, and the realities of an eternal existence. These thoughts were frequent, yet transient. During his connection with the university at Cambridge, where he was admitted in his eighteenth year, they were, to all appearance totally effaced. He went thither professedly with the view of obtaining a preparation for the gospel ministry. What proficiency he made in learning is not certainly known. Aided, however, by the influence of unholy associates, he soon made an alarming proficiency in wickedness.

In the year 1731, he was furnished with his college testimonial, which was then deemed sufficient for admission to holy orders; he was ordained a deacon, and entered upon the duties of the sacred office. Little did he realize the tremendous responsibilities he thus incurred. He did his duty, as the phrase is, in the church, once on

the Lord's day ; that is, he read prayers and a sermon. Whether his flock were satisfied or not, he little knew nor cared. His own conscience was satisfied. He was a gentle casuist, a compliant companion, a man of the world.

Thus he went on, unconcerned for his own salvation, or that of the people committed to his care, for three or four years. The progress from bad to worse, is no less natural, and not much less common, than the motion of a bowl running down a steep hill. It is generally known and acknowledged, that habits gather strength from time and exercise. When therefore an unexpected and permanent change takes place in a man's views and conduct, so that he who was thoughtless and vicious yesterday, becomes serious and prayerful to-day, all outward circumstances remaining the same, and if the influence of this change extends to every faculty and continues through life ; there is an effect produced, for which only the Scriptures can assign an adequate cause. There we find it ascribed to the agency of the Holy Spirit of God. It is his office to convince of sin. He, who in the beginning said, "Let there be light, and there was light," shines into the heart which till then was dark. By this light, a discovery is made of the majesty, holiness and goodness of the great God, which before was unthought of, and unperceived. For our sense of the evil of sin will always be proportionate to the views we have of Him against whom it is committed. When we are duly apprised of our absolute dependence upon him, and of our obligations to him as our Creator, Benefactor, and Lawgiver, sin will appear exceedingly sinful, and will bring a burden upon the conscience, which can only be removed by faith in the Redeemer.

About the year 1734, and in the twenty-sixth year of his age, Mr. Grimshaw was thus powerfully awakened and alarmed, and he began to be concerned in good earnest for the salvation of his soul. He prayed much and waited long, before he experienced that peace of mind which is the effect of a lively faith in the Redeemer. But there was an immediate and great change in his outward deportment. He was no longer a trifler. He had now neither time nor taste for amusements and diversions. He attended diligently to the duties of his charge, warned his parishioners of the wrath to come, pressed upon them the necessity of a religious course of life, and carefully catechized their children; knowing, and feeling in himself, the terrors of the Lord, he endeavored to persuade others of their danger. But it was some time before his own experience warranted him to invite the weary and heavy laden to apply to Jesus, that they might find rest to their souls.

Thus he was, in many respects, a changed man. He labored, he fasted, he prayed; he aimed at a great strictness and regularity, in his conduct. But though he did and suffered many things, like the woman mentioned by the Evangelists, Luke 8: 43, he found himself not better but worse. His temptations, fears, and difficulties increased. He was dismayed by new and various discoveries of the evils of his heart, and pestered with a torrent of vain, wicked, and blasphemous thoughts, so that he was almost driven to despair.

All the Lord's people are not called to navigate in these deep waters of soul distress; but many are, and it is frequently the lot of those whom he designs to honor with eminent usefulness in the ministry of his gospel; as in a great building, the foundation is laid deep, in pro-

portion to the height and weight of the intended superstructure. It is in this school of temptation and exercise, that they acquire the tongue of the learned, and an ability to speak a word in season to them that are weary. By what they have themselves passed through, they are taught to sympathize with their fellow-sinners, under similar trials, and likewise how to give them advice suitable to their cases. And the remembrance of their past conflicts with a depraved nature, and the powers of darkness, is sanctified to keep them humble, watchful, and dependent in their future course.

His troubles were aggravated by not having any kind friend to whom he could disclose them; at least he had no liberty in his mind to speak of them. He thought the language of his complaints would not be understood, and that he should be deemed melancholy or mad. He did not then know that his case was far from singular, but rather took it for granted that there was no one affected like himself. It was not till some years afterward, that he had any acquaintance with the people stigmatized by the name of Methodists.* In the midst of all his discouragements, he persevered in prayer, and in the study of the Scriptures; and in due time, when he had learned by painful experience the depravity of his nature, his utter unworthiness and insufficiency, his prayers were answered. His progress for a time was gradual, like the light, which, from a faint and scarcely discernible dawn, shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Then he gladly renounced all dependence upon himself either for righteousness or strength. He believed and was made whole. The voice of that blood which speaketh better

* The name by which Evangelical Christians were at that time known in England.

things than the blood of Abel, proclaimed peace in his heart. As the season of his consolation approached, his preaching became more savory, experimental, and successful.

In the year 1742, he was removed to the perpetual curacy of Haworth, near Bradford in Yorkshire, to preach to a people, who, when he first went among them, were very ignorant, brutish, and wicked. But very soon, by the blessing of God upon his ministry, this wilderness assumed the appearance of a fruitful field, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed like the rose.

It was a frequent practice with Mr. Grimshaw, from the time when the great change took place in his views and conduct to make and repeat engagements or covenants, by which, in dependence upon the strength of the Lord, he devoted himself, with the greatest seriousness and solemnity, to his service and disposal. They were written and subscribed by his own hand.

Many judicious persons have differed in their sentiments with respect to the propriety or utility of such written engagements. They are usually entered into, if at all, in an early stage of profession, when, though the heart is warm, there has been little actual experience of its deceitfulness. Frequently, the young convert, (like the Israelites when they saw the Egyptians dead upon the shore of the Red Sea) fondly supposes that his warfare is at an end, when it is scarcely begun. They believed in the Lord, and sang his praises; little apprehending what a wilderness was before them. Thus in the day when the Lord turns our mourning into joy, and speaks peace by the blood of his cross, to the conscience burdened with guilt and fear, resolutions are formed, which, though honest and sincere, prove, like

Peter's promise to our Lord, too weak to withstand the force of subsequent unforeseen temptations. Such views, made in too much dependence upon our own strength, not only occasion a further discovery of our weakness, but frequently give the enemy advantage to terrify and distress the mind. Therefore some persons, of more mature experience, discountenance the practice as legal and improper. But as a scaffold, though no part of an edifice, and designed to be taken down when the building is finished, is yet useful for a time in carrying on the work; so many young converts have been helped by expedients, which, when their judgments are more ripened, and their faith more confirmed, are no longer necessary. Every true believer of course, ought to devote himself to the service of the Redeemer, yea, he must and will, for he is constrained by love. He will do it not once only, but daily. And many who have done it in writing, can look back upon the transaction with thankfulness to the end of life, recollecting it as a season of peculiar solemnity and impression, accompanied with emotions of heart, neither to be forgotten nor recalled. And the Lord, who does not despise the day of small things, nor break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, accepts and ratifies the desire; and mercifully pardons the mistakes which they discover, as they attain to more knowledge of him and of themselves. And they are encouraged, if not warranted, to make their surrender in this manner, by the words of the prophet Isaiah; "One shall say, I am the Lord's, and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob, and another shall *subscribe with his hand* to the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel."

But Mr. Grimshaw was not a novice when he wrote the following dedication of himself to the Lord's service.

He mentions one which was dated in the year 1738, which was probably the first; another in the year 1744. During the interval of fourteen years between the first and the last, he had sufficient time to consider, and reconsider his views and motives. He had experienced the consequences of his engagement, the duties it required, and the difficulties with which it was attended. It will appear by this paper, written when he was fully engaged in his unusual course of labors, and had sufficient proof of the opposition and trials to which he was on all sides exposed, for his indefatigable zeal, that he was neither wearied nor intimidated. I shall transcribe the whole from the copy now before me; for though it is of some length, I think it would be injured by abridgment.

“Eternal and unchangeable Jehovah! Thou great Creator of heaven and earth, and adorable Lord of angels and of men! I desire, with the deepest humiliation and abasement of soul to fall down at this time, in thine awful presence, and earnestly pray that thou wilt penetrate my heart with a suitable sense of thine unutterable and inconceivable glories! Trembling may justly take hold upon me, when I, a sinful worm, presume to lift up my head to thee — presume to appear in thy majestic presence on such an occasion as this! What is my nature or descent, my character or desert, that I should mention or desire to be one party, in a covenant, where thou, the King of kings, art the other? I blush even to mention it before thee. But, O Lord, great as is thy majesty, so also is thy mercy. If thou hold converse with any of thy creatures, thy superlatively exalted nature must stoop infinitely low. I know that through Jesus, the Son of thy love, thou condescendest to visit sinful mortals, and

to allow their approach to thee, and their covenant intercourse with thee. Nay, I know the scheme and plan is entirely thine own, and that thou hast graciously sent to propose it unto us; as none, untaught by thee, could have been able to form it or inclined to embrace it, even when actually proposed.

“To thee, therefore, do I now come, invited by thy Son, and trusting in his righteousness and grace. Laying myself at thy feet with shame and confusion of face, and smiting upon my breast, saying, with the humble publican, God be merciful to me a sinner! I acknowledge, O Lord, that I have been a great transgressor. My sins have reached unto heaven, and mine iniquities have been lifted up to the skies. My base corruptions and lusts have numberless ways wrought to bring forth fruit unto death. And if thou wert extreme to mark what I have done amiss, I could never abide in it. But thou hast graciously called me to return unto thee, though I am a prodigal son, and a backsliding child. Behold, therefore, I solemnly come before thee, O my Lord! I come convinced of my sin and folly. Thou knowest, O Lord, I solemnly covenanted with thee, in the year 1738; and before that wonderful manifestation of thyself unto me, at church, and in the clerk's house, between the hours of ten and two o'clock on Sunday, September 2, 1744, I had again solemnly devoted myself to thee on August 8, 1744. And now once more and forever, I most solemnly give up, devote, and resign all I am, spirit, soul, and body, to thee, and to thy pleasure and command, in Christ Jesus, my Savior, this 4th day of December, 1752. Sensible, O Lord, of my vileness and unworthiness, but yet that I am thy pardoned, justified, and regenerated child, in the Spirit and blood of my dear and precious Savior Jesus

Christ, by clear experience. Glory be to thee! O my triune God! Permit me to repeat, and renew my covenant with thee. I desire and resolve to be wholly and forever thine, in thy Spirit. Blessed God! I most solemnly surrender myself unto thee. Hear, O heaven, and give ear, O earth! I avouch this day, the Lord to be my God, Father, Savior, Portion, forever! I am one of his covenant children, forever! From this day, I solemnly renounce all former lords, world, flesh, and devil, in thy name. No more, directly or indirectly, will I obey them. I renounced them many years ago, and I renounce them forever. This day I give myself up to thee, a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto thee; and which I know is my reasonable service; to thee I consecrate all my worldly possessions; in thy service I desire and purpose to spend all my time; desiring thee to teach me to spend every moment of it to thy glory, and the setting forth of thy praise, in every station and relation of life, I am now or may be hereafter in. And I earnestly pray, that whatever influence thou mayest in any wise give me over others, thou wouldst give me strength and courage to exert it to the utmost, to thy glory, resolving not only myself to do it, but that all others, so far as I can rationally and properly influence them, shall serve the Lord. In that course would I, O Lord, persevere to my last breath; steadfastly praying, that every day of my life may supply the defects and correct the irregularities of the former, and that by divine grace I may be enabled, not only in that happy way to hold on, but to grow daily more active in it. Nor do I only consecrate all I have to thy service, but I also most humbly resign and submit to thy holy and sovereign will, all that I have. I leave, O Lord, to thy management and direction, all I possess,

and all I wish, and set every enjoyment and interest before thee, to be disposed of as thou pleasest. Continue or remove what thou hast given me, bestow or refuse what I imagine I want, as thou seest good; and though I dare not say, I will never repine, yet I hope I may say, I will labor not only to submit, but to acquiesce; not only to bear thy heaviest afflictions on me, but to consent to them, and praise thee for them; contentedly resolving in all thy appointments, my will into thine; esteeming myself as nothing, and thee, O God, as the great Eternal all, whose word should determine, and whose power should order all things in the world.

“Use me, O Lord, I beseech thee, as the instrument of thy glory; and honor me so far, as either by doing or suffering thy appointments, I may bring praise to thy name, and benefit to the world in which I live. And may it please thee from this day forward to number me among thy peculiar people, that I may no more be a stranger and foreigner, but a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God. Receive, O heavenly Father, being already washed in thy blood, and clothed with thy righteousness, me, thy child, and sanctify me throughout, by the power of thy Holy Spirit. Destroy, I beseech thee, more, the power of sin in my heart; transform me more into thine image; and fashion me into the resemblance of Jesus, whom I would henceforth ever acknowledge as my Teacher and Sacrifice, my Intercessor, and my Lord. Communicate unto me, I beseech thee, all needful influences of thy purifying, cheering, comforting Spirit; and lift up that light of thy countenance upon me, which will put the sublimest joy and gladness into my heart.

“Dispose my affairs, O God, in a manner which may be wholly subservient to thy glory, and my own true

happiness; and when I have done, borne, and endured thy will upon earth, call me hence at what time, and in what manner thou pleasest. Only grant, that in my dying moments, and the near approach of eternity, I may remember these my engagements to thee, and may employ my latest breath in thy service. And do thou, when thou seest me in the agonies of death, remember this covenant too, though I should be incapable of recollecting it. Look down upon me, O Lord, thy languishing dying child; place thine everlasting arms underneath my head; put strength and confidence in my departing spirit, and receive it to the embraces of thine everlasting love! Welcome it to the abodes of those who sleep in Jesus, who are with him above, to wait with them that glorious day, when the last of thy promises to thy people shall be fulfilled in their triumphant resurrection, and that abundant entrance which shall be administered unto them, into that everlasting kingdom of which thou hast assured them by thy covenant; in the hope of which I now lay hold of it, desiring to live and die with my hand upon that hope.

“And when I am thus numbered with the dead, and all the interests of mortality are over with me, forever; if this solemn memorial should fall into the hands of any surviving friends or relatives, may it be the means of making serious impressions upon their mind; and may they read it, not only as *my* language, but as their *own*; and learn to fear the Lord my God, and with me, to put their trust under the shadow of his wings for time, and for eternity. And may they also learn to adore with me, that grace which inclines our hearts to enter into the covenant, and condescend to admit us into it, when so inclined; ascribing with me, and with all the nations of the redeemed, to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that

glory, honor, and praise, which is so justly due to each divine Person, for the part he bears in this illustrious work. Amen. I solemnly subscribe this dedication of myself to the forever blessed triune God, in the presence of angels, and all invisible spectators, this fourth day of December, 1752.

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW,
Minister of Haworth."

"I renewed this solemn dedication in a most awful manner, 5th of June, 1760. Oh! that day! May I carefully remember and keep it!

"I proposed to renew this dedication with a quarterly fast, the first Friday in January, April, July, and October, during life."

I cannot pass unnoticed the extraordinary circumstances to which he himself refers in the above paper, as taking place in the church of Haworth and in his clerk's house, on Sunday, the 2nd of September, 1744. Dr. Doddridge is supposed to allude to the same fact, when, giving an account of the wonderful impression made upon the mind of Colonel Gardiner, which issued in his happy conversion, he speaks of a respectable clergyman of the Established Church, who had experienced something of a similar kind. I have had several long and interesting conversations with Mr. Grimshaw, but never heard him mention it; and I do not find that such of his intimate friends as are yet living, were acquainted with many of the particulars related in a letter published in the Evangelical Magazine, for November, 1794. But as the writer of that letter, the late Mr. Joseph Williams of Kidderminster, was a man of unquestionable veracity, so far as he had the account which he gives from Mr. Grimshaw's own mouth, I am not disposed to controvert it.

When the Apostle Paul told Agrippa that the Lord Jesus appeared to him on his way to Damascus, Festus, who seems to have had a candid opinion of his integrity, could only account for his relating so strange a story, by supposing he was mad. But the relation was confirmed by the effects. It was known to many who then heard him, that when he left Jerusalem, he was filled with rage and enmity against the disciples, and that the intent of his journey was to bring as many of them as he could in bonds to the high priest and council, from whom he had received commission and authority for that purpose. It was equally notorious that he had entered Damascus with very different views; that he immediately associated with the people whom he had hated and despised, and from that time was a zealous preacher of the faith he had formerly labored to destroy. Though his old friends had become his bitter enemies, though stripes, bonds, and imprisonments awaited him in every place, and the Jews were continually thirsting for his blood, he persevered in his labors, undismayed by hardships or difficulties, to the end of his life. A change of conduct so sudden, and so permanent, must have a proportionate cause. The Apostle assigned the true cause, and they who refuse to believe him will never be able to assign another that can account, even to their own satisfaction, for his subsequent conduct.

Thus, if Colonel Gardiner, after declaring, that at a moment when he expected nothing less, he thought he saw a visible representation of our Lord and Savior, as hanging upon the cross, had continued in the same course of dissipation, profligacy, and folly, as before, we might with reason, have supposed it a delusion, and have ascribed it to a distempered imagination. But he likewise

became an altered, or rather a new man, from that hour. Evil propensities, to which he had been before so habituated and enslaved, that he had thought it impossible to overcome them, lost their power from that time. The love of Christ constrained him; he was no longer a libertine. He then found very different employment for his time, talents, and influence. I need not enlarge; his character as a Christian and an officer, is well known. He who, while he was envied by his companions for his adroitness and success in modish wickedness, had often wished himself a dog, found true happiness where it can alone be found, in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and him crucified. He adorned the gospel which he professed, living and dying; and by his wise, consistent, humble and exemplary conduct, extorted the respect of many who affected to despise it.

The best account I have met with of the incident to which Mr. Grimshaw refers on Sept. 2, 1744, and which I think may be credited, was given by a person who then lived with him as a servant, to the following purport:— That she was called up that morning at five o'clock, but found her master was risen before her, and was retired into a private room for prayer. After remaining there some time, he went to a house in Haworth, where he was engaged awhile in religious exercises with some of his people; he then returned home, and retired for prayer again, and from thence to church. She believes he had not eaten anything that morning. While reading the second lesson he fell down; he was soon helped up, and led out of the church. He continued to talk to the people as he went, and desired them not to disperse, for he hoped he should return to them soon, and he had something extraordinary to say to them. They led him to

the clerk's house, where he lay seemingly insensible. She, and others, were employed in rubbing his limbs which were exceedingly cold, with warm clothes. After some time he came to himself, and seemed to be in great rapture. The first words he spoke were, "I have had a glorious vision from the third heaven." But she does not remember that he made any mention of what he had seen. In the afternoon he performed service in the church, which began at two o'clock, and preached and spoke so long to the people, that it was seven in the evening before he returned home. So far the testimony of his servant.

We have the canon of Scripture complete. The whole is given by inspiration of God, and is of itself, when rightly understood, and duly regarded, sufficient to make both minister and people, thoroughly furnished for every good work. We have now neither need nor warrant to expect visions, voices, or trances, either for our instruction or for our consolation. If a person were to tell me that his religious experience was of this extraordinary nature, I should at first be disposed to distrust either his judgment or his veracity. But if he spoke of it as what had happened to him twenty years ago, and I knew that during all those years he had maintained an honorable, circumspect, and useful profession, I should think I could not refuse to believe him. Thus I judge in Mr. Grimshaw's case. The occurrence is recorded in a paper drawn up, in the most solemn manner, as in the immediate presence of the Almighty, in a paper which, perhaps, no person ever saw during his life-time. Had he been fond of mentioning it, I should probably have heard it from himself, for I was frequently with him during the few years of our

acquaintance. For some time before this event, and for many years after, his truth and integrity were unquestionable.

The powers of the human mind, when cultivated by education, and habituated to reflection, are certainly capable of great exertions, but its researches are in many respects limited within narrow and mortifying boundaries. Man can calculate to a minute, an eclipse that shall happen five hundred years hence; but he knows not what changes may take place the next day or hour in his most interesting concerns. He attempts to measure the earth, to weigh the subtle air, and almost to number and marshal the stars. But while he prides himself in his excursions abroad, he is a stranger at home. He is conscious of an active, sentient principle within, which pervades and governs the wonderful mechanism of his earthly tabernacle; but how body and spirit are united, and in what manner they act upon each other, is no less inexplicable to the philosopher than to the clown. Our perceptions are obtained through the medium of our bodily organs, but we cannot account for the actual or possible effect of a slight alteration in the animal system, nor how a blow on the head, or the ravages of a fever, can suddenly transform a wise man into an idiot. We use the words *memory* and *imagination* as if we understood them; but how we can retain, combine and diversify, the numberless various ideas which we can receive from our senses, is a secret, a mystery, which lies far beyond the grasp of human comprehension. And yet, vain man, who would be deemed wise, though he is ignorant as the wild ass's colt, presumes to determine what is, or is not credible, by the standard of his own defective and prejudiced judgment!

Infidels and sceptics think themselves at liberty to dis-

pute or deny the reality of whatever does not fall under the cognizance of their senses. They disdain to listen to arguments taken from the Scriptures of truth; but they judge no less inconsistently with the principles of sound philosophy, to which they vainly pretend. With equal reason, a man born blind might deny the possibility of a rainbow. We cannot describe it to him, and he might say, he will not believe there is such a thing, because he can neither hear it, nor feel it. The rainbow can only be perceived by sight, and he is blind. If we argue from analogy, it is at least highly probable that there may be innumerable objects as near to us, as any with which we are acquainted, but of which we can form no conception, for want of suitable faculties. We know not but that he who gave us the five inlets of perception, which we call the senses, might, if he so pleased, have given us fifty, all as distinct from each other, and as different in their mode of operation, as our sight is from our hearing.

How various are the gradations of life with which we are acquainted, from an oyster or an emmet, up to a man! Will reason warrant us to conclude that this gradation stops with us? Rather, considering the immensity of the universe, is it not reasonable almost to take it for granted, without express information, that there may be as many ranks of creatures superior to us, as we know there are below us? They who believe the Scriptures cannot doubt but there are innumerable intellectual beings, whose agency, though seldom or faintly perceived by us, is conversant with our concerns. We read of angels, principalities, and powers, in the unseen world. We are assured that the holy angels, the worshipping spirits before the throne of God, are sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation. And we know, not from Scripture only, but

from experience, that there are evil and malignant spirits who, so far as they are permitted, (for they are conquered enemies, and cannot go beyond their chain,) are active and industrious to deceive or to disturb the mind of mortals. Infidels may and do, boldly deny these things, but we are certain they cannot disprove them. However, I have little hope of repressing the daring infidel, and Sadducean spirit, which marks the character of the present day, nor do I write professedly for such. We who believe the Scriptures, are satisfied upon this head, nor would others be persuaded, though one should rise from the dead.

When Stephen was stoned by his persecutors, he said, 'Behold, I see the heavens opened, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God.' He could scarcely mean by this expression, an opening in the visible sky, through which he saw the Savior, beholding him as from a distance. The opening was doubtless in his own mind. So the apostle Paul informs us he was taken up into the third heavens, and that during his rapture, he could not tell whether he was in the body or out of it; that is, as I conceive, his bodily powers were so overwhelmed and locked up by the heavenly vision, that he could take no notice of the external objects around him. He expresses his situation upon this or some similar occasion, by saying, 'While I was in the temple praying, I was in a trance.'

A trance signifies a temporary suspension of the animal faculties; we may call it a waking dream. Perhaps there is a faculty in the human constitution adapted to an intercourse with the intellectual world, as our natural senses are to the objects which at present surround us, but which faculty is dormant while we are in health and

distinctly awake, unless when God is pleased, in some extraordinary cases, to call it into exercise. And then invisibles are seen, and unutterables are heard. Thus in answer to Elisha's prayer, the Lord opened the eyes of his servant (the eyes of the mind;) and he instantly saw that the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire. They, or the things emblematically represented by them, were there before, but till his eyes were in that manner opened he could not perceive them.

Though instances of this kind are not to be expected, nor should credit ever be lightly given to those who profess to have experienced them, yet something very analogous is frequently observable in dying persons. In that solemn period, when flesh and heart are failing, the poet's observation is often verified :

‘ The soul's dark cottage, tatter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.’

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord ! We have been eye-witnesses to the transports of many. ‘ And it does not appear that either old age or great knowledge, or long experience, afford any considerable advantage in a dying hour ; for when the heart is duly humbled for sin, and the hope solidly fixed upon the Savior, persons of weak capacities and small attainments, yea, novices and children, are enabled to meet death with equal fortitude and triumph. We must be in similar circumstances ourselves before we can see as they see, or possess the ideas which they endeavor to describe, and which seem too great for the language of mortals to convey.’

Many likewise, who, while in health, made a mock at sin, and treated religion with contempt, have not been able to conceal their terror and amazement, when compelled to look death in the face. To them the opening

views of an eternal state have been dark and terrifying to an extreme. 'What was once slighted as a fable, is now seen and felt as a reality. Such cases I am afraid are frequent. But they are suppressed, ascribed to the violence of the fever, and forgotten, as soon as possible. Yet they sometimes transpire.' And frequently, one harbinger of death is an anticipation of joy or woe, too great for utterance.

Returning from this digression, Mr Newton proceeds to delineate the character of Mr. Grimshaw, as a preacher, a pastor and a Christian, at great length, and with a master's hand. But we cannot follow him in this brief memoir. Suffice it to say, that though the people at Halloworth were for the most part extremely ignorant and stupidly irreligious, when Mr. Grimshaw settled among them, the terror and energy of his preaching soon engaged their attention. He was pressed in spirit—he spoke with earnestness and authority—and 'his labor was not in vain in the Lord.' A power from on high applied to the heart what he would only declare to the ear. The effects of his plain and pungent ministry were soon visible. While some marked and opposed, a growing number were soon distinguished, not only by a change in their views and sentiments, but in their tempers and conduct. Sin was in many instances forsaken and discountenanced; the drunkard became sober, the idle industrious; profaneness gave place to prayer, and riot to decorum.

If his preaching had been confined to his own parish church, he would not have labored in vain. It might be said of many who heard him there, 'The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light.' They were turned from the power of Satan unto God. But his zeal and his desire to be useful to the souls of men, made him read-

ily accept invitations to visit and preach in other parishes. His constitution was strong, his health firm, his spirits good, and his zeal ardent. He was able to bear much fatigue and hardship, and he did not spare himself. The love of Christ constrained him. Without intermitting his stated service at home, he went much abroad. In a course of time, he established two circuits, which, with some occasional visitations, he usually traversed every week alternately. One of these he pleasantly called his idle week, because he seldom preached more than *twelve* or *fourteen* times. His sermons in his working or busy week, often exceeded *twenty-four*, and sometimes *thirty*. So great was the interest felt in his earnest and evangelical exhibitions of truth, that numbers flocked to his church from a great distance. — He had hearers who came statedly ten or twelve miles, for years together; and were seldom prevented, either by severe weather, or bad roads.

But we must hasten to the closing scene of his active and useful life. In the spring of 1763, Haworth was visited by a putrid fever of which many persons died. Mr. Grimshaw had a strong presage upon his mind, that some one of his own family would be added to the number, and he repeatedly exhorted them all to be ready, as he knew not which of them it might be. As to himself, it was not for a man of his mind and spirit, to decline the calls of duty and affection, from any apprehension of danger. He caught the infection, and from the first of the attack, expected and welcomed the approach of death. He knew whom he believed, and felt his support in the trying hour.

While death pointed his javeline to his heart, he beheld the face of this king of terrors, as it were the face of an

angel. He said, "Never had I such a visit from God since I knew him." To one of his friends who asked him how he did, he answered, "As happy as I can be on earth, and as sure of glory as if I was in it." He is reported to have said to his house-keeper, O Mary, I have suffered last night what the blessed martyrs did; my flesh has been as it were roasting before a hot fire. But I have nothing to do, but to step out of my bed into heaven. I have my foot upon the threshold already." And thus he entered into the joy of his Lord, aged *fifty-five*. How can infidelity itself refrain from exclaiming, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

CHAPTER IX.

THOMAS BATEMAN, M. D.*

THE SCEPTICAL PHYSICIAN.

Dr. Bateman settled in London soon after his graduation at Edinburgh in the year 1801; and his professional merits being very considerable, he was speedily elected physician to two public institutions — a large Dispensary, and the House of Recovery for Fever. He continued to distinguish himself, as he had done in Edinburgh, by his zeal and industry in the pursuit of science and literature; though he contrived to mix with his severer studies a large portion of the dissipations of gay society, and carried with him, into both these opposite pursuits, an energy of mind and of feeling which rendered him more than ordinarily susceptible of the enjoyments which either of them can afford. He always retained a high “sense of honor,” as it is called, and was strictly careful to avoid, in all his conduct, every thing that the world esteems discreditable.

He lived, however, to see and to feel, what at that time he had no conception of, how meagre a system of morality is that which the world is satisfied with, compared

* Abridged from the Christian Observer.

with the comprehensive morality of the gospel—that Christian holiness, without which “no man shall see the Lord.” His habits of life thus concurring with the natural corruption of the human heart, and estranging him more and more from God, he became confirmed in his leaning to the wretched doctrine of materialism, which he had been already tempted to adopt during the pursuit of his anatomical and physiological studies at Edinburgh. This lamentable tendency was strongly increased by the society which he now fell into, of some men of considerable talent, who had already espoused all the principles of that unphilosophical, as well as unchristian system; and though never able *fully* to embrace those opinions himself, he was yet sufficiently influenced by them to become sceptical respecting the truth of Divine Revelation, and was, therefore, of course, a stranger to the hopes, as well as negligent of the duties of Christianity.

In the summer of 1815, his health began to decline, and in the following year a complaint of his eyes came on, which threatened loss of sight, and precluded him from all his accustomed sources of occupation and amusement.

Under these circumstances, the writer of this memoir became his constant companion and attendant; and for four years had the misery of witnessing his total estrangement from God and religion. His health continuing to decline, he left London in July, 1819, with an intention of trying the effect of a sulphurous water at Middletown, in the county of Durham, on his debilitated constitution. He was taken ill on the road, and with difficulty reached a village, near Beverly, in Yorkshire; where he was obliged to remain during the following winter; and finding, at length, that his health required the sacrifice, he finally determined not to attempt returning to London.

He had for some time been subject to attacks of the most alarming nervous languor, during which he was thought by all around him, as well as by himself, to be dying, and these now returned upon him continually, especially after using the least bodily exertion. During the winter he was considerably better; but on the return of warm weather, early in the spring of 1820, he had a severe attack of languor, after a short ride.

His dread of these attacks was so great, and they were brought on so frequently, by the smallest fatigue, that he gradually relinquished all exertion, as he even believed that the exhaustion which would be produced by the effort of walking across a room, might prove fatal.

It was on Sunday, the 9th of April, that he first spoke to me on the subject of religion. He had passed the whole of the day in a state of extraordinary suffering, from languor, and a variety of nervous feelings, which he always said it was impossible to describe, farther than that they were inconceivably painful and distressing; and he went to bed with a firm persuasion that he should never again quit it; and, in fact, he did confine himself to it for the following three weeks, from the mere apprehension of the consequences of exertion. Religion was a subject which, for many reasons, had never been discussed between us. Though the tenor of his life had made me but too well acquainted with the state of his mind, he had always avoided any declaration of his opinions, knowing the pain it would give me to hear them. He was habitually fond of argument, and skilled in it; and I knew that I was quite incompetent to argue with him. I considered, too, that the habit of disputing in favor of any opinion, only serves, in general, to rivet it more firmly in the mind; men commonly find their own arguments

more convincing them those of their adversaries. And, above all, I knew that this was a case in which mere argument must always be insufficient, — for it is with the heart man believeth unto righteousness : and in most, if not all, cases of scepticism, the will and the affections need to be set right, even more than the understanding ; and upon these arguments can have no influence.*

On the evening of the day I have mentioned, Dr. Bateman had been expressing to me his conviction that he could not live much longer, and complaining of the dreadful nervous sensations that continually harassed him ; and then he added, “ But all these sufferings are a just punishment for my long scepticism, and neglect of God and religion.” This led to a conversation, in the course of which he observed, that medical men were generally sceptical ; and that the mischief arose from what he considered a natural tendency of some of their studies to lead to materialism.

I replied that the mischief appeared to me to originate rather in their neglect to examine the evidences of the truth of the Bible, *as an actual revelation from God* ; because, if a firm conviction of that were once established, the authority of the Scripture must be paramount ; and the tendency of all inferior studies, in opposition to their declarations, could have no weight. He said he believed I was right, and that he had, in fact, been intending to examine fully into the subject, when the complaint in his eyes came on, and shut him out from reading. Our conversation ended in his permitting me to read to him the first of Scott’s “ Essays on the most important Subjects in

* There is vast deal of true, practical wisdom in these remarks.
Compiler.

Religion," which treats of "The Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures."

He listened with intense earnestness; and when it was concluded, exclaimed, "This is demonstration! complete demonstration!" He then asked me to read to him the account given in the New Testament of the resurrection of our Savior; which I did from all the four Evangelists. I read, also, many other passages of Scripture, with some of which he was extremely struck; especially with that declaration, that "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." For two or three days he showed increasing interest in the subject of religion; and I read to him continually the Scriptures, and other books which seemed to me best calculated to give him the information he thirsted for. When I went into his room a few mornings after, he said, "It is quite impossible to describe to you the change which has taken place in my mind: I feel as if a new world was opened to me, and all the interests and pursuits of *this* have faded into nothing, in comparison with it. They seem so mean, and paltry, and insignificant, that my blindness, in living so long immersed in them, and devoted to them, is quite inconceivable and astonishing to myself." He often expressed in the strongest terms, and with many tears, his deep repentance, and his abhorrence of himself for his former sinful life, and rebellion against God; but he seemed to have, from the first, so clear a view of the all-sufficiency of the Savior's atonement, and of the Christian scheme of salvation, as freed him, at once, from that distrust of forgiveness which is so apt to afflict persons at the first sight of their sins, and of the purity and holiness of him "with

whom they have to do." The self-abasing views which he entertained of himself, necessarily enhanced his sense of the pardoning love and mercy of God in Christ Jesus, thus graciously extended to him; and which he felt so strongly, that he was filled with the liveliest emotions of gratitude and joy, and in this state continued for several days.

He soon, however, experienced an afflicting reverse of feeling. One evening I left him to visit a near relative, at that time confined to her room in a precarious state of health, and his mother, who had been in attendance upon her, took my place at the bed-side of her son. Dr. Bateman told her that I had been reading to him various detached portions of Scripture, and that he now wished to hear the New Testament read regularly through from the beginning.

She consequently, began to read, and had proceeded as far as the tenth chapter of St. Matthew, when he suddenly exclaimed, that he could not believe in the miracles of the Savior, and that, therefore, he must perish forever. This suggestion of his spiritual enemy threw him into a state of the most dreadful anguish, and I was immediately sent for to his bed-side.

On my arrival, he had become a little more composed, but was still in great agitation; and was praying in agony, to be saved, — not to be given up to this dreadful state of unbelief. To comfort his mind, we said what we could from Scripture, and from the experience of other Christians; and he was a little relieved by hearing some passages from an Essay in the volume before mentioned, "On the Warfare and Experience of Believers;" finding that his was not, as he had supposed, a case of new occurrence; but that the author of that work was already

acquainted with its symptoms, and augured favorably of them, as often accompanying the progress of religion in the soul. Still the idea that his death was fast approaching, and that there was no hope of his mind being convinced before it arrived, quite overwhelmed him. Feeling ourselves to be very inadequate guides and comforters in these afflicting circumstances, we gladly adopted a suggestion of a friend that we should request a neighboring clergyman of piety and judgment to visit him. Dr. Bateman himself grasped eagerly at the proposal, and I wrote immediately to the clergyman in question; but he was from home, and was not expected to return for two or three weeks. A few days after this unwelcome intelligence, Dr. Bateman told me, he had no doubt this disappointment was for his good; and that it was better for him to be left to himself, as he did not think anything could have convinced him so fully of *the efficacy of prayer*, as the sensible relief which he experienced from it during those conflicts of doubt and unbelief with which his mind continued to be harassed. He added, that he now spent whole nights in prayer. He felt perfectly assured, that these doubts were the suggestions of the great adversary of souls, and remarked, that they were vividly and manifestly dashed, as it were, into his mind, instead of arising from his own reflections, or resulting from any train of reasoning; and the absurdity of them, in many instances, was so obvious, that his judgment detected it at once, though he still had not power to drive them from the hold they took on his imagination, or to banish them, for the time, from his thoughts.

These paroxysms of distress and conflict, which sometimes lasted many hours, he continued subject to for about a fortnight; but they gradually became less

long and violent, and he experienced increasingly great relief from prayer during their continuance; till at length they subsided entirely, and left his mind satisfied on all those points, which had before presented so many obstacles to his belief.

About this time, he received an unexpected visit from a medical friend, whose piety and truly Christian character distinguished him still more than his eminent abilities and professional skill.

This gentleman, with great difficulty, succeeded in persuading him he was by no means in that state of danger and debility which he had apprehended, and that he had power of taking exercise if he could but exert sufficient resolution to attempt it. Experiment convinced him that this opinion was correct; he was prevailed on to leave his bed, and in a very few days was able to be some hours in the open air, and to take considerable exercise; and it is remarkable, that from this time he had no return of languor after fatigue, except in one instance. Thus was he delivered, by the gracious providence of God, from those overwhelming apprehensions of immediate death, which had been so instrumental in bringing him to Christ, as soon as they had effected that blessed purpose.

He now rarely spoke of the state of his mind and feelings; for such was the extreme reserve of his character, that it could only be overcome by deep and powerful emotions; and when no longer agitated by these, he returned to his natural habits, and was silent on the subject that most deeply interested him. Still it was abundantly evident that it *did* interest him. The avidity with which he listened to the word of God — his eagerness to attend public worship, (which for many years he had entirely neglected,) and the heartfelt and devout

interest which he obviously took in the service — his enlarged and active benevolence — the change which had taken place in his tastes, inclinations, and pursuits — all testified that he was indeed brought out of darkness into marvellous light; “old things had passed away, and all things had become new.”

In the course of the summer, his health and strength were considerably recruited; but towards the close of it, a little over-exertion in walking, brought on an accession of fever, and a great aggravation of all the symptoms of his disorder; but still he continued able to take a little exercise. While he remained in the country, he had much leisure, which was devoted entirely to religious reading; for every other subject had now become insipid and uninteresting to him; and never did the pursuits of science and literature afford him such vivid enjoyment as he now received from these hallowed studies. In November, he removed to Whitby for the winter; and his health continued in much the same state till a short time before Christmas, when a walk, rather longer than usual, again produced increased fever and debility; and from that period, his strength and appetite visibly declined, while his spirit was as visibly ripening for heaven. His faith and patience were strengthened; his hope was increased, his charity enlarged; yet he was naturally so extremely reserved in the expression of his feelings, that he rarely spoke of them till within the last month of his life, when he rejoiced “with a joy unspeakable and full of glory,” which bore down all opposition; for he experienced a happiness to which all the accumulated enjoyments of his whole previous life could bear no proportion or comparison, even that “peace of God,” which “passeth all understanding,” and which must be felt, or at

least witnessed in order to form any just conceptions of its nature and effects.

What a striking example did our dying friend now exhibit to us! From his early youth he had devoted himself with delight and industry to the acquisition of knowledge, and the pursuits of literature and science; and he had "had his reward" in the honor and reputation which his success had procured for him — a reward which he keenly enjoyed and very highly prized. Those who have known only the pleasures which arise from worldly gratifications, surely ought to recollect, that, being confessedly ignorant of those spiritual enjoyments which they despise, they cannot be competent to decide upon their reality or their value; it belongs only to those who have experienced *both*, to appreciate either. And how did Dr. Bateman appreciate them? In contrasting, as he frequently did, his present happiness with all that he had formerly enjoyed and *called* happiness, he seemed always at a loss to find words to express how poor, and mean, and despicable all earthly gratifications appeared to him, when compared with that "joy and peace in believing," which now filled his soul; and "one particle of which," he sometimes said, "ten thousand worlds would not tempt him to part with."

And it should be remembered, that this was not the evidence of a man disappointed in his worldly pursuits; he had already, as before observed, "had his reward," in this world — he had experienced the utmost success in the path which he had chosen — he had been keenly susceptible of intellectual pleasures; and of these, as well as of all inferior amusements, he had enjoyed more than a common portion; but when the only object that can satisfy the affections, and fill the capacities of a rational

and immortal being was revealed to him — when he viewed, by the eye of faith, that life and immortality which are brought to light in the gospel — earthly fame, and honor, and pleasure sunk into the dust; and, in reflecting upon his past life, the only thing that gave him any satisfaction, was the hope that his labors might have been beneficial to his fellow creatures, for whom his charity had now become unbounded. He often said, that “the blessing of his conversion was never out of his mind, day or night; that it was a theme of perpetual thanksgiving; and that he never awoke in the night without being overwhelmed with joy and gratitude in the recollection of it.” He always spoke of his long bodily afflictions, with the most devout thankfulness, as having been instrumental in bringing him to God; and considered his almost total blindness, as an especial mercy, because, by shutting out external objects, it had enabled him to devote his mind more entirely to spiritual things. Often, latterly, he expressed an ardent desire to “depart and to be with Christ;” but always added, that he was cheerfully willing to wait the Lord’s pleasure, certain that if he was continued in this world it was only for his own good, and to make him more “meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.”

He bore his bodily afflictions with the most exemplary patience, and even cheerfulness, and continually expressed his thankfulness, that they were not greater; sometimes saying, “What a blessing it is to be allowed to slip gently and gradually out of life as I am doing!” He would not allow any one to speak of his *sufferings*, always saying, “they did not deserve a stronger name than inconveniences.” He neither complained himself, nor would permit others to complain for him. Once, when the

nurse who attended him said, "Oh that cough! how troublesome it is!" he replied, "Have a little patience, nurse; I shall soon be in a better world; and what a glorious change that will be!" Indeed, the joy of his mind seemed to have absorbed all sense of his physical sufferings. I once remarked to him, that he appeared to have experienced no intermission of these joyful feelings; and he answered, "For some months past *never*, and never the smallest rising of anything like impatience or complaint." His mind, naturally active and ardent, retained all its powers in full vigor to the last moment of his life; and was never once clouded, or debilitated, even in the most depressing nervous languor. Indeed, after the whole current of his tastes and affections had been turned into a new channel, its ardor and activity rather increased than diminished, from the deep conviction which he felt of the superiority of his present views and pursuits, to all that had hitherto engrossed him.

During the last week of his life, especially, the strength and clearness of his intellect, and of his spiritual perceptions, were very remarkable; and on its being one day observed to him, that as his bodily powers decayed, those of his soul seemed to become vigorous, he replied, "They do, exactly in an inverse ratio; I have been very sensible of it." He conversed with the greatest animation all the day, and almost all the night, preceding his death, principally on the joys of heaven, and the glorious change he was soon to experience; often exclaiming, "What a happy hour will the hour of death be!"

He dwelt much on the description of the new Jerusalem in the Revelations of St. John, and listened with great delight, to several passages from Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and to some of Watts' hymns on the same subject.

Once in the night he said to his mother, ' Surely you are not in tears! Mine is a case that calls for rejoicing, and not for sorrow. Only think what it will be to drop this poor, frail, perishing body, and to go to the glories that are set before me! "

Not more than an hour before his death, when he had been expressing his faith and hope in very animated terms, I remarked to him, how striking the uniformity of faith and of feeling expressed by believers at every distance of time and place, and spoke of it as an indisputable evidence that these graces are wrought by "one and the self-same Spirit," and, as the proof of the truth of the Bible, the promises and descriptions of which are thus so strikingly fulfilled and exemplified. He entered into the argument with his accustomed energy, and assented to its truth with delight. It seemed remarkable, that though he had, during his whole illness, been very sensible of his increasing weakness, and had watched and marked accurately all its gradations, yet he spoke, in the last moments of his life, of going down stairs as usual, (he had been carried up and down for several days,) and said "it could not require more than a few weeks now to wear him out;" not appearing to be at all aware that his end was so very near, till about half an hour before his death. Finding himself extremely languid, he took a little milk, and desired that air might be admitted into the room; and on being asked if he felt relieved at all, said, "Very little: I can hardly distinguish, indeed, whether this is languor or drowsiness which has come over me; but it is a very *agreeable* feeling." Soon after, he suddenly remarked, "I surely must be going now, my strength sinks so fast;" and on my making some observation on the glorious prospect before him, he added, "Oh, yes! I am *glad* to go, if

it be the Lord's will." He shut his eyes and lay quite composed, and by and bye said, "What glory! the angels are waiting for me!" then, after another short interval of quiet, added, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" and to those who were about him, "Farewell!" These were the last words he spoke: he gradually and gently sunk away, and in about ten minutes breathed his last, calmly, and without a struggle, at nine in the morning of the 9th of April, the very day on which, twelve months before, his mind had first been awakened to the hopes and joys of the ever blessed gospel.

Let the shallow and flippant sceptic read this memoir, and if he will not be convinced that there is a glorious reality in the religion of the Bible, let him "behold and despise and wonder and perish." No one can deny that Dr. Bateman possessed a vigorous and independent mind, and that he was less liable than most men to be swayed by inconclusive arguments, or any delusive impulse. He felt all the aversion of a proud and philosophic unbeliever, to the searching and arousing truths of the Bible. Nothing seemed more improbable, either to himself or his friends, than a radical change of his religious opinions. And yet, no sooner did he turn his thoughts seriously to the evidences of revealed religion, than the fabric of materialism, which he had been long trying to build up, began to crumble. He could not support it for an hour.

The truth of God flashed in like a sunbeam upon his mind, and he saw and believed.

Let those who are "going about to establish their own righteousness, and will not submit themselves to the righteousness of God," mark well the convictions of Dr. Bateman's mind, touching the only way of justification for a sinner. How convulsively, I had almost said, did he

cling to the cross of Christ, as his only hope! How deeply did he loathe and abhor himself!

Let Christians read this, and magnify the grace of God, as displayed in the conversion, subsequent life and triumphant death of Dr. Bateman. What but the new creating energy of the Holy Spirit, could ever have wrought such a change as he evidently experienced? What other power is there, that can "bring a sinner thus out of darkness unto God's marvellous light?"

Finally, let the pious reader of these pages, should he ever be placed in similar circumstances, follow the judicious example of the writer, in carefully avoiding disputation. Infinitely more is to be expected from uniform kindness, and the clear and steady light of Christian example. "Dr. Bateman," says his enlightened biographer, "was habitually fond of argument, and skilled in it; and I knew that I was quite incompetent to argue with him. I considered too, that the habit of disputing in favor of any opinion, only serves, in general, to rivet it more firmly in the mind; as men commonly find their own arguments more conclusive than those of their adversaries." This train of remark is founded upon a deep knowledge of human nature; and I have not a single doubt, that many have reasoned themselves into incurable and fatal unbelief, who might have been drawn away by the cords of love, from the paths in which their feet were beginning to slide.

CHAPTER X.

RICHARD BAXTER.

Richard Baxter was born at Rowton, Shropshire, Nov. 12th, 1615. His father having been converted himself, chiefly through the instrumentality of reading the Scriptures, early and anxiously directed the attention of this his only son, to the same source of divine illumination. Nor were his instructions and efforts altogether in vain. Young Richard possessed an uncommonly inquisitive mind, and the Bible soon awakened the rebukes of his conscience.

“At first,” says he, in the history of his own life and times, “my father set me to read the historical parts of the Scripture, which, suiting with my nature, greatly delighted me; and though all that time I neither understood nor relished much, the doctrinal part, and mystery of redemption, yet it did me good, by acquainting me with the matters of fact, and drawing me on to love the Bible, and to search by degrees into the rest.

But though my conscience would trouble me when I sinned, yet divers sins I was addicted to, and often committed against my conscience; which, for the warning of others, I will here confess.

1. I was much addicted, when I feared correction, to lie, that I might escape.

2. I was much addicted to the excessive gluttonous eating of apples and pears, which, I think, laid the foundation of that weakness of my stomach, which caused the bodily calamities of my life.

3. To this end, and to concur with naughty boys that gloried in evil, I have often gone into other men's orchards, and stolen their fruit, when I had enough at home.

4. I was somewhat excessively addicted to play, and that with covetousness, for money.

5. I was extremely bewitched with a love of romances, fables, and old tales, which corrupted my affections, and lost my time.

6. I was guilty of much idle foolish chat, and imitation of boys in scurrilous foolish words and actions, though I durst not swear.

7. I was too proud of my masters' commendations for learning, who all of them fed my pride, making me seven or eight years the highest in the school, and boasting of me to others; which, though it furthered my learning, yet helped not my humility.

8. I was too bold and irreverent towards my parents.

Those were my sins, for which, in my childhood, conscience troubled me for a great while before they were overcome."

His convictions gathered strength, although occasionally resisted. The temptations to neglect religion were strong and powerful. The reproach cast on his father, and others, who, for their desire and pursuit of holiness, were contemptuously designated "Puritans," proved for a season, a stumbling block in his path? Still, however,

the reflecting mind of the son, led him to discern the difference between the conduct of his father, and that of his calumniators, and to conclude that there was more of reason and truth in a life of holiness, than in a life of impiety and rebellion against the Majesty of heaven. He says : —

“ In the village where I lived, the reader read the common prayer briefly ; and the rest of the day, even till dark night almost, except eating time, was spent in dancing under a may-pole and a great tree, not far from my father’s door, where all the town did meet together ; and though one of my father’s own tenant’s was the piper, he could not restrain him, nor break the sport ; so that we could not read the Scripture in our family, without the great disturbance of the tabor and pipe, and noise in the street ! Many times my mind was inclined to be among them, and sometimes I broke loose from conscience and joined with them ; and the more I did it, the more I was inclined to it. But when I heard them call my father ‘ Puritan,’ it did much to cure me and alienate me from them ; for I considered that my father’s exercise of reading the Scripture was better than theirs, and would surely be better thought of by all men at the last ; and I considered what it was for that he and others were thus derided. When I heard them speak scornfully of others, as Puritans, whom I never knew, I was apt at first to believe all the lies and slanders wherewith they loaded them ; but, when I heard my own father so reproached, and perceived that drunkards were the forwardest in the reproach, I perceived that it was mere malice. For my father never scrupled common prayer, or ceremonies, nor spoke against bishops, nor even so much as prayed but by a book or form, being not even acquainted then with any

that did otherwise. But only for reading Scripture when the rest were dancing on the Lord's day, and for praying, by a form out of the end of the common prayer book, in his house, and for reproving drunkards and swearers, and for talking sometimes a few words of Scripture, and about the life to come, he was reviled commonly by the name of Puritan, Precisian, and Hypocrite; and so were the godly conformable ministers that lived anywhere in the country near us, not only by our neighbors, but by the common talk of the vulgar rabble of all about us. By this experience I was fully convinced that godly people were the best, and those that despised them, and lived in sin and pleasure, were a malignant unhappy sort of people; and this kept me out of their company, except now and then, when the love of sports and play enticed me.

Thus does God often bring good out of evil, and cause the wrath of man to praise him. Strongly prejudiced as Baxter was at this time against the Puritans, there is every reason to think that his dislike would have ripened into a settled and incurable hostility, not only to the "sect which was then everywhere spoken against," but to the gospel of Jesus Christ, had not his own father, of whose sincerity and piety he could have no doubt, been so wantonly reviled. Little did the enemies of truth and righteousness know what they were doing to promote the cause which was the standing theme of their obloquy. Little did they suspect, what a champion of Puritanism they were nursing in the cradle of persecution. And little, probably, did the pious father of young Richard expect, that the storm which beat upon his own head, would induce his beloved son to examine and embrace the very system of faith and practice which occasioned it.

Mr. Baxter thus proceeds: —

“When about fifteen years of age, it pleased God of his wonderful mercy, to open my eyes with a clearer insight into the concerns and case of my own soul, and to touch my heart with a livelier feeling of things spiritual than ever I had found before.” While under this concern, a poor man in the town lent his father an old torn book, entitled, “Bunyan’s Resolutions.” “In reading this book,” he observes, “it pleased God to awaken my soul, and show me the folly of sinning, and the misery of the wicked, and the inexpressible weight of things eternal and the necessity of resolving on a holy life, more than I was ever acquainted with before. The same things which I knew before, came now in another manner, with light, and sense, and seriousness to my heart.

Yet whether sincere conversion began now, or before, or after, I was never able to this day to know; for I had before had some love to the things and people which were good, and a restraint from other sins, except those before-mentioned, and so much from these that I seldom committed most of them, and when I did, it was with great reluctance. And, both now and formerly, I knew that Christ was the only Mediator, by whom we must have pardon, justification, and life: but even at that time, I had little lively sense of the love of God in Christ to the world or me, nor of my special need of him.

About this time it pleased God that a poor pedlar came to the door that had ballads and some good books, and my father bought of him Dr. Sibb’s ‘Bruised Reed.’ This also I read, and found it suited to my taste, and seasonably sent me; which opened more the love of God to me, and gave me a livelier apprehension of the mystery of redemption, and how much I was beholden to Jesus Christ.

After this, we had a servant that had a little piece of Mr. Perkins' works, 'Of Repentance,' and the right 'Art of living and dying well,' and the 'Government of the Tongue;' and the reading of that did further inform me, and confirm me. And thus, without any means but books, was God pleased to resolve me for himself."

Various are the means by which God awakens the soul to a sense of its danger, and leads it to the knowledge and enjoyment of himself. The pulpit and the school, conversation and reading, correspondence and advices, have been employed as instruments in the hands of the Eternal Spirit in effecting the conversion of souls. To preaching, as the express appointment of God, must be ascribed the highest place; but inferior only to it is the instrumentality of reading religious books especially. In places where the preaching of the gospel is unknown or unattended, the distribution of religious books is of the utmost importance. To such books Baxter was greatly indebted for his conversion: and having derived so much benefit from this means, he ever after employed it extensively among his friends, his flock, and all to whom his influence would reach. The facilities afforded, in the present day, for the dissemination of religious knowledge are truly astonishing; and among others, the efforts of Religious Tract Societies with their millions of publications, should not be overlooked. Many will arise in the last day, and acknowledge that their conversion was effected by means of these publications. Nor is it the least advantage of this and similar institutions, that they afford an opportunity to persons in the humblest circumstances to be instrumental in doing good to their fellow creatures. They can give a tract, though they cannot deliver a discourse; they can send a tract, where they cannot visit in person; they

can circulate books where they cannot engage in religious conversation. In the formation of Baxter's early religious opinions and character, we see the instrumentality of a laborer, a pedlar, and a servant employed. The sovereignty of God is clearly seen in the agents and means of salvation. "His wisdom is unsearchable, and his ways are past finding out." "To God only wise be all the glory."

Baxter's early education was greatly neglected. His professed teachers were either incompetent to their task, or suffered him to be occupied rather as he chose, than according to any regular rule. Notwithstanding this neglect and irregularity, he made considerable progress. He rose superior to every difficulty, and in due time became qualified to enter the university. He was persuaded, however, not to enter college, but to pursue his studies under the direction of Mr. Wickshead, chaplain to the council at Ludlow Castle. Being his only pupil, it was expected that, through the undivided attention of his tutor, his proficiency would be greater than either at Cambridge or Oxford. The preceptor became much attached to the pupil; but being in earnest quest of place and preferment, he neglected his charge. He allowed him "books and time enough," but never seriously attempted to instruct and improve his mind. Nor was this the only disadvantage attending his residence at Ludlow; for he was thrown into gay and fashionable society, and was exposed to the various temptations incident to such a situation. His religious principles were in danger of being corrupted or destroyed by the practice of gambling, but he was enabled, by the grace of God, to escape the snare, and to resist all subsequent attempts to lead him astray.

In this situation he formed an intimacy with a young man of professed seriousness and piety, but who, at length, by the seductive influence of liquor, became an apostate. At this period, however, he instructed young Baxter "in the way of God more perfectly;" prayed with him, exhorted and encouraged him in his religious course, and thus became of essential service to his young friend. Baxter remained with his tutor about a year and a half, and then returned home. At the request of Lord Newport, he took the charge at the grammar school at Wroxeter for a short time, as the master was in a dying state. On his death, Baxter left his charge, and pursued his studies and religious inquiries under the direction of that venerable saint, Mr. Garbett, a minister of Wroxeter.

The health of Baxter was in a precarious state, and in the prospect of eternity, he became more solicitous to improve his remaining days in the worship, and ways and service of God. He says:

"Being in expectation of death, by a violent cough, with spitting of blood, &c. of two years' continuance, supposed to be a deep degree of consumption, I was yet more awakened to be serious, and solicitous about my soul's everlasting state; and I came so short of that sense and seriousness, which a matter of such infinite weight required, that I was many years in doubt of my sincerity, and thought I had no spiritual life at all. I wondered at the senseless hardness of my heart, that I could think and talk of sin and hell, and Christ, and grace, of God and heaven, with no more feeling. I cried out from day to day for grace against this senseless deadness. I called myself the most hard-hearted sinner, that could feel nothing of all that I knew and talked of. I was not then sensible of the incomparable excellence of holy love, and

delight in God, nor much employed in thanksgiving and praise; but all my groans were for more contrition, and a broken heart, and I prayed most for tears and tenderness.

And thus I complained for many years to God and man; and between the expectations of death, and the doubts of my own sincerity in grace, I was kept in some more care of my salvation, than my nature, too stupid and too far from melancholy, was easily brought to.

Thus was I long kept with the calls of approaching death at one ear, and the questionings of a doubtful conscience at the other; and since then I have found that this method of God's was very wise, and no other was so likely to have tended to my good. These benefits of it I sensibly perceived.

1. It made me vile and loathsome to myself, and made pride one of the most hateful sins in the world to me. I thought of myself as I now think of a detestable sinner, and my enemy; that is, with a love of benevolence, wishing them well, but with little love of complacency at all: and the long continuance of it tended the more effectually to a habit.

2. It much restrained me from that sportful levity and vanity which my nature and youthfulness did much incline me to, and caused me to meet temptations to sensuality with the greatest fear, and made them less effectual against me.

3. It made the doctrine of redemption the more savory to me, and my thoughts of Christ to be more serious and regardful, than before they were. I remember, in the beginning, how savory to my reading, was Mr. Perkins' short treatise of the 'Right Knowledge of Christ crucifi-

ed,' and his 'Exposition of the Creed,' because they taught me how to live by faith.

4. It made the world seem to me as a carcass that had neither life nor loveliness, and it destroyed that ambitious desire after literary fame, which was the sin of my childhood. I had a desire before to have attained the highest academical degrees and reputation of learning, and to have chosen out my studies accordingly, but sickness, and solicitousness for my doubting soul, did shame away all these thoughts as follies and children's plays."

Pious young men of Baxter's temperament, are liable, in prosecuting their studies, to cherish the same inordinate desire for academic honors and distinctions. There can be no doubt that this is often exceedingly detrimental to growth in grace in our literary institutions. It is a sin which easily besets the most gifted and promising sons of the church, and against which they cannot be too earnestly exhorted to watch and pray. But this is not the only danger. We have known religious young men pass from the extreme just mentioned, into the opposite. Because literary ambition is seen to be sinful and felt to be deadening to piety, they have drawn the unreasonable conclusion, that distinguished scholarship is incompatible with high religious attainments. Under this erroneous impression, we have known persons of good talents declaim against classical studies to their own irreparable injury, and the serious detriment of others, over whom they have gained an influence. It is absurd to suppose that learning is necessarily hostile to piety. Both may exist together in a high degree. Nay, the growth of one may directly aid and quicken the growth of the other, as it would be easy to prove, were this the proper place for such a discussion.

"5. It set me upon that method of my studies, which, since then, I have found the benefit of, though at the time I was not satisfied with myself. It caused me first to seek God's kingdom and his righteousness, and most to mind the one thing needful; and to determine first of my ultimate end, by which I was engaged to choose out and prosecute all other studies but as meant to that end. Therefore, divinity was not only carried on, with the rest of my studies, with an equal hand, but always had the first and chief place. And it caused me to study practical divinity first, in the most practical books, in a practical order; doing all purposely for the informing and reforming of my own soul.

And as for those doubts of my own salvation, which exercised me many years, the chief causes of them were these: —

1. Because I could not distinctly trace the workings of the Spirit upon my heart, in that method by which Mr. Bolton, Mr. Hooker, Mr. Rogers, and other divines describe; nor knew the time of conversion, being wrought on by the forementioned degrees. But, since then, I understood that the soul is in too dark and passionate a plight at first, to be able to keep an exact account of the order of its own operations; and that preparatory grace, being sometimes longer, and sometimes shorter, and the first degrees of special grace being usually very small, it is not possible that one of very many should be able to give any true account of the just time when special grace began, and advanced him above the state of preparation."

We are far from thinking, that every Christian can tell the very hour or day, when he 'passed from death to

life.' Perhaps the majority cannot. We are persuaded, however, that such cases are by no means so rare as Mr. Baxter seems to have supposed. Certainly they were greatly multiplied in the first age of the Christian church. Judging from the Acts of the Apostles, it would seem as if the greater part of the early converts must have known the very time when they were 'brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light;' and sure we are, that in the glorious revivals of which our country has been made the theatre, during the last five and twenty years, great multitudes have stated without hesitation, that if they were ever regenerated, the change must have taken place at or very near the times which they could specify. Much will depend upon the kind of instruction which persons receive from their religious teachers, in answer to the all-important inquiry, 'What must I do to be saved?' If the preaching and conversation are direct and searching and scriptural—if the plague of their own hearts is clearly laid open to their view—if the truth is made to blaze upon their awakened consciences, as it ought to be, there will not only be many more real converts, than under any other kind of religious instruction, but a much larger proportion of them will be able to fix upon the day, or week of their conversion.

"2. My second doubt was as aforesaid, because of the hardness of my heart, or want of such lively apprehension of things spiritual, which I had about things corporeal. And though I still groan under this, as my sin and want, yet I now perceive that a soul in flesh doth work so much after the manner of the flesh, that it much desireth sensible apprehensions; but things spiritual and distant are not so apt to work upon them, and to stir the passions, as things present and sensible are.

3. My next doubt was, lest education and fear had done all that ever was done upon my soul, and regeneration and love were yet to seek; because I had found convictions from my childhood, and found more fear than love in all my duties and restraints.

But I afterwards perceived that education is God's ordinary way for the conveyance of his grace, and ought no more to be set in opposition to the Spirit, than the preaching of the word; and that it was the great mercy of God to begin with me so soon, and to prevent such sins as else might have been my shame and sorrow while I lived; and that repentance is good, but prevention and innocence better; which though we cannot attain in perfection, yet the more the better. And I understood, that, though fear without love be not a state of saving grace, and greater love to the world than to God be not consistent with sincerity, yet a little predominant love, prevailing against worldly love, conjoined with a far greater measure of fear, may be a state of special grace. And I found that my hearty love of the word of God, and of the servants of God, and my desires to be more holy, and especially the hatred of my heart for loving God no more, and my wish to love him, and be pleasing to him, was not without some love to himself, though it worked more sensibly on his nearer image.

4. Another of my doubts was, because my grief and humiliation were no greater, and because I could weep no more for this.

But I understood, at last, that God breaketh not all men's hearts alike, and that the gradual proceedings of his grace might be one cause, and my nature, not apt to weep for other things, another. And, that the change of our heart from sin to God, is true repentance; and a

loathing of ourselves, is true humiliation; and that he that had rather leave his sin, than have leave to keep it, and had rather be the most holy, than have leave to be unholy or less holy, is neither without true repentance nor the love of God.

5. Another of my doubts was, because I had, after my change, committed some sins deliberately and knowingly. And, be they ever so small, I thought, he that could sin upon knowledge and deliberation had no true grace; and that, if I had but had as strong temptations to fornication, drunkenness, fraud, or other more heinous sins, I might also have committed them! And if these proved that I had then no saving grace, after all that I had felt, I thought it unlikely that ever I should have any.

The means by which God was pleased to give me some peace and comfort were —

1. The reading of many consolatory books.

2. The observation of other men's condition. When I heard many make the very same complaints that I did, who were people of whom I had the best esteem, for the uprightness and holiness of their lives, it much abated my fears and troubles. And, in particular, it much comforted me to read him whom I loved, as one of the holiest of all the martyrs, John Bradford, subscribing himself so often, 'The hard-hearted sinner,' and 'The miserable hard-hearted sinner,' even as I was used to do myself.

3. And it much increased my peace, when God's providence called me to the comforting of many others that had the same complaints. While I answered their doubts, I answered my own; and the charity which I was constrained to exercise for them, redounded to myself, and insensibly abated my fears, and procured me an increase of quietness of mind.

And yet after all, I was glad of probabilities instead of full undoubted certainties; and to this very day, though I have no such degree of doubtfulness as is any great trouble to my soul, or proclaimeth any great disquieting fears, yet cannot I say that I have such a sincerity in grace, as excluded all doubts and fears of the contrary."

It would be extremely interesting, did the leading design of this little volume permit, to follow this devoted servant of Christ through all the changes of his long and eventful life; to see how he filled the humble sphere, which as a minister, he first occupied at Dudley, — to follow him from Dudley to Bridgenorth, — from Bridgenorth to Kidderminster, and thence to the Parliamentary army, and then back to Kidderminster; — to see him now preaching before the Lord Protector, and anon arraigned as a culprit before the execrated Jeffries, — to follow him to prison — to commune with him in his bonds, to rejoice with the church in his enlargement, — to admire the astonishing energies of his mind, under the excruciating pains of sickness, and the infirmities of old age, and to witness his triumphant departure, for the *Saint's Everlasting Rest*. And narrow as our limits are, I am sure the pious reader would be greatly disappointed, not to find in these pages, a brief outline, at least, of his Christian and ministerial character.

The following extracts from his life and times, will show how he discharged the duties of the sacred office, and how abundant were the fruits of his labors.

"I preached, before the wars, twice each Lord's day; but, after the war, but once, and once every Thursday, besides occasional sermons. Every Thursday evening, my neighbors that were most desirous and had opportunity, met at my house, and there one of them repeat-

ed the sermon, and afterwards they proposed what doubts any of them had about the sermon, or any other case of conscience, and I resolved their doubts. And, last of all, I caused sometimes one, and sometimes another of them to pray, to exercise them; and sometimes I prayed with them myself, which, besides singing a psalm, was all they did. And once a week, also, some of the younger sort, who were not fit to pray in so great an assembly, met among a few more privately, where they spent three hours in prayer together. Every Saturday night they met at some of their houses, to repeat the sermon of the last Lord's day, and to pray and prepare themselves for the following day. Once in a few weeks, we had a day of humiliation, on one occasion or other. Every religious woman that was safely delivered, instead of the old feastings and gossipings, if they were able, did keep a day of thanksgiving, with some of their neighbors with them, praising God, and singing psalms, and soberly feasting together. Two days every week, my assistant and I myself, took fourteen families between us, for private catechizing and conference; he going through the parish, and the town coming to me. I first heard them recite the words of the catechism, and then examined them about the sense, and lastly urged them, with all possible engaging reason and vehemence, to answerable affection and practice. If any of them were perplexed, through ignorance or bashfulness, I forebore to press them any farther to answers, but made them hearers, and either examined others, or turned all into instruction and exhortation. But this I have opened more fully in my 'Reformed Pastor.' I spent about an hour with a family, and admitted no others to be present, lest bashfulness should make it burdensome, or any should talk of the weakness of others.

So that all the afternoons, on Mondays and Tuesdays, I spent in this, after I had begun it; and my assistant spent the mornings of the same days in the same employment. Before that, I only catechized them in the church, and conferred with, one occasionally."

Such a course of preaching and pastoral labors steadily pursued in humble reliance upon the Divine Spirit, can never be in vain, while God continues to own and bless the means of his own appointment. Very few laborers in the vineyard of Christ, have been more diligent in sowing the good seed, than Mr. Baxter was, during the period of which he speaks in the preceding extract, and how rich and precious a harvest he soon gathered, we hear from what immediately follows.

"I have mentioned my sweet and acceptable employment; let me, to the praise of my gracious Lord, acquaint you with some of my success. And I will not suppress it, though I foreknow that the ignorant will impute the mention of it to pride and ostentation. For it is the sacrifice of thanksgiving which I owe to my most gracious God, which I will not deny for fear of being censured as proud, lest I prove myself proud indeed, while I cannot undergo the imputation of pride in the performance of my thanks for such undeserved mercies.

My public preaching met with an attentive, diligent auditory. Having broke over the bounds of the opposition of the rabble before the wars, I found them afterwards tractable and unprejudiced.

Before I ever entered into the ministry, God blessed my private conference to the conversion of some, who remain firm and eminent in holiness to this day. Then, and in the beginning of my ministry, I was wont to num-

ber them as jewels; but since then I could not keep any number of them.

The congregation was usually full, so that we were fain to build *five* galleries after my coming thither, the church itself being very capacious, and the most commodious and convenient that ever I was in. Our private meetings were also full. On the Lord's day there was no disorder to be seen in the streets, but you might hear a hundred families singing psalms and repeating sermons, as you passed through the streets. In a word, when I came thither first, there was about one family in a street that worshipped God and called on his name; and when I came away, there were some streets where there was not more than one family in the side of a street, that did not so; and that did not, by professing serious godliness, give us hopes of their sincerity. And those families which were the worst, being inns and alehouses, usually some persons in each house, did seem to be religious. Though our administration of the Lord's supper, was so ordered as to displease many, and by far the greater part kept away themselves, yet we had *six hundred that were communicants*, of whom there were not twelve that I had not good hopes of, as to their sincerity; and those few that did consent to our communion, and yet lived scandalously, were excommunicated afterward. And I hope there were many that had the fear of God, that came not to our communion in the sacrament, some of them being kept off by husbands, by parents, by masters, and some dissuaded by men that differed from us.

When I set upon personal conference with each family, and catechizing them, there were very few families in all the town, that refused to come; and those few were beggars at the town's end, who were so ignorant that they

were ashamed it should be manifest. And few families went from me without some tears, or seemingly serious promises for a godly life. Yet many ignorant and ungodly persons there were still among us; but most of them were in the parish, and not in the town, and in those parts of the parish which were farthest from the town. Some poor men did competently understand the body of divinity, and were able to judge in difficult controversies. Some of them were so able in prayer, that very few ministers did match them, in order and fullness, and apt expression, and holy oratory, with fervency. Abundance of them were able to pray very laudably with their families or with others. The temper of their minds, and the correctness of their lives, were much more laudable than their parts. The professors of serious godliness were generally of very humble minds and carriage; of meek and quiet behavior unto others; and of blamelessness in their conversation.

And, in my poor endeavors with my brethren in the ministry, my labors were not lost. Our discussions proved not unprofitable; our meetings were never contentious, but always comfortable. We took great delight in the company of each other; so that I know the remembrance of those days is pleasant, both to them and me.

When discouragements had long kept me from motioning a way of church order and discipline, which all might agree in, that we might neither have churches ungoverned, now fall into divisions among themselves, at the first motioning of it, I found a readier consent than I could expect, and all went on without any great obstructing difficulties. And when I attempted to bring them all conjointly to the work of catechizing and instructing every family by itself, I found a ready consent in most,

and performance in many. So that I must here, to the praise of my dear Redeemer, set up this pillar of remembrance, even to his praise who hath employed me so many years in so comfortable a work, with such encouraging success! Oh! what am I, a worthless worm, not only wanting academical honors, but much of that furniture which is needful to so high a work, that God should thus abundantly encourage me, when the reverend instructors of my youth did labor fifty years together in one place, and could scarcely say they had converted one or two of their parishioners? And the greater was this mercy, because I was naturally of a discouraged spirit; so that if I had preached one year, and seen no fruits of it, I should hardly have foreborne running away like Jonah, but should have thought that God called me not to that place."

Here we feel bound to say, what we fully believe, that the whole history of the church during the seventeenth century, does not furnish a more striking example, either of ministerial fidelity, or success, than is exhibited in the preceding record. It strongly reminds us of what Edwards and Bellamy, and the servants were enabled to do, and permitted to see, in America, a century later; and of the still more copious effusions of the Spirit in our own times. Baxter, indeed, does not say in so many words, that there was ever a revival at Kidderminster. But if we look at *things*, rather than *words*, how can we doubt that there was a revival there of great power and long continuance?

In 1676, we find Mr. Baxter preaching, for a short time, in the parish of Saint Martin, London, where "about 60,000 persons had no church to go to, nor any public worship of God!" Being driven away from that great

and famishing population, he was for about eleven years subjected to sore and almost continual persecution, from the secret abettors of popery, and the open and ungodly partizans of a misnamed Protestant conformity. His goods were distrained; his books were carried off; his character was traduced; his person was seized; he was most brutally insulted and vilified in the mockery of a judicial trial, and notwithstanding age and many infirmities, was thrown into prison. All his efforts to do good were thwarted with demoniac vigilance and hate, and wherever he went, "bonds and imprisonments awaited him." The following is a fair specimen of the manner in which the most respectable and godly ministers were treated by the highest law officer of Charles II.

"On the 28th Feb. 1685, Baxter was committed to the King's Bench prison, by warrant of Lord Chief Justice Jeffries, for his 'Paraphrase on the New Testament,' which had been printed a little before; and which was described as a scandalous and seditious book against the government. On his commitment by the Chief Justice's warrant, he applied for a *habeas corpus*, and having obtained it, he absconded into the country to avoid imprisonment, till the term approached. He was induced to do this from the constant pain he endured, and an apprehension that he could not bear the confinement of a prison.

On the 6th of May, which was the first day of the term, he appeared in Westminster Hall, and an information was then ordered to be drawn up against him. On the 14th of May, he pleaded not guilty, to the information. On the 18th of the same month, being much indisposed, it was moved that he might have further time given him, before his trial, but this was denied him. He moved for it by his counsel; but Jeffries cried out in a passion,

'I will not give him a minute's time more, to save his life. We have had to do,' said he, 'with other sorts of persons, but now we have a saint to deal with, and I know how to deal with saints as well as sinners. 'Yonder,' said he, 'stands Bates in the pillory,' (as he actually did at that very time in the New Palace Yard,) 'and he says he suffers for the truth, and so says Baxter; but if Baxter did but stand on the other end of the pillory with him, I would say, two of the greatest rogues and rascals in the kingdom stood there.'

'When I saw,' says an eye-witness, 'the meek man stand before the flaming eyes and fierce looks of this bigot, I thought of Paul standing before Nero. The barbarous usage which he received drew plenty of tears from my eyes, as well as from others of the auditors and spectators; yet I could not but smile sometimes, when I saw my lord imitate our modern pulpit drollery, which some one saith, any one engaged in such a design would not lose for the world. He drove on furiously, like Hannibal over the Alps, with fire and vinegar, pouring all the contempt and scorn upon Baxter, as if he had been a link-boy or knave: which made the people who could not come near enough to hear the indictment, or Mr. Baxter's plea, cry out, 'Surely this Baxter had burned the city, or the temple of Delphos.' But others said, 'it was not the custom, now-a-days, to receive ill, except for doing well; and therefore this must needs be some good man, that my lord so rails at.'

'I beseech your lordship,' said Pollexfen, one of Baxter's counsel, 'suffer me a word for my client. It is well known to all intelligent men, that he wished as well to the king and royal family, as Mr. Love, who lost his head for endeavoring to bring in the son, long before he was

restored. And, my lord, Mr. Baxter's loyal and peaceable spirit, King Charles would have rewarded with a bishopric, when he came in, if he would have conformed.'

'Ay, ay,' said the Judge, 'we know that, but what ailed the old blockhead, the unthankful villain, that he would not conform? He hath been ever since the spring of the faction. I am sure he hath poisoned the world with his linsey-woolsy doctrine.' Here his rage increased to an amazing degree. He called Baxter, a conceited, stubborn, fanatical dog. 'Hang him,' said he, 'this one old fellow hath cast more reproach upon the constitution and discipline of our church, than will be wiped off this hundred years.'

Mr. Rotherham urged, that if Mr. Baxter's book had sharp reflections upon the church of Rome, by name, but spake well of the church of England, it was to be presumed that the sharp reflections were intended only against the prelates of the church of Rome. Baxter said, 'My lord, I have been so moderate with respect to the church of England, that I have incurred the censure of many of the Dissenters, on that account.'

'Baxter for Bishops!' exclaimed Jeffries, 'that is a merry conceit indeed.' Upon this, Rotherham turned to a place where it is said, 'that great respect is due to those truly called to be bishops among us;' or to that purpose.

'Ay,' said Jeffries, 'this is your Presbyterian cant; truly called to be bishops; that is himself, and such rascals, called to be bishops to Kidderminster, and other such places. Bishops set apart by such factions, snivelling Presbyterians as himself: a Kidderminster bishop, he means. According to a saying of a late learned author — and every parish shall maintain a tithe pig metropolitan.'

Baxter beginning to speak again, Jeffries reviled him, 'Richard, Richard, dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the court. Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of sedition, I might say treason, as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy. Thou pretendest to be a preacher of the gospel of peace, and thou hast one foot in the grave! It is time for thee to begin to think what account thou intendest to give. But leave thee to thyself, and I see thou'lt go on as thou hast begun; but, by the grace of God, I'll look after thee. I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to see what will become of their mighty Don, and a Doctor of the party, (looking to Dr. Bates,) at your elbow, but, by the grace of Almighty God, I'll crush you all. Come, what do you say for yourself, you old knave; come, speak up. What doth he say? I am not afraid of you for all the sniveling calves you have got about;' alluding to some persons who were in tears about Mr. Baxter. 'Your lordship need not,' said the holy man, 'for I'll not hurt you. But these things will surely be understood one day; what fools, one sort of Protestants are made, to persecute another.' And lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, 'I am not concerned to answer such stuff; but am ready to produce my writings for the confutation of all this; and my life and conversation are known to many in this nation.'

What an outrage upon humanity! what an impious mockery of justice! what an indelible blot upon the hierarchy of the seventeenth century! But though 'weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.' The venerable Baxter, the champion of religious tolera-

tion, for more than half a century, the undaunted confessor, the meek and heroic 'prisoner of the Lord,' was released from his last confinement in 1685, and was fast approaching the close of his long and eventful and pre-eminently useful life.

But before we come to the closing scene, two or three extracts from his sermons, and a glimpse at the yearnings of his heart over the perishing heathen will doubtless be highly acceptable to the Christian reader. The first is from a discourse delivered in London on "making light of Christ." Such plainness and pungency would be highly offensive to multitudes in our own times, who profess to believe in all the amazing realities of heaven and hell, as disclosed in the Scriptures.

"O sirs, it is no trifles or jesting matters that the Bible speaks of. I must needs profess to you, that when I have the most serious thoughts of these things myself, I am ready to marvel that such amazing matters do not overwhelm the souls of men: that the greatness of the subject doth not so overmatch our understandings and affections, as even to drive men beside themselves, but that God hath always somewhat allayed it by the distance; much more that men should be so blockish as to make light of them. O Lord, that men did but know what everlasting and everlasting torments are. Would they then hear us as they do? Would they read and think of these things as they do? I profess I have been ready to wonder when I heard such mighty things delivered, how people can forbear crying out in the congregation; much more how they can rest till they have gone to their ministers, and learned what they should do to be saved, that this great business might be put out of doubt. Is that a man or a corpse that is not affected with things of this

moment? that can be readier to sleep, than to tremble when he heareth how he must stand at the bar of God? Is that a man, or a clod of clay, that can rise and lie down without being deeply affected with his everlasting estate? that can follow his worldly business, and make nothing of the great business of salvation or damnation; and that when he knows it is hard at hand! Truly, sirs, when I think of the weight of the matter, I wonder at the very best of God's saints upon earth, that they are no better, and do no more in so weighty a case. I wonder at those whom the world accounteth more holy than needs, and scorns for making too much ado, that they can put off Christ and their souls with so little: that they pour not out their souls in every supplication: that they are not more taken up with God: that their thoughts be not more serious in preparation for their account. I wonder that they be not a hundred times more strict in their lives, and more laborious and unwearied in striving for the crown, than they are. And for myself, as I am ashamed of my dull and careless heart, and of my slow and unprofitable course of life; so the Lord knows I am ashamed of every sermon I preach. When I think what I have been speaking of, and who sent me, and how men's salvation or damnation is so much concerned in it, I am ready to tremble, lest men should judge me as a slighter of his truth, and the souls of men, and lest in the best sermon I should be guilty of their blood."

The next extract is from a sermon on repentance, preached before the English House of Commons at a solemn fast, April 30, 1660.

"Many a time have I admired, that men of reason who are here to-day, and in endless joy or misery to-morrow, should be able to forget such inexpressible concernments!

Methinks they should easier forget to rise, or to dress themselves, or to eat, or drink, or any thing, than forget an endless life, which is so undoubtedly certain, and so near. A man that hath a cause to be heard to-morrow, in which his life or honor is concerned, cannot forget it; a wretch that is condemned to die to-morrow, cannot forget it. And yet poor sinners, that are continually uncertain to live an hour, and certain speedily to see the majesty of the Lord to their unconcievable terror or joy, as sure as they now live on earth, can forget these things for which they have their memory; and which one would think should drown the matters of this world, as the report of a cannon doth a whisper, or as the sun obscureth the poorest glow-worm. O wonderful stupidity of an unrenewed soul! O wonderful folly and distractedness of the ungodly! O could you keep your honors here forever; could you ever wear that gay attire, and gratify your flesh with meats, and drinks, and sports, and lusts; could you ever keep your rule and dignity, or your earthly life in any state, you had some little poor excuse for not remembering the eternal things (as a man hath, that preferreth his candle before the sun,) but when death is near and inexorable, and you are sure to die, as you are sure to live; when every man of you that sitteth in these seats to-day, can say, 'I must shortly be in another world, where all the pomp and pleasure of this world will be forgotten, or remembered but as my sin and folly,' one would think it were impossible for any of you to be ungodly, and to remember the trifles, and nothings of the world, while you forget that everlasting all, whose reality, necessity, magnitude, excellency, concernment and duration are such, as should take up all the powers of your souls, and continually command the service and attend-

ance of your thoughts against all seekers, and contemptible competitors whatever.

Perhaps I could have made shift, instead of such serious admonitions, to have wasted this hour in flashy oratory, and neat expressions, and ornaments of reading, and other things, that are the too common matters of ostentation with men that preach God's word in jest, and believe not what they are persuading others to believe. Or if you think I could not, I am indifferent, as not much affecting the honor of being able to offend the Lord, and wrong your souls by dallying with holy things. Flattery of these things in soul concernment is a selfish villany, that hath but a very short reward, and those that are pleased with it to-day, may curse the flatterer forever. Again, therefore, let me tell you that which I think you will confess, that it is not your greatness, nor your high looks, nor the gallantry of your spirits that scorns to be thus humbled, that shall serve your turn when God shall deal with you, or save your carcasses from rottenness and dust, or your guilty souls from the wrath of the Almighty. Nor is it your contempt of the threatenings of the Lord, and your stupid neglect, or scorning at the message, that will endure when the sudden and irresistible light shall come in upon you, and convince you, or you shall see and feel, what now you refuse to believe! Nor is it your outside, hypocritical religion, made up of mere words, or ceremonies, and giving your souls but the leavings of the flesh, and making God an underling to the world, that will do any more to save your souls, than the picture of a feast to feed your bodies. Nor is it the stiffest conceits that you shall be saved in an unconverted state, or that you are sanctified, when you are not, that will do any more to keep you from damnation, than a conceit that

you shall never die, will do to keep you here forever. Gentlemen, though you are all here in health and dignity, and honor to-day, how little a while is it, alas! how little, until you shall be every man in heaven or hell! Unless you are infidels, you dare not deny it. And it is only Christ and a holy life, that is your way to heaven; and only sin, and the neglect of Christ and holiness, that can undo you. Look, therefore, upon sin, as you should look on that which would cast you into hell, and is daily undermining all your hopes. O that this honorable assembly could know it in some measure, as it shall be shortly known! and judge of it as men do, when time is past, and delusions vanished, and all men are awakened from their fleshly dreams, and their naked souls have seen the Lord."

When was any Legislature ever addressed with more plainness, fidelity and affection, than we find in these paragraphs.

Immediately after the restoration of Charles II, Baxter was appointed one of the chaplains in ordinary, and was once called to preach in the royal presence. Not many kings, since Paul made the ears of Agrippa tingle, have had the advantage of hearing such preaching.

"Will you persuade us that the man is wise, that can climb a little higher than his neighbors, that he may have the greater fall? That is attended in his way to hell, with greater pomp and state than others? That can sin more syllogistically and rhetorically than the vulgar, and more prudently and gravely run into damnation; and can learnedly defend his madness, and prove that he is safe at the brink of hell? Would you persuade us that he is wise, that contradicts the God and rule of wisdom, that parts with heaven for a few merry hours, and hath not

wit to save his soul?" "Can you forget that death is ready to undress you, and tell you that your sport and mirth is done, and that now you have had all that the world can do for those that serve it, and take it for their portion? How quickly can a fever, or the choice of a hundred messengers of death, bereave you of all that earth afforded you, and turn your sweetest pleasure into gall, and turn a lord into a lump of clay!" "Princes and nobles live not always. You are not the rulers of the *unmovable kingdom*; but of a boat, that is in a hasty stream, or a ship under sail, that shall speed both pilot and passengers to shore. The inexorable leveller is ready at your backs to convince you by irresistible argument, that dust you are, and unto dust you shall return. Heaven should be as desirable and hell as terrible to you as to others; no man will fear you after death, much less will Christ be afraid to judge you."

We must not omit to add, that Richard Baxter had the true primitive missionary spirit, in an age when the command of Jesus, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," seems to have been scarcely thought of by the great body of his professed disciples. How his benevolent soul yearned over the perishing heathen, and with what a holy flame it would have burned, had he lived either in the first, or the seventeenth century, the reader will be enabled to judge, with tolerable correctness, from the following extract.

"There is nothing in the world that lieth so heavy upon my heart, as the thought of the miserable nations of the earth. It is the most astonishing part of all God's providence to me, that he so far forsaketh almost all the world, and confineth his especial favor to so few; that so small a part of the world hath the profession of Christian-

ity, in comparison of heathens, Mahometans, and other infidels; that among professed Christians there are so few that are saved from gross delusions, and have any competent knowledge; and that among those there are so few that are seriously religious, and who truly set their hearts on heaven. I cannot be affected so much with the calamities of my own relations, or the land of my nativity, as with the case of the Mahometan and heathen nations of the earth. No part of my prayers are so deeply serious as that for the conversion of the infidel and ungodly world, that God's name may be sanctified, and his kingdom come, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Nor was I ever before so sensible what a plague the division of languages is, which hindereth our speaking to them for their conversion. Nor what a great sin tyranny is, which keepeth out the gospel from most of the nations of the world. Could we but go among Tartars, Turks, and heathens, and speak their language, I should be but little troubled for the silencing of eighteen hundred ministers at once in England, nor for all the rest that were cast out here, and in Scotland, and Ireland; there being no employment in the world so desirable in my eyes, as to labor for the winning of such miserable souls; which maketh me greatly honor Mr. John Eliot, the apostle of the Indians in New England, and whoever else have labored in such work."

But we must hasten to the closing scene of Mr. Baxter's long and eventful, and eminently useful life. That he was a man of ardent and elevated piety, appears from his untiring zeal in the service of God, from the deeply evangelical spirit of his doctrinal and practical writings, from the holy breathings of all his experimental and practical works; and from the solemn, but heavenly serenity

of his soul, as he lingered painfully on the shore of eternity, and cast his longing eyes towards the distant haven of eternal rest. With the greatest truth and propriety, we think, might he have appropriated to himself his own beautiful description of a Christian's devout meditations, at the conclusion of the "Saint's Rest."

"As Moses before he died, went up into Mount Nebo, to take a survey of the land of Canaan, so he ascended the mount of contemplation, and by faith surveyed his heavenly rest. He looked on the delectable mansions, and said, 'Glorious things are deservedly spoken of thee, thou city of God.' He heard, as it were, the melody of the heavenly choir, and said, 'happy the people that are in such a case, yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord. He looked upon the glorious inhabitants, and exclaimed, happy art thou, O Israel.' 'Who is like unto thee, O people saved of the Lord!' He looked on the Lord himself, who is their glory, and was ready with the rest to fall down and worship him that liveth forever and ever. He looked on the glorified Savior, and was ready to say amen to that new song, 'Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.' He looked back on the wilderness of this world, and blessed the believing, patient, despised saints; he pitied the ignorant, obstinate, miserable world. Like Daniel in his captivity, he daily opened his window towards the Jerusalem that is above, though far out of sight."

Dr. Calamy, speaking of the last year of Mr. Baxter's life, says, "he talked in the pulpit with great freedom about another world, like one who had been there, and was come as a sort of express from them to make a report concerning it." Dr. Bates, who knew him well, and had

long studied his character, remarks, "This excellent saint was the same in his life and death. His last hours were spent in preparing himself and others to appear before God. Never was penitent sinner more humble, never was believer more calm, or comfortable. Many times he prayed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' and blessed be God, that this was left upon record in the gospel, as an effectual prayer." After a slumber, he awoke and said, "I shall rest from my labor." When a friend was comforting him with the remembrance of the good that many had received from his preaching and writings, he said, "I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen!" Being often asked by his friends how it was with his inward man, he replied, I bless God I have a well grounded *assurance* of my eternal happiness, and great comfort and peace within. He expressed great willingness to die, and during his sickness, when the question was asked, how he did; he answered, "*almost well.*" He expired on the 8th of Dec. 1691; and few men who have gone to their eternal rest, since the days of Paul, could, in the last hour, have more triumphantly adopted the language of that great Apostle, "*I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge will give me at that day.*"







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